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REYNOLDS HISTORICAL
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Chetham Society. Publications
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COLLECTANEA ANGLO-POETICA:

pt. 6

OR,

A BIBLIOGRAPHICAL AND DESCRIPTIVE

CATALOGUE

OF A PORTION OF A COLLECTION OF

EARLY ENGLISH POETRY,

WITH OCCASIONAL EXTRACTS AND REMARKS

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL.

BY THE LATE

REV. THOMAS CORSER, M.A., F.S.A.,

RECTOR OF STAND, LANCASHIRE; AND VICAR OF NORTON, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

6

PART VI.

PRINTED FOR THE CHETHAM SOCIETY.

M.DCCC.LXXVII.

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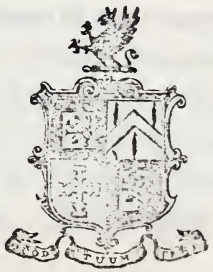

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INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

THE printing of the present volume had not proceeded further than the fiftieth page when, after a short final attack, the lamented death of the Venerable Editor took place on the 24th August, 1876, in the eighty-fourth year of his age. The delay which had occurred, the fifth part having appeared in 1873, arose, not from any abatement in the interest which he took in this his favourite labour of love, nor from any failure of intellectual activity—for his faculties remained bright and vigorous to the last—but simply from the fact that the *MSS.* which he had prepared for the continuation of the *Collectanea* were so scattered among the miscellaneous mass of his papers, that it required a greater effort than his physical disabilities would allow him to make, to search for and put them together in regular order and connection; and thus it became to be a matter of doubt whether Drayton would not be the last author to whose works the publication would extend.

On my calling upon him some short time before his death, he adverted, in the course of our conversation, to the state of the *Collectanea*, and earnestly requested that in the event of his death I would, if the manuscript portions were forthcoming, undertake to revise and see them through the press, in case the Council of the Chetham Society should determine upon their publication. This, having performed a similar

office in relation to the five volumes which had already appeared, I had no difficulty in acceding to, not, however, anticipating, as there seemed to be no symptoms of any rapid decline, that that was to be our last conversation.

On Mr. Corser's executors being informed, after his death, of his wishes in reference to the work, they most obligingly—and thanks are especially due to his daughter, Mrs. Richard Corser, for the trouble she took—made the requisite search amongst his papers for the manuscripts prepared by him for the continuation of his collections, the results of which were placed in my hands. On examining them it appeared that there was sufficient material to carry on the series of authors and works included in his plan to the end of the alphabet, and to afford, beyond the completion of the present volume, three or four parts more, which would bring the work to its regular close. These the Council of the Chetham Society have determined to issue without any further delay than may be occasioned by due regard being had to the other works announced as being in progress for publication by the Society.

As indicated in the preface to part v, Mr. Corser found it necessary, as he proceeded with his undertaking, to reduce it to more manageable limits than those proposed in his original plan, which, if carried out, would have extended it to most voluminous dimensions. Accordingly it will be perceived that a more rigorous selection is exercised in the works described under the remaining letters than in those of the first four of the alphabet, but the articles themselves will be found as full, satisfactory, and exact, as those which pre-

ceded them. My late friend gave me full power to make any curtailments or alterations which I might think desirable in the course of revision, but in the present volume I have had no occasion to exert this power, and the articles it contains appear exactly as he left them, with the exception of an occasional correction of a name or date, or immaterial alteration of a phrase or word.

The noble library, of which the books described in the *Collectanea* constituted so conspicuous and attractive a portion, is now—and it is a matter of deep regret, that such should be the case—entirely dispersed, but to the lovers and cultivators of our old English poetical literature this work of as experienced, diligent and able a collector as ever devoted himself to its study, and which comprizes and describes so carefully and minutely so extensive a series of rare and interesting volumes, though it is no longer a catalogue of an existing and accessible collection, will always remain of permanent utility and value.

A memoir of the late Rev. Editor, whose life, though extended to so long a span, was singularly quiet and uneventful, will accompany the concluding volume.

JAS. CROSSLEY.

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COLLECTANEA ANGLO-POETICA.

VOL. III. PART II.

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

IN the foremost rank of what may be termed the second class of our poetical writers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, there are few more honourable or distinguished names than that of Michael Drayton, with which the next portion of our work commences. Drayton was a native of Warwickshire, and was born in 1563, one year before William Shakespeare, with whom he lived contemporary and probably settled in London about the same time that Shakespeare came there. Drayton was a voluminous writer in various kinds of poetical composition of the higher class prevailing in his day, including religious, historical, pastoral and miscellaneous poetry. But with the exception of his great work, the *Polyolbion*, on which he chiefly rested his hope of future fame, it is perhaps rather as a pastoral poet that Drayton is known or valued at the present time. His attachment to rural scenes began from an early period, his descriptions of the country and its features and attractions are evidently drawn from nature, and are related in language and imagery of the purest, freshest and simplest kind.

Drayton must not be confounded with the dissipated and immoral set of wits and writers at that time prevalent in town who were living by their pens. He was correct and exemplary in his social relations, and respected and esteemed by his contemporaries. After an honourable and well-spent life he died in December 1631, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, where a monument to his memory was erected by the Countess of Dorset,

his patroness, with some lines inscribed upon it which were said to have been written by Ben Jonson.

DRAYTON, (MICHAEL.) — A Heauenly Harmonie of Spirituall Songes, and holy Himnes, of godly Men, Patriarkes, and Prophets.

Imprinted at London, 1610. 4to, blk. lett., no printer's name, pp. 46.

Of the first edition of the Spiritual Songs of Drayton, termed *The Harmonie of the Church*, the earliest known production of this celebrated writer, which was printed in 1591, 4to, blk. lett., only one copy is in existence, which is in the King's Library in the British Museum. Mr. Collier, who reprinted the work in his *Poems by Michael Drayton, printed for the Roxburghe Club*, 1856, 4to, has given a memorandum from the Registers of the Stationers' Company of some importance not before published, from which it appears that all the copies of the book were seized by public order; but that forty of them were delivered to the Archbishop of Canterbury, and remained at Lambeth under the care of Dr. Cosen, and supposes that some exception was taken at the time to its tendency or orthodoxy, and that the copies having been destroyed, this will account for its extreme rarity.

From whatever cause it may have arisen, whether from the spirit or orthodoxy of the work or from some other unknown cause, the present edition is also of equal rarity with the first, no other copy than this being known to exist. We may infer the value Drayton himself set upon this his earliest performance by the circumstance that, beyond the first edition in 1591 and this in 1610, he never reprinted any portion of this volume in any edition of his collected works. At the time it appeared in 1591 Drayton was in London, where he continued chiefly to reside ever after. He is believed to have been born at Hartshill in Warwickshire in 1563, and to have been about twenty-eight years old at the time of this publication. He seems to have received a good education, and to have possessed an extensive knowledge of the Holy Scriptures, and especially of the books of the Old Testament.

The title is within a woodcut border, and is followed by a short prose address "To the curteous Reader," signed with the initials M. D., and by a

list of "The Spirituall Songes and holy Hymnes contained in this Book." The first portion consists of: "1. The Song of Moses just before his death, Deut. ch. xxxii.; 2. The Song of Moses and the Israelites for their deliverance out of Egypt, Exodus ch. xv.; 3. The Song of Solomon in viii. Chapters; 4. The Song of Hannah, i. Sam. ch. ii.; 5. The Song of Jonah, Jonah ch. ii.; [This is omitted in the list.] 6. The Prayer of Jeremiah, Lament. ch. ii.; 7. The Song of Deborah and Barak, Judges ch. v.; 8. A Song of the Faithful, Isaiah ch. xii.; 9. Another Song of the Faithful, Habbakuk ch. iii.; 10. A Song of thanks to God, Isaiah ch. xv.; 11. Another Song of the Faithful, Isaiah ch. xvi." The second part consists of certain other Songs and Prayers of godly men and women out of the books of the Apocrypha: "12. The Prayer of Judith, ch. ix.; 13. The Song of Judith, having slain Holophernes, ch. xxi.; 14. A Prayer of the Author in Eccl^us^, ch. xxiii.; 15. The Prayer of Solomon, Wisdom ch. ix.; 16. A Song of Jesus the Son of Sirach, Eccl^us^ last ch.; 17. The Prayer of Esther, Esther ch. xiiii.;* 18. The Prayer of Mardocheus, Esther ch. xiii.; 19. A Prayer in the person of the Faithful, Eccl^us^ ch. xxxvi.; 20. A Prayer of Tobias, ch. xiii."

Although this work may not be considered as adding anything to Drayton's reputation as a poet—and partakes like other poems of a similar religious class of the general dulness and want of spirit in such productions—yet is it valuable, not merely from its extreme rarity and as being the author's earliest known work, but for the purpose of showing the advancement which took place in his taste and judgment, and the various changes and improvements in our language which were going on from his birth to his death, during a period of nearly fifty years. With this view, and as exhibiting Drayton's earliest attempts in the study of poesy, we quote a small portion of the Song of Moses just before his death:

Deutronom. Chap. xxxii.

Yee Heauens aboue, vnto my speach attend,
And Earth below, giue eare vnto my will:
My doctrines shall like pleasant drops discend,
My words like heauenly dew shal down distil,
Like as sweet showers refresh the hearbs again
Or as the grasse is nourish'd by the raine.

* The references to Scripture in the list of sacred Songs and Hymns here given are far from correct. For instance, the Book of Esther has only ten chapters; the prayer of Mardocheus being in chap. iv. So also the references to the xv. and xvi. chap. of Isaiah in the song of thanks to God; they should be the xxv. and xxvi. chap.

I will describe *Iehouahs* name aright,
And to that God giue euerlasting praise:
Perfect is he, a God of woondrous might,
With iudgment he directeth all his waies.
He onely true, and without sinne to trust,
Righteous is he, and he is onely iust.

With loathsome sinne now are you all defilde,
Not of his seed, but bastards, basely borne;
And from his mercie therefore quite exilde,
Mischieuous men, through follie all forlorne.
Is it not he which hath you dearly bought?
Proportion'd you, and made you iust of nought?

Consider well the times and ages past:
Aske thy forefathers, and they shall thee tell
That when *Iehouah* did deuide at last
Th'inheritance that to the Nations fel;
And seperating *Adams* heires, he gaue
The portion, his Israell should haue.

His people be the portion of the Lord
Iacob the lot of his inheritance:
In wildernesse he hath thee not abhorr'd,
But in wild Deserts did thee still aduance.
He taught thee still, and had a care of thee,
And kept thee as the apple of his eie.

Like as the Eagle tricketh vp her neast,
Therein to lay her little birdes full soft;
And on her backe doth suffer them to rest,
And with her wings doth carie them aloft.
Euen so the Lord with care hath nourisht thee,
And thou hast had no other God but he.

The following "Praier of the Authour," from the xxiii. chap. of Ecclesiasticus is given entire:

Lord of my life, my guide and gouernour,
Father, of thee this one thing I require;
Thou wilt not leaue me to the wicked power,
Which seeke my fall, and stil my death desire.

Oh, who is he that shall instruct my thought,
And so with wisdom shall inspire my heart:
In ignorance that nothing may be wrought
By me with them whose sinne shall not depart?

Least that mine errors growe and multiplie,
And to destruction through my sinnes I fall:
My foes reioice at my aduersitie,
Who in thy mercie haue no hope at all.

My Lord and God, from whom my life I tooke,
Vnto the wicked leaue me not a pray:
A haughty mind, a proud disdainfull looke,
From me thy seruant take thou cleane away.

Vaine hope, likewise, with vile concupiscence,
Lord, of thy mercie take thou cleane from me:
Retaine thou him in true obedience,
Who with desire daily serueth thee.

Let not desire to please the greedy mawe,
Or appetite of any fleshly lust:
Thy seruant from his louing Lord withdraw,
But giue thou me a mind both good and iust.

This poetical tract was reprinted for the Percy Society in 1843 from the unique copy of the edition of 1591, by the Rev. Alexander Dyce, who observes in his preface, that "perhaps it exhibits in the versification less of the artist than Drayton's later writings; but has considerable claims to attention." This edition of 1610 was unknown to Lowndes, or to his later editor Mr. H. Bohn, and the present copy may be considered as in all probability unique.

Collation: Sig. A to F 4, 24 leaves, the first blank.

Fine copy. Bound by F. Bedford.

In Blue Morocco, gilt leaves.

DRAYTON, (MICHAEL.)—Ideas Mirrour.—Amours in Quatorzains.

Che serue é tace assai demande.

At London, Printed by Iames Roberts, for Nicholas Linge. Anno 1594. 4to, pp. 56.

With the exception of one other work, this may be deemed one of the very rarest of Drayton's numerous publications, and in connection with his early life, perhaps also one of the most interesting. Drayton, from his own account, appears to have fallen deeply but unsuccessfully in love with a lady, a native of Coventry, who dwelt on the banks of the small river

Anker in Warwickshire, not far from his own residence, whose name is unknown, but whom he ever afterwards addressed under the title of Idea, and prefixed it to more than one of his works. To her these Sonnets are addressed, called from the French *amours*.

The volume is dedicated "To the deere Chyld of the Muses, and his euer kind Mecœnas, Ma. Anthony Cooke Esquire," in a complimentary Sonnet, from the opening lines of which we find that the work had been written some time before it was printed:

> Vouchsafe to grace these rude vnpolish'd rymes,
> Which long (deer friend) have slept in sable night,
> And, come abroad now in these glorious tymes,
> Can hardly brooke the purenes of the light.

He claims the Sonnets as his own,

> Not filch'd from *Portes*, nor from *Petrarchs* pen,

i.e. not taken from Philip Desportes, a French poet, whose sonnets were then highly popular, nor from those of Petrarch, the great mine of all imitators, and, combined with a line from Sir P. Sidney's *Astrophel and Stella*, 1591,

> I am no Pickpurse of anothers wit,

are expressive of his own originality.

The only other prefix is an irregular but not unpleasing sonnet with the signature of Gorbo il fidele. The name of Gorbo frequently occurs in Drayton's Eulogies. He was a friend of his and probably a poetical writer of the period, but who was intended under that title and wherefore he styles himself *il fidele* we are utterly ignorant.

The Sonnets are fifty-one in number, all uniform in metre with the exception of the fifteenth and sixteenth which are written in the longer form of four verses and a closing couplet, resembling those of Watson in his *Passionate Centurie of Loue*, 4to, 1581. Without being remarkable for originality of conception or strength and vigour of language, Drayton's Sonnets are pleasing and expressive, and full of force and variety. We quote one or two as examples of these qualities:

Amour 4.

> My faire, had not I erst adornd my Lute
> With those sweet strings stolne frō thy golden hayre
> Vnto the world had all my ioyes been mute
> Nor had I learn'd to descant on my faire.

Had not mine eye seen thy celestiall eye,
Nor my hart knowne the power of thy name,
My soule had ne'r felt thy Diuinitie,
Nor my muse been the trumpet of thy fame.

But thy diuine perfections, by their skill,
This miracle on my poore muse haue tried
And, by inspiring, glorifide my quill,
And in my verse thy selfe art deified:
Thus from thy selfe the cause is thus deriued,
That by thy fame all fame shall be suruiued.

Amour 13.

Cheere *Anker*, on whose siluer-sanded shore
My soule-shrinde Saint, my faire Idea, lyes;
O blessed Brooke! whose milk-white swans adore
That christall streame refined by her eyes:

Where sweet Myrh-breathing *Zephyre* in the spring
Gently distils his Nectar-dropping showers;
Where Nightingales in *Arden* sit and sing
Amongst those dainty dew-impearled flowers.

Say thus, fayre Brooke, when thou shalt see thy Queene:
Loe! heere thy Shepheard spent his wandring yeeres,
And in these shades (deer Nimphe) he oft hath been,
And heere to thee he sacrifiz'd his teares.
Fayre *Arden*, thou by *Tempe* art alone,
And thou sweet *Anker*, art my *Helicon*.

Amour 38.

If chaste and pure deuotion of my youth,
Or glorie of my Aprill-springing yeeres,
Vnfained loue in naked simple truth,
A thousand vowes, a thousand sighes and teares:

As if a world of faithfull seruice done,
Words, thoughts, and deeds deuoted to her honor,
Or eyes that haue beheld them as theyr sunne,
With admiration euer looking on her.

A lyfe that neuer ioyd but in her loue,
A soule that euer hath ador'd her name,
A fayth that time nor fortune could not moue,
A Muse that vnto heauen hath raisd her fame.
Though these, nor these deserue to be imbraced,
Yet, faire vnkinde, too good to be disgraced.

It is somewhat remarkable that twenty-two out of the fifty-one Sonnets of which this volume is composed, and also the second introductory one by his poetical friend Gorbo il fidele, were never afterwards reprinted by Drayton, and that among the twenty-nine which remained several of them received considerable alterations when inserted in the later editions of his Poems in 1603 and 1605. This circumstance adds considerable interest to this excessively rare volume. It has been reprinted by Mr. Collier in his valuable and excellent volume of the Poems of Drayton, printed for the Roxburghe Club in 1856. See also a short notice of it in *Cens. Liter.*, vol. ii. p. 160, by Mr. Markland, and vol. x. p. 398.

Until lately only a single copy of the original edition of Drayton's Sonnets was known to exist in England, which was formerly in the collection of Mr. Heber and is now in the choice library at Britwell. A few years ago another was unexpectedly met with at a sale in Manchester, bound up with Southwell's *St. Peter's Complaint* and one or two other imperfect tracts. It wanted a portion of the bottom of one leaf and was rather in dirty condition, but through the kindness of S. Christie Miller, Esq., who obligingly lent his copy for the purpose, the imperfect leaf was admirably fac-similed by Mr. Harris, and through the bibliopegistic care and skill of Mr. F. Bedford, the book was transformed into a nice and clean volume.

It may be proper to notice a difference which exists between the title in the present copy and that of Mr. Collier's reprint taken from the one at Britwell. The present one has the woodcut of the printer's device without any exterior motto. In the other, outside the device is a motto in old characters, "Be wise as serpents and innocent as doves. Matthew x." Evidently showing that this was an afterthought.

Collation: Sig. A two leaves, B to G four leaves, H two leaves.

Bound by F. Bedford. Crimson Morocco, gilt leaves.

DRAYTON, (MICHAEL.)—Mortimeriados. The Lamentable ciuell warres of Edward the second and the Barrons.

At London, Printed by I. R. for Humfry Lownes, and are to be solde at his shop at the West end of Paules Church. n.d. (1596.) 4to.

Drayton had already printed three or four volumes of poetry, all now of

the greatest rarity, before he published the present important work, afterwards so well known under the title of "The Barons Wars." Although without a date it was published in 1596, and was the first edition of this poem. Of two other copies extant, one in the Bodleian and the other in the British Museum, the former has the same name on the imprint as this, while the latter has that of *Mathew* Lownes, with the date of 1596, but is imperfect in the middle of the poem. There is no doubt both were printed from the same type, each of the brothers having an interest in the volume, and copies being struck off with both their names; but the edition was one and the same though with a few very slight variations.

The volume is dedicated in nine seven-line stanzas "To the excellent and most accomplished Ladie, Lucie Countesse of Bedford," which are followed by a Sonnet to the same noble person signed E.B., supposed to be Edmund Bolton, the author of *Hypercritica* and other works. When the Poem was again published in 1603, 8vo, it underwent many and considerable alterations. The dedication to Lucy, Countess of Bedford, was left out, as well as the Sonnet to her subscribed by E. B., and the form of the stanza was changed altogether from seven to eight lines, which was continued in all the succeeding editions. Various passages also in the course of the history relating to Drayton's early patroness were either considerably altered or entirely expunged; and the Poem was divided into six separate books or parts with arguments prefixed to each. As it is extremely rare in its present form, a quotation or two may be permitted in order to exhibit the variations made in the text of the Poem under the author's improvements when it received his latest emendations. The first shall be taken from the opening exordium:

The lowring heauen had mask'd her in a clowde,
Dropping sad teares vpon the sullen earth,
Bemoning in her melancholly shrowde,
The angry starres which raign'd at *Edwards* birth,
With whose beginning ended all our mirth.
Edward the second, but the first of shame,
Scourge of the crowne, eclipse of Englands fame.

Whilst in our blood, ambition hotly boyles,
The Land bewailes her, like a wofull Mother,
On euery side besieg'd with ciuill broyles,
Her deerest chyldren murthring one another,
Yet she in silence forc'd her griefe to smother:

Groning with paine, in trauaile with her woes,
And in her torment, none to helpe her throwes.

What care would plot, discention striues to crosse,
Which like an earthquake rents the tottering state;
Abroade in warres we suffer publique losse,
At home betrayd with grudge and priuate hate,
Faction attending blood-shed and debate;
Confusion thus our Countries peace confounds,
No helpe at hand, and mortall be her wounds.

Thou Church then swelling in thy mightines,
Thou which should'st be this poore sick bodyes soule,
O nurse not factions which should'st sinne suppresse,
And with thy members should'st all griefe condole:
Perswade thy hart, and not thy head controule;
Humble thy selfe, dispense not with the word,
Take *Peters* keyes, but cast aside his sword.

The reader may now compare this with the opening of the edition of 1608, thus altered and remodelled:

1.

The bloody factions, and rebellious pride
Of a strong nation, whose vnmanag'd might
Them from their natural soueraigne did diuide,
Their due subiection, and his lawful right,
Whom their light error loosely doth misguide,
Vrg'd by lewd Minions tyrannous despight;
Me from soft layes, and tender loues doth bring,
Of dreadfull fights, and horred warres to sing.

2.

What hellish furie poysned your hie blood,
Or should bewitch you with accursed charmes,
That by pretending of the generall good,
Rashly extrudes you to tumultuous armes,
And from the safety wherein late you stood,
Reft of all taste and feeling of your harmes,
That *France* and *Belgia* with affrighted eyes,
Were sad beholders of your miseries.

* * * * * *

4.

O thou the great director of my Muse,
On whose free bountie all my powers depend,

Into my brest a sacred fire infuse,
Rauish my spirit this great worke to attend;
Let the still night my laboured lines peruse,
That when my Poems gaine their wished end,
They whose sad eyes shall reade this tragique story,
In my weake hand shall see thy might and glory.

5.

What Care would plot, Dissentions quickely crosse,
Which like an earthquake rends the tottering state,
By which abroade we beare a publique losse,
Betrayd at home by meanes of priuate hate;
Whilst vs these strange calamities doe tosse,
(The dayly nurse of mutinous debate)
Confusion still our countries peace confounds,
No helpe at hand, and mortall all our wounds.

6.

Thou Church then swelling in thy mightinesse,
Tending the care and safetie of the soule;
O nurse not factions flowing in excesse,
That with thy members should'st their griefe condole,
In thee rests power this outrage to represse,
Which might thy zeale and sanctitie enrole,
Come thou in purenesse meekely with the word,
Lay not thy hand to the vnhalowed sword.

Drayton was a careful and fastidious writer, and it is curious to mark the various changes and alterations (not always improvements) which he made in the revision of his Poems in the different editions. Thus in the impression of 1630 these stanzas were again altered and ran as follows:

1.

The bloudie Factions, and rebellious pride
Of a strong Nation, whose ill-manag'd might
The Prince and Peeres did many a day diuide;
With whome wrong was no wrong, nor right no right,
Whose strife their Swords knew only to decide,
Spur'd to their high speed, by their equall spight;
Me from soft Layes and tender Loues doth bring,
Of a farre worse, then Ciuill Warre to sing.

2.

What Hellish Furie poys'ned their hot Bloud?
Or can we thinke 'twas in the power of charmes,

With those so poore hopes of the publike good
To haue intic'd them to tumultuous Armes;
And from that Safetie, wherein late they stood,
Reft them so farre from feeling of their harmes,
That *France* and *Belgia*, with affrighted eyes,
Stood both amazed at their Miseries?

4.

O thou the Wise Director of my Muse
Vpon whose Bountie all my Powers depend,
Into my Brest thy sacred'st Fire infuse;
Rauish my Spirit, this Great Worke to attend;
Let the still Night my lab'red Lines peruse,
That when my Poems gaine their wished end,
Such, whose sad eyes shall read this Tragique Storie
In my weake Hand may see thy Might and Glorie.

5.

What Care would plot, Dissention stroue to crosse,
Which like an Earthquake rent the tottering State;
In Warre abroad they suffered publique Losse,
And were at home despoyl'd by priuate hate:
Whilst them those strange calamities did tosse,
(For there was none that nourisht not Debate)
Confusion did the common Peace confound,
No helpe at hand, yet mortall was their wound.

6.

Thou Church, then swelling in thy Mightinesse,
Which in thy hand so ample power didst hold,
To stay those Factions, ere their full excesse,
Which at thy pleasure thou might'st haue control'd;
Why didst not Thou those outrages suppresse,
Which to all times, thy prayse might haue enrol'd?
Thou shouldst to them haue layd the Holy Word,
And not thy hand to the vnholyed Sword.

The description of the dalliance between the Queen and Mortimer, which we next quote, is well told, and the simile of the lute at the end is highly poetical. This part in the subsequent editions was considerably altered and the former portion omitted altogether:

If shee doe sit, he leanes on *Cinthias* throne,
If shee doe walke, he in the circle went,

If shee doe sport, he must be grac'd alone,
If shee discourse, he is the argument,
If shee deuise, it is to his content:
From her proceeds the light he beares about him,
And yet shee sets if once shee be without him.

Still with his eares his soueraigne Goddesse hears,
And with his eyes shee graciously doth see,
Still in her breast his secret thoughts she bears,
Nor can her tongue pronounce an I, but wee,
Thus two in one, and one in two they bee:
And as his soule possesseth head and hart,
Shee's all in all, and all in euery part.

Like as a well-tund Lute thats tucht with skill,
In Musicks language sweetly speaking playne,
When euery string it selfe with sound doth fill,
Taking their tones, and giuing them againe,
A diapazon heard in euery strayne:
So their affections set in kayes so like,
Still fall in consort, as their humors strike.

In the edition of 1608 altered thus:

58.

Those pleasing raptures from her graces rise,
Strongly inuading his impressiue breast,
That soone entranced all his faculties,
Of the prowd fulnesse of their ioyes possest;
And hauing throughly brought him in this wise,
Like tempting Syrens sing him to his rest,
When eu'ry power is passiue of some good.
Felt by the spirits of his high-rauisht blood.

59.

Like as a Lute that's touch'd with curious skill,
In musickes language sweetely speaking plaine,
When eu'ry string his note with sound doth fill,
Taking the tones, and giuing them againe,
And the eare bath's in harmony at will,
A diapason closing eu'ry straine:
So their affections set in keyes so like,
Still fall in consort as their humors strike.

Again thus altered (we think for the worse) in the edition of 1630:

58.

With such braue Raptures from her words that rise,
She made a breach in his impressiue Brest,
And all his Pow'rs so fully did surprize
As seem'd to rocke his Senses to their rest,
So that his Wit could not that thing deuise,
Of which he thought his Soule was not possest;
Whose great abundance, like a swelling Flood
After a showre ran through his rauish'd Blood.

Like as a Lute, that's touch'd with curious skill,
Each string stretch'd vp, his right tone to retayne,
Musicks true Language that doth speake at will,
The Base and Treble married by the Meane,
Whose Sounds each Note with Harmonie doe fill,
Whether it be in Descant, or on Playne:
So their Affections, sat in Keyes alike,
In true Consent meet, as their Humors strike.

The description of the last scene of Edward's life at Berkeley Castle, and the dismal portraits and visions on the night of his murder, contains passages of great force and beauty but are too long for quotation, and the whole must be considered as a fine historical Poem of which the author might justly be proud. We may here remark that many lines from this Poem are inserted in Allot's *England's Parnassus*, 8vo, 1600, of course from the present impression, no other being at that time in existence.

Mr. Collier, in the introduction to his valuable reprint of this Poem for the members of the Roxburghe Club, believed the two copies mentioned above to be the only ones known. But besides the present, which is perfect, copies with each of the imprints were sold in the *Bibl. Heber.*, pt. iv. No. 588 and No. 589, for 8*l.* 10*s.* 6*d.* and 3*l.* 13*s.* 6*d.*; another was in the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, No. 179, priced at 3*l.* 3*s.*; a copy in Bright's sale brought 7*l.* 5*s.*

Collation: Title A 1, Sig. A to T 2 inclusive in fours.
In Green Morocco, gilt leaves.

DRAYTON, (MICHAEL.) — To the Maiestie of King James. A gratulatorie Poem by Michaell Drayton.

At London Printed by Iames Roberts, for T. M. and H. L. (Humfrey Lownes.) 1603. 4to, pp. 12.

On the accession of James I. to the throne of England, Drayton, along with others, appears to have entertained some idea of favour or patronage from that monarch, to whom he had already long before this, in 1599, addressed a complimentary Sonnet, printed at the close of *Idea*. He therefore wrote, prepared and published *A gratulatorie Poem* on the arrival of James in London, which was accompanied by an engraved copper-plate at the end, showing the descent of James VI. of Scotland from Edward IV. of England. But whatever might have been Drayton's expectations from the patronage of the learned monarch, it is certain that they were all fully dissipated after the presentation of this Poem Gratulatorie. It fell unnoticed from the press; and although followed by another attempt in the succeeding year to gain the royal favour—entitled *A Poem Triumphall: composed for the Societie of Goldsmiths of London, congratulating his Highnesse magnificent entering the Citie*, 1604, 4to—it was all to no purpose. He appears to have given some displeasure to the king which was not forgiven; and so great was the mortification and disappointment felt by Drayton that he alludes to it both in verse and prose, and in a poetical epistle addressed to George Sandys the translator of *Ovid*, published some years afterwards, he thus keenly expressed his discontented feelings:

It was my hap, before all other men
To suffer shipwrack by my forward pen
When King Iames enter'd; at which ioyfull time
I taught his title to this Ile in rime,
And to my part did all the Muses win
With high-pitch Pœans to applaud him in.
When cowardise had tyed up euery tongue,
And all stood silent, yet for him I sung;
And when before by danger I was dar'd,
I kick'd her from me, nor a jot I spar'd.
Yet had not my cleere spirit, in Fortune's scorne,
Me aboue earth and her afflictions borne,
He, next my God, on whom I built my trust,
Had left me troden lower then the dust.
But let this passe: in the extreamest ill
Apollo's brood must be couragious still!
Let Pies and Dawes sit dumb before their death,
Onely the Swan sings at the parting breath.

His disappointment was so severe that neither this Poem Gratulatorie nor the *Pœan Triumphall* were ever afterwards reprinted or included in any edition of his works, and they are both now become very scarce.

This complimentary effusion consists of six leaves only, exclusive of the genealogical plate, and is written in heroic couplets. Drayton speaks in it with that self-respect and conscious dignity of character which is apparent through all his writings, and prophesies a flourishing reign to King James:

What though perhaps myselfe I not intrude
Amongst th'vnsteady wondring multitude,
The tedious tumults, and the boystrous throng,
That presse to view thee as thou com'st along,
The praise I giue thee shall thy welcome keepe,
Whē all these rude crowds in the dust shall sleepe,
And when applause and shouts are hush'd and still,
Thē shall my smooth verse chant thee cleer and shril.
With thy beginning, doth thy Spring begin,
And as thy Vsher gently brings thee in,
Which in consent doth happily accord
With the yeere kept to the incarnate Word,
And in that Month (cohering by a fate)
By the old world to wisdome dedicate,
Thy Prophet thus doth seriously apply
As by a strong vnfailing Augury
That as the fruitfull, and full bosom'd Spring,
So shall thy raigne be rich and florishing:
The month thy conquests, and atchieuements great
By those shall sit on thy Imperiall seate,
And by the yeere I seriously diuine
The Crowne for euer setled in thy line.
From *Cornwall* now past *Calidons* proude strength,
Thy Empire beares eight hūdred miles in length:
Halfe which in bredth her bosome forth doth lay
The Irish Sea. From the faire *German* to th*Verginian* sea:
Thy Realme of *Ireland*, a most fertile Land,
Brought in subiection to thy glorious hand,
And all the Iles theyr chalkie tops aduance
To the sunne setting from the coast of *Fraunce*.
Saturne to thee his soueraignty resignes
Op'ning the lock'd way to the wealthy mines:
And till thy raigne Fame all this while did houer
The North-west passage that thou might'st discouer
Vnto the Indies, where that treasure lies
Whose plenty might ten other worlds suffice.
Neptune and *Ioue* together doe conspire,
This giues his trydent, that his three-forkt fire,

And to thy hand doe giue the kayes to keepe,
Of the profound, immeasurable deepe.

This Poem is reprinted in Nichols's *Progresses of James I.*, 1828, vol. i. p. 402. A copy was in the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, No. 180, priced 1*l.* 1*s.*; *Bibl. Heber.*, pt. iv. No. 590, 1*l.* 10*s.*; Jolley's sale, pt. ii. No. 1140, 3*l.* 4*s.* The Genealogical Plate is often wanting, but is found in the present copy.

Half-bound in Calf.

Drayton, (Michael.) — Moyses in a Map of his Miracles. By Michael Drayton Esquire.

At London, Printed by Humfrey Lownes, and are to be sold by Thomas Man the Younger. 1604. 4to, pp. 96.

Of this somewhat early and rare Poem by Drayton, although not one of his very earliest works, little notice has been taken by any of our bibliographical writers. Yet if we may judge from the concluding dedicatory Sonnet by Thomas Andrewe, Drayton's reputation as a poet was at this time fully and widely established:

To M. Michael Drayton.

Thy noble Muse already hath beene spred
Through Europe and the Sunne-scorch'd Southerne climes,
That Ile where Saturnes royall sonne was bred,
Hath beene enricht with thy immortall rimes:
Euen to the burnt line haue thy poems flowne
And gain'd high fame in the declining West
And o're that colde Sea shall thy name be blowne,
That Icie mountaines rowleth on her brest:
Her soaring hence so farre made me admire
Whither at length thy worthy *Muse* would flie
Borne through the tender ayre with wings of fire,
Able to lift her to the starrie skie:
This worke resolu'd my doubts, when th'earth's repleate
With faire fruite, in Heau'n shee'le take her seate.

The Poem is dedicated "To his esteemed Patron Sir Walter Aston, Knight of the Honourable Order of the Bathe," to whom several of his other works are addressed. A short prose Address, "To him that will read this Booke," succeeds, stating the principal writers he had followed: Hieronymus Vida in his *Christeis*, Buchanan's tragedy of *Jeptha*, and Du Bartas in

his *Judith*. One leaf containing laudatory Addresses "To this Poem" by John Beaumont, some Latin Sapphics to the author by Beale Sapperton, a Sonnet in English by the same to Sir Walter Aston, and another to the author by Thomas Andrewe, quoted above, conclude the preliminary portion. The Poem, which is written in alternate rhymes, is divided into three Books, each preceded by a short Argument in verse. It gives a history of the life of Moses from his birth, and describes the great miracles wrought by his hand under the divine will before Pharaoh in Egypt, the overthrow of the Egyptian host in the Red Sea, the subsequent miracles performed during the forty years' wanderings of the Israelites in the wilderness, and the fearful plagues they underwent for their murmuring and idolatry until their final settlement in the promised land, and the death of Moses. Like many others of our theological versifiers, Drayton has not in this Poem either increased his reputation as a poet, nor added anything of elegance or passion or interest to the Scriptural narrative. The work is more remarkable for its pious and religious feeling than for its poetical merits, although it contains a few scattered passages here and there that occasionally serve to light up this otherwise dull and monotonous Poem: one of these, descriptive of the flight of Moses to the land of Midian, we now submit to our readers:

To *Midian* now his Pilgrimage he tooke
Midian, earthes only Paradice for pleasures
Where many a soft rill, many a sliding Brooke,
Through the sweet vallies trip in wanton measures,
Whereas the curl'd groues and the flowrie fields
To his free soule so peaceable and quiet
More true delight and choise contentment yields
Than *Egipts* braueries and luxurious diet:
And wand'ring long he hap'ned on a Well,
Which he by pathes frequented might espie,
Bordred with trees where pleasure seem'd to dwell,
Where to repose him, eas'ly downe doth lie:
Where the soft windes did mutually embrace,
In the coole Arbours Nature there had made,
Fanning their sweet breath gently in his face,
Through the calme cincture of the am'rous shade.
Till now it nigh'd the noon-stead of the day
When scorching heat the gadding Heards do grieue:
When Shepheards now and Heardsmen euery way
Their thirsting Cattell to the Fountaine drive.

In his description of the tenth Plague, the destruction of the first-born of the Egyptians in the second Book, the author makes allusion to the dreadful plague in London and other places in 1603, to which the Editor has referred in other parts of the present volume, and signifies that the Poem was composed in that year, and that this affliction served as his model in describing the sufferings of the Egyptians:

The greatest blessing that the hart could giue
The ioy of Children in the married state
To see his curse the parent now doth liue
And none be happy but th'infortunate.
Whilst some for buriall of their Children stay,
Others passe by with theirs vpon the Beere,
Which frō the Church meete Mourners by the way
Others they finde that yet are burying there.
Afflicted *London*, in sixe hundred three
When God thy sinne so grieuously did strike
And from th'infection that did spring from thee,
The spacious Ile was patient of the like
That sickly season when I vndertooke
This composition faintly to supplie
When thy affliction seru'd me for a booke
Whereby to modell Egipts miserie
When pallid horrour did possesse thy streete,
Nor know thy Children refuge where to haue
Death them so soone in euery place did meete,
Vnpeopling houses to possesse the graue.

An allusion which the author makes in the third book to the destruction of the formidable Spanish Armada in 1588, has been supposed by some to warrant the inference that Drayton was himself a partaker in that glorious struggle in a military capacity, and was an eye-witness of its dispersion. The following is the passage, from whence the reader will perceive that it affords no grounds for such an inference, or indeed that he was a witness of it in any way:

In eightie eight at *Douer* that had beene
To view that Navie (like a mightie wood)
Whose sailes swept Heauen might eas'lie there haue seene
How puissant *Pharo* perish'd in the flood.
When for a conquest strictlie they did keepe
Into the channell presently was pour'd
Castilian riches scattered on the deepe,
That *Spaines* long hopes had sodainlie deuour'd.

Th'afflicted English rang'd along the Strand
To waite what would this threatning power betide,
Now when the Lord with a victorious hand
In his high iustice scourg'd th'*Iberian* pride.

This Poem is included in some of the editions of Drayton's collected Works, but by no means in all. In a separate form like the present it is extremely rare. Lowndes makes no mention of any copy of this book, and we know of no other besides this and one in Malone's Collection in the Bodleian Library at Oxford.

Collation: Sig. ¶ three leaves, A to M l in fours, 48 leaves.

Fine copy. Bound in Brown Morocco, gilt leaves.

DRAYTON, (MICHAEL.)—The Owle. By Michaell Drayton Esquire.

Noctuas Athenas.

London, Printed by E. A. for E. White and N. Ling, and are to be solde neere the little north doore of S. Paules Church, at the signe of the Gun. 1604. 4to, pp. 56.

On the title-page of this volume is a woodcut of an owl seated on the branch of a tree surrounded by several other chattering birds, with the motto "Prudens non loquax" on a tablet suspended from a bough of the tree. It is dedicated in a Sonnet "To the Worthy and most esteemed Patron Sir Walter Aston, Knight of the Honorable order of the Bath;" and Drayton refers in it to his *Pen late steep'd in English Barons Wounds*, his *Barons Wars* having been published some years earlier. A short prose Address "To the Reader," and a few Latin lines "In Noctuam Draytoni" by A. Greneway succeed; in the former of which the author states that the present Poem had been finished nearly a year before it was printed, but had been delayed in order that he might write his Poem gratulatorie on the accession of James I.

The author in the present allegorical Poem falls into a dream, in which, under the idea of an assemblage of birds who make an attack upon the poor owl, from which he is defended by the eagle the monarch of birds, he seems to have shadowed forth under the owl the cause of learning attacked by all the smaller birds, or multitude of lesser and inferior writers, but protected by the royal eagle, most probably here intended for the

newly arrived monarch King James. But the whole of the allegory, which is somewhat obscure and confused, appears to be very far fetched, and much of it is difficult to be understood at the present day. It is generally supposed to be an imitation of Spenser's *Prosopopoia, or Mother Hubbard's Tale*, first printed in 1591, 4to; and Drayton himself in his preliminary Address to the Reader had noticed, among other works of a similar kind, Homer's *Battle of the Frogs and Mice*, Virgil's *Culex*, and Vida's Poems on "Chess and the Silkworm." The following passage may be quoted as a not unpleasing specimen of the Poem:

Loe in a valley peopled thick with trees,
Where the soft day continuall Euening sees,
Where in the moy'st and melancholy shade,
The grasse growes raneke, but yeelds a bitter blade,
I found a poor *Crane* sitting all alone,
That from his breast sent many a throbbing grone;
Groueling he lay, that sometime stood vpright;
Maim'd of his joynts in manie a doubtfull fight,
His ashie coate that bore a glosse so faire,
So often kis'd of the enamored aire:
Worne all to ragges and fretted so with rust,
That with his feete he troad it in the dust:
And wanting strength to beare him to the springs,
The spyders woue their webbs euen in his wings:
And in his traine their filmie netting cast
He eate not wormes, wormes eate on him so fast.
His wakefull eies that in proud foes despight
Had watch'd the walles in many a Winters night,
And neuer winek'd, nor from their object fled,
When heauens dread thunder rattled ore his head,
Now couered ouer with dimme cloudy kelles,
And shruneken vp into their slymie shelles.
Poore Bird! that striuing to bemoane thy plight,
I cannot do thy miseries their right:
Perceiuing well he found one where I stood,
And he alone thus poorely in the Wood:
To him I stept, desiring him to showe
The cause of his calamitie and woe.
Nights-Bird (quoth he) what mak'st thou in this place
To view my wretched miserable case?
Ill Orators are aged men at Armes
That wont to wreake and not bewayle their harmes:
And repetition where there wants reliefe
In less'ning sorrow, but redoubleth greafe.

Seauen sundrie Battails seru'd I in the feeld.
Against the *Pigmies*, in whose battered sheeld
My prowes stands apparantly exprest;
Besides these scarres vpon my manly breast.
Along the Mid-land coasts my troupes I led
And *Affrickes* pride with feare astonished:
And maym'd I was of this discrepit wing,
When as the fowle from the Proponticke spring,
Fil'd all th'Egean with their stemming ores,
And made the Ile euen tremble from the shores.
I saw when from the *Adriaticke* seas.
The crosse-adoring Fowles to *Europs* praise
Before *Lepanto* and *Moræa* fought,
Where heauen by winde, earths wonder strangely wrought,
Weary at length and trusting to my worth,
I tooke my flight into the happie North:
Where nobly bred as I was well ally'd,
I hop'd to haue my fortune there supply'd,
But there arryu'd, disgrace was all my gayne,
Experience scorn'd of euery scuruye swayne.
Other had got for which I long did serue,
Still fed with wordes whilst I with wants did sterue.

From the latter lines of this passage, Mr. Collier seems to be of opinion that "Drayton (like Ben Jonson at a later date) had visited Scotland, but had returned unregarded and unrewarded." We know that he was disappointed in his hope of reward on the accession of James, and it seems to have long rankled in his mind, and to have been the cause of much discontent in his after life. For from whatever cause it might be, he appears never to have obtained the notice or favour of the king.

The Poem of *The Owle* was omitted in the edition of Drayton's collected works published in 1605, 8vo, but is inserted in that of 1619, folio, and in all the later editions. These matters are difficult of explanation, and the fastidiousness of Drayton caused him to make repeated alterations in his various Poems as they passed through the press, and in the unlooked-for suppression of some of them altogether. Dibdin in his *Libr. Compan.*, vol. ii. p. 316, is quite incorrect in saying that the earliest published piece of Drayton was *The Owle*, 1604, 4to, as several of his historical Poems, as we have seen, had been printed much earlier in the preceding century. Dibdin does not allude to any of these, and we may therefore safely conclude that he was altogether ignorant of their having been published. See

Collier's *Bridgew. Catal.*, p. 108, and his edition of the *Poems of Drayton*, 4to, 1856, printed for the Roxburghe Club, Introduction p. xli. See also *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, p. 171, where a copy is priced at *5l. 5s.*; Nassau's sale, pt. i. No. 1296, *1l. 13s.*; *Bibl. Heber.*, pt. iv. No. 591, *1l. 10s.*; Bright's ditto, No. 1841, *1l. 5s.*

Collation: Title A 2, Sig. A to G 4 in fours, 28 leaves.

The present copy has the preliminary leaf A 1.

Half-bound in Calf.

DRAYTON, (MICHAEL.) — Poemes lyrick and pastorall. — Odes, Eglogs, The man in the Moone. By Michaell Drayton Esquier.

At London, Printed by R. B. for N. L. and J. Flasket. n.d. Sm. 8vo, pp. 122.

Drayton had published a collected edition of his works in 1605 containing Poems: "The Barons Wars," "Englands Heroicall Epistles," "Sonnets and Legends." It is supposed that the present volume was printed in or about 1605 to complete the above edition of his works, in which these Poems were wanting. In this volume the "Pastorals" are inserted, though considerably altered and improved, for Drayton was a very fastidious writer, and to these by way of novelty were also added twelve Odes and a curious Poem called "The Man in the Moon," first published in this edition. The work is dedicated "To the deseruing memory of my most esteemed Patron and friend, Sir Walter Aston, Knight of the honorable Order of the Bath: As before other of my labours, so likewise I consecrate these my latest few Poemes.—Michaell Drayton." Then a prose "Epistle to the Reader," at the close of which he thus speaks of the present Poems: "New they are, and the work of playing howers; but what other commendation is theirs, and whether inherēt in the subiect, must be thine to iudge: But to act the go-betweene of my Poems and thy applause, is neither my modesty nor confidence, that oftner then once haue acknowledged thee kind, and do not doubt hereafter to do somewhat in which I shall not feare thee iust. And would at this time also gladly let thee vnderstand, what I thinke aboue the rest, of the last Ode of the twelue, or if thou wilt, Ballad in my Book; for both the great master of Italian rhymes *Petrarch*, and our *Chaucer*, and other of the vper house of the Muses, haue thought their Canzons honoured

in the title of a Ballade, which for that I labour to meet truely therein with the ould English garb, I hope as able to iustifie as the learned *Colin Clout* his Rounde laye." It is needless of course to remind the reader that Spenser is the learned Colin Clout so often alluded to by Drayton in his Poems under this poetical designation.

The volume commences with the Odes, twelve in number: the fourth being addressed "To my worthy friend Master Iohn Savage of the Inner Temple;" the eleventh "To the Virginian voyage," or rather voyagers; and the twelfth "To my frinds the Camber-britans and theyr harp." In the first he alludes to Southerne as "an English Lyricke," *i.e.* John Soowtherne, the author of a very rare but worthless Poem called *Pandora: The Musyque of the Beautie of his Mistresse Diana*, 4to, 1584, of which only one perfect copy is known. But when Drayton says, "Who me pleased'st greatly," it was most likely as a harp player, "handling thy harpe neatly," and not as a versifier. At the end of the Ode he speaks of "Skelton's Ryme" in rather contemptuous terms. The third Ode on Cupid is spirited and pleasing, and if our space had permitted, would well bear insertion here. The seventh commemorates a visit of the author to the wild scenery of the Peak, and in a later edition is entitled "An Ode written in the Peake":

Now in the vtmost *Peake*
Whereas we now remaine,
Amongst the mountaines bleake
Expos'd to sleet and rayne;
No sport our houres shall breake
To exercise our vaine.

Though bright *Apolloes* beames
Refresh the southerne ground
And though the princely Theams
With beauteous nymphs abound,
And by ould *Cambers* streames
As many wonders found.

Yet many riuers eleare
Here glide in siluer swathes,
And what of all most deare
Buckstons delicious bathes,
Strong ale and noble eheere
T'asswage breeme winters scathes.

Breeme—sharp or severe.

Those grim and horrid caues
Whose looks affright the daye,
Where she her secrets saues
As loth them to bewray,
Our better leasure eraues,
And doth inuite our laye.

In places far or neare,
Or famous or obscure,
Where wholesome is the ayre
Or where the most impure,
All tymes and euery where
The muse is still in vre.

vre—*i.e.* in use or employment.

In the eleventh, mention is made of the "industrious Hacklutt" having attended the voyagers to Virginia, a circumstance not generally known.

The twelfth, written in "the ould English garb," and termed in the epistle to the Reader "a Ballad," is a fine and animated Ode on the Battle of Agincourt; and by its success may probably have given rise to his larger Poem on that subject, first published in 1627, folio. Of these Odes the fourth, "To his friend, Master Iohn Savage of the Inner Temple," and the eighth, "Singe wee the Rose," were not again reprinted. Probably the former person may have died soon after; the latter Poem, which Mr. Collier terms "one of the most cheerful and graceful pieces its author ever produced," is too beautiful and rare not to be here inserted:

Ode 8.

Singe wee the Rose
Then which no flower there growes
Is sweeter:
And aptly her compare
With what in that is rare
A parallel none meeter.

Or made poses
Of this that incloses
Suche blisses:
That naturally flusheth
As she blusheth
When she is rob'd of kisses.

Or if strew'd,
When with the morning dew'd
Or stilling,
Or howe to sense expos'd
All which in her inclos'd,
Ech place with sweetnes filling.

That most renown'd
By Nature ritchly crown'd
With yellow,
Of that delitious layre
And as pure her hayre
Vnto the same the fellowe.

Fearing of harme
Nature that flower doth arme
From danger;
The touch giues her offence,
But with reuerence
Vnto her selfe a stranger.

That redde, or white,
Or mixt, the sence delyte
Behoulding
In her complexion
All which perfection
Such harmony in foulding.

That deuyded
Ere it was decided
Which most pure,
Began the greuous war
Of *York* and *Lancaster*,
That did many yeeres indure.

Conflicts as greate
As were in all that heate,
I sustaine:
By her as many harts
As men on either parts,
That with her eies hath slaine.

The Primrose flower,
The first of Flora's bower
Is placed:
So is shee first as best,
Though excellent the rest,
All gracing, by none graced.

The Eglogs or Pastorals were first printed in 1593 under the title of *Idea. The Shepheards Garland; Fashioned in nine Eglogs. Rowlands Sacrifice to the nine Muses*, 4to, Imprinted at London for Thomas Woodcocke, &c., 1593. Of this first edition only two copies are known, one which belonged to Mr. Heber (see *Bibl. Heber.*, pt. iv. No. 584), and is now in the Library at Britwell House; and another which had once belonged to Robert, Earl of Essex, the favourite of Queen Elizabeth, with his autograph on the title. There is no copy of this edition in any of our public Libraries. In the present or second impression, which is equally rare, various and important alterations were made by Drayton in these Pastorals—their arrangement was changed—and a new and additional Eclogue was printed, making the number ten instead of nine. These circumstances sufficiently testify the great value and importance of the present volume. Of the lady who reigned paramount in his heart and imagination or *Idea*, and who was constantly designated under that title, but whom he never married—of her elder sister termed Panape, at that time in ill health—of the numerous and material differences in the Eclogues between the two editions, and what he afterwards reprinted in 1619, folio, it will be unnecessary here to notice these things, as the reader will find all these circumstances fully and completely dwelt upon in a most interesting manner by Mr. Collier in the admirable volume of the *Poems of Drayton*, edited by him for the members of the Roxburghe Club in 1856, in which he has well nigh exhausted the subject, and to whom the present Editor has been greatly indebted. It will be sufficient here to observe bibliographically that the fourth Eglog in the present edition is the eighth in order in the first; the sixth in this is the fourth in the first; the eighth here is the sixth in the former and very greatly altered; and the ninth is altogether new and appeared here for the first time. We may also notice that in the first edition each Eglog is preceded by four lines explanatory of the subject, and sometimes by a Latin couplet at the end, both of which are omitted in the later impression. As an example of the alterations that were made by the fastidiousness or caprice of the author during the ten or eleven years that elapsed before he reprinted the work, we subjoin the opening verses of the first Eglog from each of the editions.

From the first edition of 1593:

> Now Phœbus, from the equinoctiall Zone
> Had task'd his teame vnto the higher spheare,

And from the brightnes of his glorious throne,
Sends forth his Beames to light the lower ayre:
The cheerfull welkin, comen this long look'd hower,
Distils adowne full many a siluer shower.

Fayre Philomel, night-musicke of the spring,
Sweetly recordes her tunefull harmony,
And with decpe sobbes, and dolefull sorrowing,
Before fayre Cinthya actes her Tragedy:
The Throstle cock, by breaking of the day,
Chants to his sweete full many a loucly lay.

The crawling snake, against the morning sunne
Now streaks him in his rayn-bow coloured cote:
The darkesome shades as loathsome he doth shunne,
Inchanted with the Birds sweete siluan note.
The Buck forsakes the launds where he hath fed,
And scornes the hunt should view his veluet head.

Through all the parts dispersed is the blood,
The lustie spring, in flower of all her pride
Man, bird, and beast, and fish in pleasant flood,
Reioycing all in this most ioyfull tide:
Saue Rowland,* leaning on a Ranpick tree
O'rgrowne with age, forlorne with woe was he.

The same from the second edition:

Phœbus full out his yearly course had rũ,
Whom the long winter labored to outweare,
And now preuayling, prosp'rously begunne
To rayse himselfe vpon our Hemispheare,
And the pleas'd heauen this ioyfull season neere
O'reioy'd dissolu's in many a siluer teare.

When Philomel, true augure of the spring,
Whose tunes expresse a Brothers traiterous fact
Whilst the fresh groues with her eõplaints do ring
To *Cinthia* her sad tragedy doth act:
The iocond merle pereh'd on the highest spray
Sings his loue forth, to see the pleasant May.

The crawling Snake against the morning sunne
Like Iris showes his sundry coloured coate,

* By Rowland, Drayton meant himself. A Ranpick tree, *i.e.* an old oak, with head decayed, or withered boughs standing out at the top.

The gloomy shades that enuiously doth shunne,
Rauish'd to heare the warbling birds to roate.
The buck forsakes the Lawns wher he hath fed,
Fearing the hunt should view his veluet head.

Through eu'ry part dispersed is the blood
The lusty spring in fulnes (now) of pride
Man, bird, and beaste, each tree, and euery flood,
Highly reioycing in this goodly tyde,
Saue Rowland leaning on a Ranpick tree
Wasted with age, forlorne with woe was he.

The songs were many of them entirely rewritten in the second edition, oftentimes for the better, but not always. The following from the second Eglog is an improvement upon the older version:

Vppon a bank with roses set about,
Where pretty turtles ioyning bil to bill,
And gentle springs steale softly murmuring out
Washing the foote of pleasures sacred hill:
There little loue sore wounded lyes,
His bowe and arrowes broken,
Bedewd with teares from Venus eyes;
Oh! greeuous to be spoken.

Beare him my hart, slaine with her scornefull eye
Where sticks the arrowe that poore hart did kill,
With whose sharp pile, request him ere he die,
About the same to write his latest will,
And bid him send it back to me
At instant of his dying,
That cruell, cruell shee may see
My faith, and her denying.

His chappell be a mournefull Cypresse shade,
And for a chauntry Philomels sweet lay,
Where prayers shall continually be made
By pilgrim louers passing by that way.
With Nymphes and shepheards yearly moane
His timeles death beweeping,
In telling that my hart alone
Hath his last will in keeping.

Sometimes the alteration was not an improvement upon the first thought. As an instance of this, we much prefer the quaintness and simplicity of the older version in the ensuing carolet to the dry and metaphysical nature of the later:

Loue is the heauens fayre aspect
loue is the glorie of the earth:
Loue only doth our liues direct,
loue is our guyder from our birth,

Loue taught my thoughts at first to flie,
loue taught mine eyes the way to loue,
Loue raysed my conceit so hie,
loue framd my hand his arte to proue.

Loue taught my Muse her perfect skill,
loue gaue me first to Poesie;
Loue is the Soueraigne of my will,
loue bound me first to loyalty.

Loue was the first that fram'd my speech,
loue was the first that gaue me grace;
Loue is my life and fortunes leech,
loue made the vertuous giue me place.

Loue is the end of my desire,
loue is the load starre of my loue:
Loue makes my selfe my selfe admire,
loue seated my delights aboue.

Loue placed honor in my brest,
loue made me learnings fauoret,
Loue made me liked of the best,
loue first my minde on vertue set.

Loue is my life, life is my loue,
loue is my whole felicity,
Loue is my sweete, sweete is my love;
I am in loue, and loue in me.

What is Loue but the desire
Of the thing that fancy pleaseth?
A holy and resistlesse fier,
Weake and strong alike that ceaseth;
Which not heauen hath power to let,
Nor wise nature cannot smother,
Whereby Phœbus doth begette
On the vniversall mother,
That the euerlasting Chaine
Which together al things tied,
And vnmooued them retayne,
And by which they shall abide:
That concent we cleerely find
All things that together drawe
And so strong in euery kinde
Subiects them to natures law.
Whose hie vertue number teaches,
In which euery thing dooth mooue
From the lowest depth that reaches
To the height of heauen aboue.
&c. &c. &c.

The Eglogs contain some beautiful lines; the third being devoted to the praise and celebration of Queen Elizabeth under the feigned name of Beta; the fourth relates the tale of Dowsabel; the fifth is occupied in eulogizing his lady love:

And in Ideas person paynts
his louely lasses prayse.

The sixth Eglog, which bewails the loss of Sir Philip Sidney under the name of Elphin and was probably written soon after his death in 1586, is particularly interesting, not only for the beautiful lament by Drayton on the mournful occasion of his death, which we may here remark is totally different from the one in the older edition, and was entirely rewritten for the present, and which we would willingly have inserted if our limits had

permitted it, but also for its allusions to some of his contemporary poets, and to several of our early romances and ballads. Thus Gorbo remarks on observing the melancholy of old Wynkin:

I think thou dot'st in thy declining age,
Or for the loosnesse of thy youth art sory,
And therefore vowed som solemn pilgrimage
To holy *Hayles*, or *Patrick's* purgatory:
Come sit we down vnder this Hawthorn tree,
The morrows light shall lend vs day enough,
And let vs tel of *Gawen*, or Sir *Guy*,
Of *Robin-hood*, or of ould *Clim à Clough*,
Or els some Romant vnto vs areede,
By former shepheards taught thee in thy youth,
Of noble Lords and Ladies gentle deed
Or of thy Loue or of thy lasses trueth.

An ancient Pilgrimage in Glostershire, called the Holy rood of Hayles.

To which Wynkin replies:

Elphin is dead, and in his graue is layde,
O! to report it, how my hart it greeueth:
Cruel that fate, that so the time betrayd
And of our ioyes vntimely vs depriueth.

Under these names of Gorbo, Wynkin de Worde, Perkin, and some others, by which the dialogues are carried on in these Pastorals, there is little doubt that some poetical friends were intended by Drayton, but it is extremely difficult, if not impossible, now to identify their real names. So also we know that by Rowland, Drayton meant himself; that Colin was Spenser; Musæus, Daniel; Amyntas, Thomas Watson; Goldey, Lodge; Wagrin, probably Warner; Alcon and Astrophel, called also Phœbus and Elphin, Sir Philip Sidney. In the following lines is the lament on the death of the latter:

Thou that down from the goodly Western waste
To drink at *Auon* driues thy sunned sheep,
Good *Melibeus*, that so wisely hast
Guided the flocks deliuered thee to keep:
Forget not *Elphin*; and thou, gentle swayne,
That dost thy pipe by siluer *Douen* sound,
Alexis, that dost with thy flocks remaine
Far off within the Calydonian grounde,
Be mindfull of that shepheard that is dead.

In these lines there is little doubt that by Melibeus is meant Samuel Daniel, then residing at Wilton. In the eighth Eglog Drayton celebrates the praise of Sidney's sister, Mary, Countess of Pembroke:

Sister somtime she to that shepheard was,
That yet for piping never had his peere,
Elphin that did all other swayns surpasse
To whom she was of liuing things most deare,
And on his death bed by his latest will
To her bequeath'd the secrets of his skill.

In the older edition this laudation is extended through eighteen stanzas of the most extravagant and hyperbolical kind, under the name of Pandora, which are omitted in the second impression. In this Pastoral is also introduced a very remarkable passage, not to be found in any other edition of his works, in which Drayton notices in very severe terms a lady under the name of Selena, who had formerly lent him her patronage but afterwards abandoned him, and transferred her favour to another whom he calls by the savage name of Cerberon, and of whom along with the lady he speaks in very bitter and vituperative terms:

So once *Selena* seemed to reguard
That faithfull *Rowland* her so highly praysed,
And did his trauell for a while reward,
As his estate she purpos'd to haue raysed:
But soone she fled him and the swaine defyes;
Ill is he sted that on such faith relies.

And to deceitefull *Cerberon* she cleaues,
That beastly clowne too vile of to be spoken
And that good shepheard wilfully she leaues,
And falsly al her promises hath broken:
And at those beautyes, whilom that her graced,
With vulgar breath perpetually defaced.

What dainty flower yet euer was there found,
Whose smell or beauty might the sence delight,
Wherewith *Eliza*, when she liued, was crowned,
In goodly chapplets he for her not dighte:
Which became withered soon as ere she wore them,
So ill agreeing with the brow that bore them.

Let age sit soone and vgly on her brow,
No shepheards praises liuing let her haue,
To her last end noe creature pay one vow,
Nor flower be strew'd on her forgotten graue:
And to the last of all deuouring tyme
Ne're he her name remembered more in rime.

Whether these lines may have had reference to Lucy, Countess of Bedford, to whom Drayton had dedicated some of his earlier works, and who had apparently, from some cause or other, withdrawn her patronage from him before this time—whether by Cerberon was intended Nash or Marlowe or some wilder or less moral poet than himself—or whom is meant by some great person whom he calls Olcon, who had formerly patronized but had now forsaken him, and of whom so strong lines are inserted; of these it is very difficult at this remote period of time to ascertain. But whoever they refer to, Drayton thought proper afterwards to withdraw these stanzas entirely, and they are only to be found in this edition, and are another instance of its rarity and value.

Perkins then sings the praises of "two sisters most discreetly wise," the elder of whom is that good *Panape*:

In shady *Arden* her deare flocke that keepes
Wher mournfull *Anker* for her sicknes weepes;

And the younger is that

Modest *Idea*, flower of womanhood,
That *Rowland* hath so highly deified.

A Mountain neer Cotswold. Driuing her flocks vnto the fruitfull *Meen*
Which dayly looks vpon the louely *Stower*,
The vale of Euesham. Neer to that vale, which of all vales is queen:
Lastly forsaking of her former bower,
And of all places houldeth *Cotswoold* deare,
Which now is prowd, because she liues it neere.

He also celebrates the praises of other ladies, one under the name of Siluia, "the best aliue":

That once in *Moreland* by the siluer *Trent*,
Her harmlesse flockes as harmlesly did driue;
But now alured to the fields of *Kent*,

Was dwelling in a cottage near Ravensbourne:

And that deare nymph that in the Muses ioyes
A forest in Lestershire. By cliffy *Charnwood* with her flocks doth go,
Mirtilla, sister to those hopefull boyes,
My loued *Thirsis*, and sweet *Palmeo*:
A riuer under the same forest. That oft to *Soar* the southern shepheards bring,
Of whose cleer waters they diuinely sing.

So good she is, so good likewise they be,
As none to her might brother be but they,

Nor none a sister vnto them but she,
To them for wit few like, I dare will say:
In them as nature trewly ment to show
How neer the first, she in the last should go.

There is no doubt these were all living characters and well-known friends of Drayton, but for whose real names it would now, at this distance of time, be almost useless to inquire. The ninth Eglog relating to sweet Daffadill, here added for the first time, has been reprinted entire by Mr. Collier in his volume of *Drayton's Poems* mentioned before. The tenth, in which "Rowland in darkness bemoans his wofull plight," does not require any particular notice, beyond quoting from it a single stanza which is rather sweetly expressed:

How oft by thee the solitary swayne,
Breathing his passion to the early spring,
Hath left to heare the Nightingale complaine,
Pleasing his thoughts alone to heare me sing:
The nimphes forsooke their places of abode
To heare the sounds that from my musicke flowed.

The last poem in the volume is entitled "The Man in the Moone," and relates the story of the dalliance of the Moon with the shepherd Endymion when tending his flock on Mount Latmus. Drayton had previously, in 1594, printed a small quarto volume called *Endiminion and Phœbe. Ideas Latmus.* This very rare volume, which was entirely unknown to bibliographers until noticed by Mr. Collier in his *Bridgew. Catal.*, p. 108, and of which only two copies, one of them imperfect, are believed to exist, was, for some unknown reason, never reprinted by Drayton, but he has introduced portions of it in the "Man in the Moone;" and it has been entirely reprinted by Mr. Collier in his valuable and highly-interesting volume of the *Poems of Drayton*, who supposes it to be written on the model in some sort of Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*, or Shakespeare's *Venus and Adonis*, 1593, and had previously introduced a passage from it of great interest which closed the Poem, containing an Address by Drayton to his fellow poets, Spenser, Daniel and Lodge.

This article has extended to a considerable length beyond what was intended, but the great value of the volume under notice, and the interesting nature of the quotations introduced from it, will, we hope, induce our readers to pardon its length. Mr. Collier is of opinion that "it was never, in the ordinary sense of the word, published at all, but that Drayton

prepared it for the press, had it set up in type, and then for some reason recalled it. Possibly he repented of the offensive additions he had made to the Eclogues, as well as, perhaps, of some of the new Poems he had inserted, and therefore withdrew it." And that thus we may account for its great rarity. But that gentleman is not quite correct in saying that the copy lent to him by Mr. Bolton Corney for the purpose of his volume is the only perfect one of this edition. The present copy, which formerly belonged to Mr. Caldecot, by whom it was supposed to be unique (see *Catalogue*, No. 321), and subsequently in the Bolland and Utterson Collections, and has since been rebound, is quite perfect; and the one sold at Mr. Heber's sale, pt. iv. No. 629, now in the Miller Collection, was also a very fine copy. Mr. Park, in a letter to Mr. Heber, stated it to be an edition unknown to him.

Collation: Title A 2, Sig. A four leaves, B to H eight leaves each, I one leaf; 61 leaves.

This copy has the blank preliminary leaf Sig. A 1, and is bound by Mackenzie.

In Green Morocco, gilt leaves.

DRAYTON, (MICHAEL.)—Poems: By Michaell Draiton Esquire. London, Printed for N. Ling. 1605. 8vo, pp. 504.

Although an edition of some of Drayton's pieces had been printed in 1603, 8vo, it contained only a portion of his works—"The Barons Wars" (now first published under that title), with "Englands Heroical Epistles"—and had not the general title of his *Poems*. The present edition of 1605 is the first printed under that title, and the first which contains the Legends collected together, after being separately printed near the close of the preceding century. The volume has Ling's device on the title, and on the reverse is a list of Contents termed "The Arguments," embracing "The Barons warres," "Englands Heroicall Epistles," "Idea," and "The Legends of Robert Duke of Normandie, Matilda, and Pierce Gaveston." It commences with a dedicatory Sonnet "To Sir Walter Aston, Knight of the honorable order of the Bath, and my most worthy Patron," followed by a prose Address "To the Reader," and commendatory Sonnets by Thomas Greene and John Beaumont. It should be noted, as we have already

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remarked, that "The Barons Warres" were in their original state as "Mortimeriados," written in seven-line stanzas, but were altered by Drayton to their present form of octave stanzas first in the edition of 1603; and some other important changes were made which have been fully pointed out by Mr. Collier in his Roxburghe edition of *The Poems of Drayton.* At the end of the "Barons Warres" is a short prose Introduction to the "Historicall Epistles," commendatory Verses by E. H., Gent., two similar Sonnets by Thomas Hassall, Gent., and William Alexander Scotus, and a short dedicatory Address "To the excellent Lady, Lucie, Countesse of Bedford." The "Heroicall Epistles" are in pairs, each pair having a separate Dedication, viz. besides that to the Countess of Bedford; to the Lady Anne Harrington, wife of Sir John Harrington, Knight; Sir Walter Aston, Knight of the Bath; Edward, Earle of Bedford; Sir John Swinerton, Knight, one of the Aldermen of the Citie of London; Master Iames Huish; Mistris Elizabeth Tanfield, the sole daughter and heire of that famous and learned Lawyer, Laurence Tanfield, Esquire; Sir Thomas Munson, Knight; Sir Henry Goodere, of Powlesworth, Knight; Master Henry Lucas, sonne to Edward Lucas, Esquire; and the Lady Francis Goodere, wife to Sir Henry Goodere, Knight. In the Dedication to Edward, Earl of Bedford, Drayton states that he had been bequeathed to the protection of the Countess of Bedford "by that learned and accomplished Gentleman, Sir Henry Goodere (not long since deceased), whose I was whilst he was," says he, "whose patience pleased to beare with the imperfections of my heedles and unstayed youth. That excellent and matchles gentleman was the first cherisher of my muse, which had beene by his death left a poore Orphan to the world, had he not before bequeathed it to that Lady whom he so deerely loued." It appears from this that Drayton had been indebted to Sir Henry Goodere for some important assistance in the early part of his life, in whose household at Powlsworth he might possibly have held the appointment of page or some other office, and have there been encouraged in his devotion to the Muses.

At the close of each Epistle are added some historical and explanatory notes on various passages in the Epistles, and a concluding Sonnet summing up the whole of the several loves he had related, and forming an introduction also to the Sonnets on his own personal love which he sung in the next work, *Idea*, containing sixty-two Sonnets, preceded by two others "To the Reader of his Poems," the latter of which may be here quoted:

Many there be excelling in this kind,
Whose well-trick'd rimes with all inuention swell;
Let each commend as best shall like his mind,
Some *Sidney*, *Constable*, some *Daniell*,
That thus their names familiarly I sing,
Let none thinke them disparaged to be,
Poore men with reuerence may speake of a King,
And so may these be spoken of by me;
My wanton verse nere keepes one certaine stay,
But now, at hand; then seekes inuention far
And with each little motion runnes astray,
Wilde, madding, iocund, and irregular;
Like me that lust, my honest merry rimes,
Nor care for Criticke, nor regard the times.

After these are "Certaine other Sonnets to great and worthy Personages," five in number, addressed to King James I., Lucy Countess of Bedford, the Lady Anne Harrington, the Lady L. S., and Sir Anthonie Cooke, and the volume concludes with the three Legends. Few of the Sonnets which Drayton wrote are more beautiful than the one subjoined, No. 63, and addressed

To the Lady L. S.

Bright starre of Beauty, on whose eie-lids sit
A thousand Nymph-like and enamored graces:
The goddesses of memorie and wit,
Which in due order take their seuerall places,
In whose deere bosome, sweete delicious loue,
Layes downe his quiuer, that he once did beare,
Since he that blessed Paradise did proue,
Forsooke his mothers lap to sport him there.
Let others striue to entertaine with wordes,
My soule is of another temper made;
I holde it vile that vulgar wit affords,
Deuouring time my faith shall not inuade:
Still let my praise be honoured thus by you,
Be you most worthie, whilst I be most true.

This Sonnet was originally included among those under the general title of *Idea*, and was addressed to the person whom he celebrated under that name. Here we see it inscribed to another lady. The latter part of it was altered in the edition published in 1619, folio.

The "Barons Wars" was first published in 1596, 4to, under the title of *Mortimeriados. The lamentable ciuell warres of Edward the second and*

the Barrons. At London Printed by I. R. for Mathew Lownes, &c., of which only two, or at the most three, copies are believed to exist. The second edition was printed in 1603, 8vo, with the addition of the "Heroical Epistles," and with the following title: *The Barrons Wars in the reign of Edward the second. With Englands Heroical Epistles.* By Michaell Drayton. At London, Printed by I. R. for N. Ling, 1603. In the first edition the Poem was written in seven-line stanzas, but in the second and all later ones it was altered into eight-line stanzas, and the original Dedication to Lucy, Countess of Bedford was omitted. At the same time, when thus remodelled, the Poem was divided into six books or cantos, and a short Argument or Introduction prefixed to each book. It was also much altered in various passages, and differed very materially from the first impression.

The *Englands Heroical Epistles*, which was one of Drayton's most popular works, was first printed in 1597, and consists of imaginary letters, in pairs, written to and from several eminent persons, both male and female, and bears the following title: *Englands Heroicall Epistles.* By Michaell Drayton. At London, Printed by I. R. for N. Ling, and are to be sold at his shop at the West doore of Paules, 1597, 8vo. It was reprinted in 1598, 1599, and again in 1602, thus going through four editions in the short space of four years. It was written in imitation of the elegiac strains of Ovid, and was the first work of this kind in our language.

Idea was originally printed under the title of *Ideas Mirrour. Amours in Quatorzains.* London, Printed by Iames Roberts for Nicholas Ling, 1594, 4to. Of this extremely rare work only one copy besides our own is in existence, which was formerly in the Collection of Mr. Heber (*Bibl. Heber.*, pt. iv. No. 588), and is now in the Library at Britwell House. Mr. Heber, who was particularly rich in copies of Drayton's works, remarks, in a manuscript note, that "besides the second of the two introductory Sonnets, twenty-two out of the fifty-one which compose this little volume were never reprinted; and among the remaining twenty-nine, several were materially altered in subsequent editions." This work has been reprinted by Mr. Collier in his volume mentioned before. In the present edition the Sonnets are increased to the number of sixty-seven, exclusive of the two addressed to the Reader. It is probable that Drayton took the title of "Amours" for his Sonnets from the French, as Spenser did for his "Amoretti," published the year after from the Italian.

Of the three Legends at the end of the volume, that of Piers Gaveston

was first published in 1593, printed by Iames Roberts for Nicholas Ling and Iohn Busbie, 4to; and meeting with success was followed by *Matilda, the faire and chaste daughter of the Lord Fitzwater, the true glorie of the noble House of Sussex*, which was printed by the same in 1594, 4to; and in 1596 appeared *The Tragicall Legend of Robert, Duke of Normandy, surnamed Short-thigh, eldest sonne to William the Conqueror*, in a volume by the same printer in 8vo, accompanied with the two other Legends, which had been "newly corrected and amended," and the whole were dedicated to his former patroness, Lucie, Countesse of Bedford. In the Legend of *Matilda*, Drayton praises the *Complaint of Rosamond* by Daniel, Shakespeare's Poem of *Lucrece*, Churchyard's Legend of *Shore's Wife*, and Lodge's Poem of *Elstred*.

This edition of Drayton's Poems is very scarce, and is interesting as enabling us to mark the alterations and improvements introduced into the various Poems by the author, and to compare them with the previous editions, now become so rare. See *Cens. Liter.*, vol. ii. p. 160, and vol. x. p. 398; see also vol. iii. p. 38; Ritson's *Bibl. Poet.*, p. 191; *Bibl. Heber.*, pt. iv. Nos. 630, 631; Collier's *Bridgw. Cat.*, p. 109, and *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, p. 172. Dibdin in his account of Drayton and his works, which is very imperfect throughout, although referring to the pages of the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, entirely ignores the present and other early editions of his Poems; and noticing only those of 1619, 1748 and 1753, he erroneously calls the former of these the first collection of his Poems. See Dibdin's *Libr. Comp.*, vol. ii. p. 317.

Hibbert's sale, No. 2531, 1*l.* 1*s.*; *Bibl. Heber.*, pt. iv. No. 631, 1*l.* 1*s.*; Ditto, pt. viii., No. 667, 1*l.* 7*s.*; Bright's ditto, No. 1845, 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*; *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, No. 172, 3*l.* 3*s.*

Collation: Title A; Sig. A four leaves; B to Z 8; and A a to I i 6, in eights.

Fine copy. In the original Vellum binding.

Drayton, (Michael.) — Poems: By Michael Drayton Esquire. Newly corrected by the Author.

London Printed for Iohn Smethwicke, and are to be sold at his Shop in Saint Dunstones Church-yard, vnder the Diall. 1608. 8vo, pp. 504.

This edition of Drayton's Poems corresponds entirely in its contents with the one published in 1605, 8vo. It contains "The Barons Wars;" "England's Heroicall Epistles;" "Idea" (sixty-seven Sonnets, including the five to great Personages); and the "Legends of Robert Duke of Normandy," "Matilda," and "Pierce Gaveston." It omits "The Owle," "Pastorals containing Odes, Eglogues, &c.;" "The Man in the Moone;" "Moyses in a Map of his Miracles," and other Poems; and also "The Legend of Great Cromwell," which had been published in the preceding year. The title is within a neat woodcut border, on the back of which are "The Arguments," or list of Contents; then a dedicatory Sonnet "To Sir Walter Aston, Knight of the honourable order of the Bath, and his most worthy Patron;" a prose Address "To the Reader," and two laudatory Sonnets by John Beaumont and Thomas Greene. The former was the author of *Bosworth Field and other Poems*, 8vo, 1629, to which Drayton prefixed some complimentary Verses. The remainder of the volume is exactly the same as that of the date of 1605, and requires no further notice.

Sir Mark M. Sykes's sale, pt. i. No. 986, 1*l.* 1*s.*; *Bibl. Heber.*, pt. iv. No. 632, 1*l.* 6*s.*; Skegg's ditto, No. 558, 2*l.* 2*s.*

Collation: the same as that of 1605.

Bound by Mackenzie. In Purple Morocco elegant, gilt leaves.

Drayton, (Michael.) — Poems: By Michael Drayton Esquire. Newly Corrected by the Author.

London Printed for Iohn Smethwicke, and are to bee sold at his Shop in Saint Dunstones Church-yard, vnder the Diall. 1610. 8vo, pp. 506.

Although the contents of this volume are exactly the same as those in the preceding edition, with the exception of an additional leaf at the end, containing a commendatory Sonnet by John Selden, headed "Michael!" and another "To his friend the Author," by E. Heyward, it is evidently a distinct impression. This additional leaf, marked Sig. A 5, is clearly misplaced, and should have been inserted after the two Sonnets by John Beaumont and Thomas Greene, and before the "Barons Wars."

Isaac Reed's copy with his autograph, who says that "in the republication of these Poems the Dedications to the *Heroicall Epistles* are omitted." Afterwards in the Collection of Mr. Heber.

Bright's sale, No. 1847, 10*s.* 6*d.*; *Bibl. Heber.*, pt. iv. No. 638, 1*l.* 6*s.*; *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, No. 174, 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

Collation: as before.

In the original Binding.

Drayton, (Michael.) — Poems: By Michael Drayton Esquire, Newly Corrected by the Author.

London Printed by W. Stansby for Iohn Smethwicke, and are to bee sold at his Shop in Saint Dunstanes Church-yard, vnder the Diall. 1613. 8vo, pp. 506.

The frequent repetition of the editions of Drayton's Poems, five having been called for in eight years, is an evident proof of their great popularity, and of his fame as a poet having been well established. The present impression has Smethwicke's usual device of the Duck on the title, and "The Arguments," or table of Contents on the reverse. The Contents are in every respect the same as in the edition of 1610. It has all the Dedications to the "Heroical Epistles" as before, notwithstanding Reed's assertion, and the additional leaf with the two Sonnets at the end. This edition was not in the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*

Bibl. Heber., pt. iv. No. 635, 17*s.*

Collation: The same as before.

Bound by Winstanley. In Blue Morocco.

Drayton, (Michael.) — Poems by Michael Drayton Esquyer. Newly Corrected and Augmented. 1630.

London Printed by Willi: Stansby for John Smethwick. 8vo, pp. 512.

This edition contains "The Barons Warres;" "Englands Heroicall Epistles;" the Legends of "Robert, Duke of Normandie," "Matilda," "Pierce Gaveston," and "Great Cromwell;" and "Idea." The title is in the centre of an elegant frontispiece, with two twisted pillars on each side, garlanded round with flowers, on the entablature two winged Cupids supporting the royal arms and holding laurels in their hands. After the title is a leaf containing a list of Contents; then a prose Dedication "To the Noble

Sir Walter Aston: Knight of the Honourable Order of the Bath; Baronet; And of his Maiesties Priuie Chamber;" a prose Address "To the Reader;" and the complimentary Lines by Thomas Greene, John Beaumont, E. Heyward, and I. Selden. The variations in this edition are the engraved frontispiece, the prose Dedication to Sir William Aston in place of the Sonnet, and the addition of the Legend of Great Cromwell to the other three. There are also separate titles to the "Heroical Epistles," and to the Legends. The account of this impression in the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, No. 175, is incorrect in stating "the omission of Idea or Sonnets," and the number of pages as 476, as the volume contains 496 exclusive of the introductory portion, which increase the number altogether to 512. The copy there described was clearly imperfect.

Bibl. Heber., pt. iv. No. 636, 16*s.*, *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, No. 175, 1*l.* 5*s.*

Collation: Title A 2, Sig. A to Z 8, then A a to L 8 in eights, A 1 a blank leaf.

In the original Calf binding, marble edges.

DRAYTON, (MICHAEL.) — Poems by Michael Drayton Esquyer. Collected into one Volume. Newly Corrected. M.DC.XXXVII. London, Printed for John Smethwick. 12mo, pp. 502.

The title-page to this small volume is engraved by William Marshall, with a head of Drayton crowned with laurel at the top, and figures of Minerva, Apollo, Pan and another, doubtful, at the sides. It is a neat edition, the contents being exactly similar to the last, having the prose Dedication to Sir Walter Aston, and the Legend of Cromwell, with separate titles to the Epistles and the Legends. Although Drayton's fine Poem of the *Battaile of Agincourt* had been published in 1627, it is not included either in this or the previous edition, which may occasion some surprise. The present is a posthumous impression, Drayton having died in December 1631, aged 68, and it was nearly the last, with the exception of those without a date, of the numerous small editions of his Poems.

Bindley's copy, pt. i. No. 1770, sold at his sale for 8*s.* 6*d.*; Lloyd's ditto, No. 411, 19*s.*; *Bibl. Heber.*, pt. iv. No. 637, 18*s.*; North's ditto, pt. i. No. 995, 1*l.* 1*s.*; Bright's ditto, No. 1856, 1*l.* 6*s.*; *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, No. 176, 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

Collation: Title A 2, Sig. A to X 12 in twelves.

Bound in Calf, neat.

DRAYTON, (MICHAEL.) — Poly-Olbion. A Chorographicall Description of all the Tracts, Riuers, Mountains, Forests, and other Parts of this Renowned Isle of Great Britain, With intermixture of the most Remarkeable Stories, Antiquities, Wonders, Rarities, Pleasures, and Commodities of the same. Diuided into two Bookes; the latter containing twelue Songs, neuer before Imprinted. Digested into a Poem by Michael Drayton Esquire. With a Table added, for direction to those Occurrences of Story and Antiquitie, whereunto the Course of the Volume easily leades not.

London, Printed for Iohn Marriott, Iohn Grismand, and Thomas Dewe. 1622. Folio, pp. 506.

The greatest triumph of Drayton's Muse is, without doubt, his *Poly-Olbion*, a metrical essay, descriptive of the geography and remarkable antiquities of England and Wales, the first part of which appeared in 1613, consisting of eighteen Songs; but the second, containing twelve Songs, did not appear till nine years later, in 1622. Although it is now, we fear, but little read, and possesses many inherent defects, Drayton might well be proud of this his *magnum opus*, upon which, along with his *Nymphidia* and some of his smaller pieces, his fame as a poet will ever chiefly rest.

The first part of the *Poly-Olbion* is embellished with a curious allegorical frontispiece, engraved by W. Hole, in which under a triumphal arch is seen a figure of Albion or Great Britain in a robe emblematic covered with mountains, forests, rivers, cities, &c., with a sceptre in her right hand and a cornucopia in her left, two angels placing a wreath over her head, and above them Fame blowing a trumpet. On the sides are full-length figures of Brute, Cæsar, Hengist, and William the Conqueror; and on the opposite leaf are some explanatory lines "Vpon the Frontispiece." The Dedication is addressed "To the High and Mightie Henrie Prince of Wales," followed by some eulogistic lines upon him, and by a fine full-length engraved portrait of him by Hole, exercising a pike. "A Table of the Chiefest Passages" succeeds, and two Addresses "To the Generall Reader," and "To my Friends, the Cambro-Britans," another "From the Author of the Illustrations," and a list of Faults escaped.

The Poem is written in the long or Alexandrine verse of twelve syllables, a measure which, as Mr. Hallam remarks, "from its monotony, and perhaps

from its frequency in doggrel ballads, is not at all pleasing to the ear." Each of the Songs or Books are illustrated with some learned notes by John Selden, and by a map, in which the towns, mountains, forests, rivers, &c., are personified or represented by the figures of men and women. The second part has a distinct title, thus:

"The Second Part, or, A Continvance of Poly-Olbion from the Eighteenth Song. Containing all the Tracts, Rivers, Mountaines, and Forrests: Intermixed with the most remarkable Stories, Antiquities, Wonders, Rarities, Pleasures, and Commodities of the East, and Northerne parts of this Isle, lying betwixt the two famous Rivers of Thames and Tweed. By Michael Drayton Esq.

London, Printed by Augustine Mathewes for Iohn Marriott, Iohn Grismand, and Thomas Dawe. 1622."

This part is dedicated "To the High and Mightie, Charles Prince of Wales," wherein he promises to do for Scotland what he had here done for England and Wales, but which was never accomplished. After this is a prose Address by Drayton "To any one that will read it;" commendatory Verses by William Browne and George Wither; and an acrostick Sonnet by Iohn Reynolds. From a Poem so well-known as the *Poly-Olbion*, we shall only select, by way of specimen of its style and versification, the beautiful and picturesque description of the marriage between the Isis and the Thame. As the former passes along by the classical shades of Oxford, the Muses

Those modest *Thespian* Maids thus to their *Isis* sung:
Yee Daughters of the Hills, come downe from euery side,
And due attendance giue vpon the louely Bride:
Goe strewe the paths with flowers by which shee is to passe,
For be yee thus assur'd, in *Albion* neuer was
A beautie (yet) like hers: where haue yee euer seene
So absolute a Nymph in all things, for a Queene?
Give instantly in charge the day be wondrous faire,
That no disorderd blast attempt her braided haire.
Goe, see her state prepar'd, and every thing be fit,
The Bride-chamber adorn'd with all beseeming it.
And for the princely Groome, who euer yet could name
A Flood that is so fit for *Isis* as the *Tame?*
Yee both so louely are, that knowledge scarce can tell,
For feature whether hee, or beautie shee excell:
That rauished with ioy each other to behold,
When as your crystall wasts you closely doe enfold,

Betwixt your beauteous selues you shall beget a Sonne,
That when your liues shall end, in him shall be begunne,
The pleasant *Surreyan* shores shall in that Flood delight,
And *Kent* esteeme her selfe most happy in his sight.
The Shire that *London* loues, shall onely him prefer,
And giue full many a gift to hold him neer to her.
The *Skeld*, the goodly *Mase*, the rich and viny *Rheine*,
Shall come to meet the *Thames* in *Neptunes* watry plaine.
And all the *Belgian* Streames and neighboring Floods of Gaul
Of him shall stand in awe, his tributaries all.

* * * * *

The *Naïads*, and the Nymphs extreamly ouer-ioy'd,
And on the winding banks all busily employ'd,
Vpon this ioyfull day, some dainty Chaplets twine:
Some others chosen out, with fingers neat and fine,
Crownes of Flowers. Braue *Anadems doe make: some Bauldricks vp do bind:
Some, Garlands: and to some, the Nosegaies were assign'd:
As best their skill did serue. But, for that *Tame* should be
Still man-like as him selfe, therefore they will that he
Should not be drest with Flowers, to Gardens that belong
(His Bride that better fitte) but onely such as sprong
From the replenisht Meads, and fruitfull Pastures neere.
To sort which Flowers, some sit; some making Garlands were;
The Primrose placing first, because that in the Spring
It is the first appeares, then onely florishing;
The azur'd Hare-bell next, with them they neatly mixt:
T'allay whose lushious smell, they Woodbind plac't betwixt.
Amongst those things of scent, there prick they in the Lilly:
And neere to that againe, her sister Daffadilly.
To sort these flowers of showe, with th'other that were sweet,
The Cowslip then they couch, and th'Oxslip, for her meet:
The Columbine amongst they sparingly doe set,
The yellow King-cup, wrought in many a curious fret,
And now and then among, of Eglantine a spray,
By which againe a course of Lady-smocks they lay:
The Crow-flower, and there by the Clouer-flower they stick
The Daysie, ouer all those sundry sweets so thick,
As Nature doth her selfe; to imitate her right:
Who seems in that her pearle so greatly to delight,
That every Plaine therewith she powdreth to beholde:
The crimson Darnell Flower, the Blew-bottle, and Gold:
Which though esteem'd but weeds, yet for their dainty hewes,
And for their scent not ill, they for this purpose chuse.

Thus having told you how the Bridegroome *Tame* was drest
I'le shew you, how the Bride, faire *Isis*, they inuest:
Sitting to be attyr'd vnder her Bower of State,
Which scornes a meaner sort, then fits a Princely rate.
In Anadems for whom they curiously dispose
The Red, the dainty White, the goodly Damask Rose,
For the rich Ruby, Pearle, and Amatist, men place
In Kings Emperiall Crownes, the circle that enchase.
The braue Carnation then with sweet and soueraigne power
(So of his Colour call'd, although a Iuly-flower)
With th'other of his kinde, the speckled and the pale:
Then th'odoriferous Pink, that sends forth such a gale
Of sweetnes; yet in scents, as various as in sorts.
The purple Violet then, the Pansie there supports:
The Mary-gold aboue t'adorne the arched Bar:
The dubble Daysie, Thrift, the Button-batcheler,
Sweet William, Sops in wine, the Campion: and to these
Some Lauander they put, with Rosemary and Bayes:
Sweet Marjoram, with her like, sweet Basill rare for smell,
With many a flower, whose name were now too long to tell:
And rarely with the rest, the goodly Flower-delice.
  Thus for the nuptiall houre, all fitted point-deuice,
Whilst still some busied are in decking of the Bride
Some others were againe as seriously imploy'd
In strewing of those hearbs at Bridalls vs'd that be:
Which euery where they throwe with bountious hands and free
The healthfull Balme and Mint, from their full laps doe fly;
The scent-full Camomill, the verdurous Costmary.
They hot Muscado oft with milder Maudlin cast:
Strong Tansey, Fennell coole, they prodigally waste:
Cleere Isop, and therewith the comfortable Thyme,
Germander with the rest, each thing then in her prime:
As well of wholesome hearbs, as euery pleasant flower,
Which Nature here produc't, to fit this happy houre.
Amongst these strewing kinds, some other wilde that grow
As Burnet, all abroad, and Meadow-wort they throwe.
  Thus all things falling out to euery one's desire,
The ceremonies done that Mariage doth require,
The Bride and Bridegroome set, and seru'd with sundry cates,
And euery other plac't, as fitted their estates,
Amongst this confluence great.

* * * * *

  Then, hand in hand, her *Tames* the Forrest softly brings
To that supreamest place of the great English Kings,

The *Garters* Royall Seate, from him who did aduance
That Princely Order first, our first that conquer'd *France*:
The Temple of *Saint George*, wheras his honored Knights
Vpon his hallowed day, observe their hallowed rites:
Where *Eaton* is at hand to nurse that learned brood,
To keepe the Muses still neere to this Princely Flood;
That nothing there may want, to beautifie that seate,
With every pleasure stor'd.

The following account of the story of Robin Hood as connected with Sherwood Forest, is an example of the pleasing mode in which Drayton often varied and illustrated his subject by introducing many striking episodes and legendary tales and associations into his Poem:

The merry pranks he playd, would aske an age to tell
And the aduentures strange that *Robin Hood* befell,
When *Mansfield* many a time for *Robin* hath bin layd,
How he hath cosned them, that him would haue betrayd,
How often he hath come to *Nottingham* disguis'd,
And cunningly escapt, being set to be surpriz'd.
In this our spacious Isle, I thinke there is not one,
But he hath heard some talke of him and little Iohn;
And to the end of time, the Tales shall ne'r be done,
Of *Scarlock*, *George a Greene*, and *Much* the Millers sonne,
Of *Tuck* the merry Frier, which many a Sermon made
In praise of *Robin Hood*, his out-lawes, and their Trade.
An hundred valiant men had this braue *Robin Hood*,
Still ready at his call, that Bow-men were right good,
All clad in *Lincolne* Greene, with Caps of Red and Blew,
His fellowes winded Horne, not one of them but knew,
When setting to their lips their little Beugles shrill,
The warbling *Ecchos* wakt from euery Dale and Hill:
Their Bauldrieks set with Studs athwart their shoulders cast,
To which vnder their armes, their Sheafes were buckled fast
A short Sword at their Belt, a Buckler scaree a span,
Who strooke below the knee, not counted then a man:
All made of *Spanish* Yew, their Bowes were woudrous strong;
They not an arrow drew, but was a Cloth-yard long.
Of Archery they had the very perfect craft,
With Broad-Arrow, or But, or Prick, or Rouing Shaft,
At Markes full fortie score, they vs'd to Prick, and Roue,
Yet higher then the breast, for Compasse neuer stroue;
Yet at the farthest marke a foot could hardly win:
At Long-buts, short, and Hoyles, each one could cleaue the pin

Their Arrowes finely pair'd, for Timber, and for Feather,
With Birch and Brazill peec'd, to flie in any weather;
And shot they with the round, the square, or forked Pyle,
The loose gaue such a twang as might be heard a myle.
And of these Archers braue, there was not any one,
But he could kill a Deere his swiftest speed vpon,
Which they did boyle and rost, in many a mightie wood,
Sharpe hunger the fine sauce to their more Kingly food.
Then taking them to rest, his merry men and hee
Slept many a Summers night under the Greenewood tree.
From wealthy Abbots chests, and Churles abundant store,
What oftentimes he tooke, he shar'd amongst the poore:
No lordly Bishop came in lusty *Robin's* way
To him before he went, but for his passe must pay:
The Widdow in distresse he graciously relieu'd,
And remedied the wrongs of many a Virgin grieu'd:
He from the husbands bed no married woman wan,
But to his Mistris deere, his loued *Marian*
Was euer constant knowne, which wheresoere shee came
Was soueraigne of the Woods, chiefe Lady of the Game:
Her Clothes tuck'd to the knee, and daintie braided haire,
With Bow and Quiver arm'd, shee wandred here and there,
Amongst the Forrests wild; *Diana* neuer knew
Such pleasures, nor such *Harts* as *Mariana* slew.

The labour and pains bestowed upon this Poem by its indefatigable author must have been immense; and the amount of historical research and antiquarian learning which Drayton has poured forth in it are of a most varied and wonderful kind, and, although from the nature of the work never rising into the highest flights of poetry, it contains many passages of animation and interest. The opinion and judgment of so able a writer as Mr. Hallam on this celebrated Poem, a portion of which we here quote, will be read with considerable interest: "The powers displayed in it are of a high cast. The style of Drayton is sustained with extraordinary ability, on an equable line, from which he seldom much deviates, neither brilliant nor prosaic: few or no passages could be marked as impressive, but few are languid or mean. The language is clear, strong, various, and sufficiently figurative; the stories and fictions interspersed, as well as the general spirit and liveliness, relieve the heaviness incident to topographical description. There is probably no Poem of this kind in any other language, comparable together in extent and excellence to the *Poly-Olbion*; nor can any one read a

portion of it without admiration for its learned and highly gifted author." "The *Poly-Olbion*," remarks another writer, "is a work of amazing ingenuity; and a very large proportion exhibits a variety of beauties, which partake very strongly of the poetical character; but the perpetual personification is tedious, and more is attempted than is within the compass of poetry." Mr. Campbell also well observes, that "it is impossible to read the Poem without admiring the richness of his local associations, and the beauty and variety of the fabulous allusions which he scatters around him. Such indeed is the profusion of romantic recollections in the *Poly-Olbion*, that a poet of taste and selection might there find subjects of happy description, to which the author who suggested them had not the power of doing justice: for Drayton started so many remembrances that he lost his inspiration in the effort of memory." The reader may see more on the subject of this singular Poem in Ellis's *Specim. Early Poets*, vol. ii. p. 387; Campbell's Introduction to ditto, p. 186; Hallam's *Liter. Hist.*, vol. iii. p. 496; Drake's *Shakespeare and his Times*, vol. i. p. 615; Dibdin's *Libr. Comp.*, vol. ii. p. 316; *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, No. 182; Headley's *Select Beauties*, vol. i. p. xlviii; Phillips's *Theatr. Poet.*, p. 265, ed. 1820.

Copies of this work have brought good prices at sales, as the following list will testify: Townley's sale, pt. i. No. 545, 2*l.* 16*s.*; Hibbert's ditto, No. 2706, 2*l.* 16*s.*; Skegg's ditto, No. 559, 3*l.* 9*s.*; North's ditto, pt. i. No. 979, 4*l.* 4*s.*; Freeling's ditto, No. 893, 3*l.* 17*s.*; Nassau's ditto, pt. i. No. 1320, 5*l.*; Midgley's ditto, No. 240, 5*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.*; Roxburghe ditto, No. 3346, 5*l.* 5*s.*; Bindley's ditto, pt. i. No. 1512, 6*l.*; Heber's ditto, pt. iv. No. 1026, 6*l.* 16*s.* 6*d.*; *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, No. 182, 7*l.* 7*s.*; Colonel Stanley's ditto, No. 335, 9*l.* 19*s.* 6*d.*; Garrick's ditto, No. 810, 10*l.*; Bright's ditto, No. 1849, (with *Poems*, 1619, and *Battaile of Agincourt*, large paper) in one volume, 35*l.* 10*s.*

Collation: Titles and Dedication, four leaves; Table, four ditto; Sig. A, four ditto; B to Z, six ditto each; A a to C c, six ditto each; D d, two leaves. Second Part: Title, one leaf, Sig. A to Y, four leaves each, pp. 506.

The Shugborough copy. Bound in Mottled Calf, sprinkled edges.

DRAYTON, (MICHAEL.) — Englands Heroical Epistles, written in Imitation of the Stile and Manner of Ovid's Epistles: with Annotations of the Chronicle History. By Michael Drayton

Esq; Newly Corrected and Amended. Licensed according to order.

London, Printed for S. Smethwick, in Dean's Court, and R. Gilford without Bishops-Gate. 8vo, n.d. pp. 234.

The first edition of the *Heroical Epistles* was published in 1597, 8vo, for Nich. Ling, having been licensed to him in October in the same year. There is a copy of this impression in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. It was again reprinted in 1598 for the same person, of which there is a copy in the Grenville Collection in the British Museum. There was a third edition in 1599, to which was added the Sonnets under the title of *Idea*, and of this a copy exists in the Malone Collection in the Bodleian; and a fourth impression with the same was printed in 1602. Another was added to the end of the *Barons Wars* in the following year, thus making five impressions in about six years. It was indeed a highly popular work, and was written in imitation of the style of Ovid in his *Epistles*. It was the first work of the kind in the English language, and soon became a great favourite and was very frequently reprinted. To each pair of Epistles there was prefixed a Dedication to some distinguished person, some of them being of much interest on account of their containing biographical particulars relating to Drayton's life and education. Thus in one of them to the Earl of Bedford, husband to Lucy, Countess of Bedford, his great patroness, who was the daughter of Sir John Harrington, he mentions his obligations to the family of the Harringtons, to which by marriage the Earl was united, and to the protection of whose Countess his Poems had been committed; and adds, "to whose service I was first bequeathed by that learned and accomplisht gentleman, Sir Henry Goodere (not long since deceased) whose I was whilst hee was, whose patience pleased to beare with the imperfections of my heedles and unstaied youth. That excellent and matchlesse Gentleman was the first cherisher of my Muse, which had beene by his death left a poore Orphan to the world, had he not before bequeathed it to that Lady whom he so deerely loved." From this, and from another Dedication to Sir Henry Goodere's son, in which he confesses that he was "beholden to the happy and generous familie of the Gooderes for the most part of his education," it appears that Drayton had been indebted to that family for some portion of his support and education, and for the encouragement of his infant Muse. He alludes to this circum-

stance again in his Dedication to the Lady Francis Goodere, wife to Sir Henry Goodere, Knight, showing that he probably received some pecuniary assistance from the father in the early part of his life, as well as from the Countess of Bedford his other patroness. The present edition does not contain these Dedications, which were not reprinted after 1599, but has only the "Annotations of the Chronicle History" at the end of each of the Epistles. After the title comes Drayton's prose Address "To the Reader;" commendatory Verses on the Author by J. W. and B. C.; "To the Stationer on this new and correct Impression of Englands Heroicall Epistles," by Edwine Sadleyr, Baronet, and by T. B. The latter of these thus commences:

Eternal Book, to which our *Muses* flye,
In hopes of gaining Immortality.
Time has deuour'd the younger Sons of Wit,
Who liv'd when *Chaucer*, *Spencer*, *Johnson* writ:
Those lofty Trees are of their Leaves bereft,
And to a reverend Nakedness are left.
But the chief Glory of *Apollo's* Grove,
Drayton, who taught his *Daphne* how to love;
Drayton, that sacred Lawrel seems to be,
From which each Sprig that falls must grow a Tree.

As a specimen of the style of these Epistles we present our Readers with the opening lines of the one of Mistress Shore to King Edward the Fourth:

As the weak Child, that from the Mother's wing
Is taught the Lutes delicious fingering,
At ev'ry strings soft touch, is mov'd with fear,
Noting his Masters curious list'ning ear;
Whose trembling hand, at ev'ry strain bewrays
In what doubt he his new-set Lesson plays:
As this poor Child, so sit I to indite,
At ev'ry word still quaking as I write.
Would I had led an humble Shepheard's life,
Nor known the name of *Shore's* admired Wife,
And liv'd with them, in Countrey fields that range
Nor seen the golden *Cheap*, nor glitt'ring Change.
Here, like a Comet gaz'd at in the Skies,
Subject to all Tongues, object to all Eyes:
Oft haue I heard my beauty prays'd of many,
But never yet so much admir'd of any:
A Princes Eagle-Eye to find out that,
Which common men do seldom wonder at,

Makes me to think Affection flatters sight,
Or in the Object something exquisite.
To housed Beauty seldom stoops Report,
Fame must attend on that, which lives in Court.
What Swan of bright *Apollo's* brood doth sing
To vulgar love, in Courtly Sonneting?
Or what immortal Poets sacred Pen
Attends the glory of a Citizen?
Oft have I wondred, what should blind your eye,
Or what so far seduced Majesty,
That having choice of Beauties so divine,
Amongst the most, to chuse this least of mine?
More glorious Suns adorn fair *Londons* pride,
Then all rich *Englands* Continent beside;
That who t'account their Multitudes, would wish,
Might number *Rumney's* Flowers or *Isis* Fish.
Who doth frequent our Temples, Walkes, and Streets,
Noting the sundry Beauties that he meets,
Thinks not, that Nature left the wide World poor,
And made this place the chequer of her store:
As Heav'n and Earth had lately faln at jars,
And grown to vying Wonders, dropping Stars:
That if but some one Beauty should incite
Some sacred Muse, some ravish'd Spirit to write,
Here might he fetch the true *Promethean* fire,
That after-ages should his lines admire:
Gathering the Hony from the choicest Flow'rs,
Scorning the wither'd weeds in Country Bow'rs.
Here in this Garden (only) springs the Rose,
In ev'ry common Hedge the Bramble grows:
Nor are we so turn'd *Neapolitan*,
That might incite some foul-mouth'd *Mantuan*,
To all the World to lay out our defects,
And have just cause to rail upon our Sex;
To prank old wrinckles up in new attire,
To alter Natures course, prove time a Lyar,
To abuse Fate, and Heav'ns just Doom reverse,
On Beauties grave to set a Crimson Hearse;
With a deceitful Foil to lay a ground,
To make a Glass to seem a Diamond:
Nor cannot without hazard of our Name
In Fashion follow the *Venetian* Dame;
Nor the fantastick *French* to imitate,
Attir'd half *Spanish*, half *Italionate*;

With Waste, nor Curl, Body nor Brow adorn,
That is in *Florence* or in *Genoa* born.

Englands Heroical Epistles, besides being so frequently published as a separate volume, are also incorporated in nearly all the editions of Drayton's works, and few of his productions were formerly more read. The historical Annotations at the end of each Epistle in explanation of particular passages in the text, are valuable additions to the work.

This edition, which is apparently a late one, is not noticed by Lowndes, nor have we seen mention of it made in any of the sale catalogues. See further Collier's Roxburghe edition of *Poems by Drayton*, p. xxxi.

An edition of the *Heroical Epistles* was published as late as 1788, 8vo, with Notes and Illustrations by the Rev. James Hurdis, D.D.

Collation: Sig. A, four leaves, B to Q 1 in eights.

Bound in Calf, extra.

DRAYTON, (MICHAEL.)—The Battaile of Agincourt. Fought by Henry the fift of that name, King of England, against the whole power of the French: vnder the Raigne of their Charles the sixt, Anno Dom. 1415. The miseries of Queene Margarite, the infortunate Wife of that most infortunate King Henry the sixt. Nimphidia, the Court of Fayrie. The Quest of Cinthia. The Shepheards Sirena. The Moone-Calfe. Elegies vpon sundry occasions. By Michaell Drayton Esquire.

London, Printed for William Lee, at the Turkes Head in Fleete-Streete, next to the Miter and Phœnix. 1627. Folio.

Opposite the title is an oval portrait of Drayton crowned with laurel, "ætatis suæ, L. A. Chr. 1613," engraved by William Hole, with four lines in Latin underneath. Then follows Drayton's Dedication of the work, "To you those Noblest of Gentlemen of these Renowned Kingdomes of Great *Britaine:* who in these declining times, haue yet in your braue bosomes the sparkes of that sprightly fire of your couragious ancestors; and to this houre retaine the seedes of their magnanimitie and greatnesse, who out of the vertue of your mindes, loue and cherish neglected Poesie, the delight of Blessed soules, and the language of Angels." This is succeeded by "The Vision of Ben. Ionson, on the Muses of his Friend M. Drayton," and commendatory Verses upon the "Battaile of Agincourt" by I. Vaughan, and a Sonnet

upon his Poems by Iohn Reynolds. "The Battaile of Agincourt" and "The Miseries of Queene Margarite," with which the volume commences, were, we believe, first printed in this edition. They are inferior in merit, as we think, to the "Barons Wars," and have fewer flights of real genuine poesy, or of striking and interesting passages. The best perhaps are those which relate to the disposition and conduct of the two armies on the night before the battle, in which Drayton has closely followed the accounts of Froissart and the other chroniclers. "Nimphidia: The Court of Fayrie" was first printed in the folio edition of his "Poems" in 1619. It was reprinted by Sir Egerton Brydges at the Lee Priory press in 1814, 8vo, with a short Preface or Advertisement; who has added also at the end a reprint of the interesting Elegie or Epistle to Henry Reynolds Esquire, "Of Poets and Poesie:" and who says that Nimphidia "probably retains more charms for modern readers of poetry than any of his other productions. It abounds in a light and playful fancy, happily expressed." Campbell also says, "the Nimphidia is in his happiest characteristic manner of airy and sportive pageantry." This is followed by "The Quest of Cinthia," in four-line alternatively rhyming verses, "The Shepheards Sirena," and the long and curious Poem, "The Moone-Calfe." The "Elegies upon Sundry occasions" at the end are a mixture of Elegies and Epistles, the latter having the majority, and were here first printed. They are twelve in number, and contain several passages of curious information relating to his own personal history. In that addressed "To Master George Sandys, Treasurer for the English Colony in Virginia," alluding to his "Gratulatorie Poem to the Maiestie of King James," 4to, 1603, Drayton says:

> It was my hap before all other men
> To suffer shipwrack by my forward pen:
> When King IAMES entred — at which ioyfull time
> I taught his title to this Isle in rime:
> And to my part did all the Muses win
> With high-pitch Pæans to applaud him in:
> When cowardise had tyed vp euery tongue
> And all stood silent, yet for him I sung;
> And when before by danger I was dar'd,
> I kick'd her from me, not a iot I spar'd.
> Yet had not my cleere spirit in Fortune's scorne
> Me aboue earth and her afflictions borne;
> He next my God on whom I built my trust,
> Had left me troden lower then the dust:

But let this passe: in the extreamest ill
Apollo's brood must be couragious still,
Let Pies and Dawes sit dumb before their death,
Onely the Swan sings at the parting breath.

Sandys had published his translation of the first five Books of Ovid's *Metamorphosis* in 1621, 8vo, and Drayton here encouraged him to complete the work, which he did in 1626:

And (worthy GEORGE) by industry and vse
Let's see what lines Virginia will produce;
Goe on with OVID, as you haue begunne
With the first fiue Bookes; — let your numbers run
Glib as the former, so shall it liue long
And doe much honour to the *English* tongue.

It is also worthy of remark that while others were pouring forth their elegiac strains on the untimely death of Prince Henry, the muse of Drayton was silent; as he himself declares in his "Elegie vpon the death of the Lady Penelope Clifton:"

Since I knew ought, time neuer did allowe
Me stuffe fit for an Elegie, till now:
When France and England's HENRIE'S dy'd, my quill
Why, I know not, but it at that time lay still.
'Tis more then greatnesse that my spirit must raise
To obserue custome I vse not to praise.

But the most important of these Poems is the Epistle "To his most dearely-loued friend Henry Reynolds Esquire, of Poets and Poesie:" in which Drayton presents a list of English poets, whom he selects as worthy of his praise. It is remarkable not only for the names of those whom he has chosen for his praise, but also for those whom he has omitted to notice, among whom may be particularly enumerated Lydgate, Skelton, Sackville, Harington, Southwell, Watson, Greene, Lodge, Breton, Raleigh, Fairfax, Bishop Hall, Davies, Fletcher, Donne, Herbert, &c.; and in his mention of the great name of Shakespeare, what must strike every one will be the slight estimation in which he was then held, and that only for his *comic* vein. He speaks also of Gascoigne and Churchyard (whom he joins together, although the first was far superior to the other) as "Meterers" only, and wanting the true poetic fire, and that if they had lived only a few years longer, they would have seen their works before them buried in oblivion. At the commencement of this Epistle Drayton records how anxious he was in his

childhood to know what kind of beings poets were, — how early his ambition was to become one, and relates his importunity to his tutor, if possible, to make him a poet:

> For from my cradle (you must know) that I
> Was still inclin'd to noble Poesie,
> And when that once *Pueriles* I had read
> And newly had my *Cato* construed,
> In my small selfe I greatly marueil'd then
> Amongst all other, what strange kinde of men
> These Poets were; — And pleased with the name
> To my milde Tutor merrily I came,
> (For I was then a proper goodly page
> Much like a Pigmy, scarse ten yeares of age)
> Clasping my slender armes about his thigh:
> O my deare Master! cannot you, (quoth I)
> Make me a Poet, doe it, if you can,
> And you shall see, Ile quickly be a man,
> Who me thus answered smiling, Boy, quoth he,
> If you'le not play the wag, but I may see
> You ply your learning, I will shortly read
> Some Poets to you; — *Phœbus* be my speed,
> Too't hard went I, when shortly he began
> And first read to me honest *Mantuan*,
> Then *Virgils Eglogues*, being entred thus,
> Methought I straight had mounted *Pegasus*,
> And in his full careere could make him stop,
> And bound vpon *Parnassus* by-clift top.
> I scornd your ballet then though it were done
> And had for Finis, *William Elderton*.

Drayton confines his notices of his contemporary poets chiefly to those with whom he was himself intimate, or

> Whose workes oft printed, set on euery post,
> To publique censure subiect haue bin most:

and leaves the praise of others more rare, and not so well known, to those who should come after him.

In the Epistle "To Master William Ieffreys, Chapliane to the Lord Ambassadour in Spaine," he expresses his fear of meddling with subjects relating to the State, having been already a sufferer for it, — alluding probably to his "Gratulatorie Poem" to King James, which appears to have given some offence, although we are left in ignorance of the cause of the royal displeasure.

This volume is most wretchedly printed upon coarse and inferior paper, and is by no means scarce. *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, No. 178, 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*, without the portrait; Bindley, pt. i. No. 1513, with portrait, 2*l.* 1*s.* The present copy formerly belonged to John Lisle, the Commissioner of the Great Seal in Cromwell's time, and has his autograph on the fly leaf and his arms on the sides.

From the Mainwairing Collection at Peover.
In the original Calf binding.

Drayton, (Michael.) — The Muses Elizium, lately discouered by a new way over Parnassus. The passages therein, being the subiect of ten sundry Nymphalls, leading three Diuine Poemes, Noah's Floud. Moses, his Birth and Miracles. David and Golia. By Michaell Drayton Esquire.

London, Printed by Thomas Harper, for Iohn Waterson, and are to be sold at the signe of the Crowne in Pauls Churchyard. 1630. 4to, pp. 214.

This collection of pastoral Poems under the name of "Nymphals," published only the year before the death of Drayton, who died December 23rd, 1631, although inferior to his first production as a writer of pastorals, yet contains many pleasing descriptions of rural scenery drawn from nature, and expressed in language of pure and unaffected simplicity. And perhaps after all it is as a *pastoral* poet that posterity will chiefly value the labours of this once highly popular but now somewhat neglected writer.

The Dedication of the volume "To the Right Honourable Edward Earle of Dorset, Knight of the Noble Order of the Garter," &c., is followed by a short prose Address "to the Reader," with a list of *Errata*. From this Dedication it would appear that some of Drayton's former Poems had occasioned certain severe remarks and animadversions. "I have often," says he, "aduentured vpon desperate vntrodden wayes, which hath drawn some severe censures, vpon many of my labours, but that neyther hath, nor can euer trouble me." What was the cause of offence that called forth these severe censures upon his labours, we are altogether unable to state. The Poem called "The Description of Elizium" then commences, and is written in four-line rhyming verses. This is intended as an introduction to the pastoral strains contained in the ten Books or Nymphalls, which are written in dialogues, with

different characters introduced into each, and composed in different metres. They contain many beautiful passages, descriptive of rural life and pastoral scenes, some of them, in harmony and sprightly fancy, almost equalling any of his earlier compositions. For these qualities we have selected from them a couple of short extracts, which we feel sure our readers will thank us for bringing to their notice; the first taken from the third "Nymphall," and the second from the tenth.

Chloris.

Sing, Florimel, and wee
Our whole wealth will give to thee,
We'll rob the brim of euery Fountaine,
Strip the sweets from euery Mountaine,
We will sweepe the curled valleys,
Brush the bancks that mound our alleyes,
We will muster natures dainties
When she wallowes in her plentyes,
The lushyous smell of euery flower
Now washt by an Aprill shower,
The Mistresse of her store will make thee
That she for her selfe shall take thee;
Can there be a dainty thing
That's not thine if thou wilt sing.

Mertilla.

When the dew in May distilleth,
And the Earths rich bosome filleth,
And with Pearle embrouds each meadow,
We will make them like a widow,
And in all their Beauties dresse thee,
And of all their spoiles possesse thee,
With all the bounties Zephyre brings,
Breathing on the yearely springs,
The gaudy bloomes of euery tree,
In their most beauty when they be,
What is here that may delight thee,
Or to pleasure may excite thee,
Can there be a dainty thing
That's not thine if thou wilt sing.

Corbilus.

Satyre, these Fields, how cam'st thou first to finde?
What Fate first show'd thee this most happy shore?
When neuer any of thy Siluan kinde
Set foot on the Elizian earth before?

Satyre.

O neuer aske, how came I to this place
What cannot strong necessity finde out?
Rather bemoane my miserable case,
Constrain'd to wander the wide world about.
With wild *Siluanus* and his woody crue,
In Forrests I, at liberty and free,
Liu'd in such pleasure as the world ne'r knew,
Nor any rightly can conceiue but we.
This iocund life we many a day enioy'd,
Till this last age, those beastly men forth brought,
That all those great and goodly Woods destroy'd,

Whose growth their Grandsyres with such sufferance sought,
That faire *Felicia* which was but of late
Earth's Paradice, that neuer had her Peere,
Stands now in that most lamentable state
That not a Siluan will inhabit there;
Where in the soft and most delicious shade
In heat of Summer we were wont to play,
When the long day too short for vs we made,
The slyding houres so slyly stole away:
By *Cynthias* light, and on the pleasant Lawne
The wanton Fayry we were wont to chase,
Which to the nimble clouen-footed Fawne
Vpon the plaine durst boldly bid the base.
The sportiue Nimphes, with shouts and laughter shooke
The Hils and Valleyes in their wanton play,
Waking the Ecchoes, their last words that tooke,
Till at the last, they lowder were then they.
The lofty hie Wood, and the lower Spring,
Sheltring the Deere, in many a suddaine shower,
Where Quires of Birds, oft wonted were to sing,
The flaming Furnace wholly doth deuoure;
Once faire *Felicia*, but now quite defac'd,
Those Braueries gone wherein she did abound
With dainty Groues, when she was highly grac'd
With goodly Oake, Ashe, Elme, and Beeches crown'd.

At the close of the "Nymphalls," p. 87, there is a fresh Dedication "To the Right Noble, Religious, and truely vertuous Lady, Mary, Countesse of Dorset; worthy of all Titles and Attributes, that were euer giuen to the most Renowned of her Sexe: and of me most deseruedly to be honoured. To her Fame and Memory I consecrate these my diuine Poems, with all the wishes of a gratefull heart; for the preseruation of her, and her Children, the succeeding Hopes of the Ancient and Noble Family of the Sackuiles." This precedes the Sacred Poems of "Noahs Floud," "Moses his Birth and Miracles," and "Dauid and Goliah." Of these the first and the last were here published for the first time. That relating to the History of Moses, as we have already seen, was first printed in 1604. At the end of "Noahs Floud" are some simple lines "To this Poem" signed "John Beaumont," — the author of *Bosworth Field*, — and two other copies of Verses to the author, one in Latin Sapphics signed "Beale Sapperton," and the other in English by "Thomas Andrewe," whom we conclude to be the same person

who wrote *The Vnmasking of a Feminine Machiauell*, 1604, 4to, before noticed. "Moses his Birth and Miracles" is divided into three Books, and the Poem of "David and Goliah" closes the volume. *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, No. 181, 1*l.* 16*s.*; Bindley's sale, pt. ii. No. 568, this Poem brought 5*l.*

Collation: Title A 2; Sig. A to Z; and A a to D d 4, inclusive in fours; pp. 214.

Bound by Winstanley. In Blue Morocco, elegant, gilt leaves.

Drayton, (Michael.) — The Works of Michael Drayton, Esq. — a celebrated poet in the reigns of Queen Elizabeth, King James I., and Charles I. — containing, I., The Battle of Agincourt; II., The Barons Wars; III., England's Heroical Epistles; IV., The Miseries of Queen Margaret, the unfortunate wife of the most unfortunate King Henry VI.; V., Nymphidia, or the Court of Fairy; VI., The Moon-Calf; VII., The Legends of Robert Duke of Normandy, Matilda the Fair, Pierce Gaveston, and Tho. Cromwell Earl of Essex; VIII., The Quest of Cynthia; IX., The Shepherd's Sirena; X., Poly-olbion, with the annotations of the learned Selden; XI., Elegies on several occasions; XII., Ideas. Being all the writings of that celebrated author, now first collected into one volume.

London: Printed by J. Hughs, near Lincolns-Inn-Fields, and sold by R. Dodsley, at Tully's-Head, Pall Mall; J. Jolliffe in St. James's Street; and W. Reeve in Fleet Street. M.DCCXLVIII. Folio. Large Paper. pp. 414.

This fine edition of Drayton's Works was published by subscription, and it included copies on Large or Royal Paper. It has prefixed "An Historical Essay on the Life and Writings of Michael Drayton, Esq.," in which the author enters largely into the subject of Drayton's neglect by James I., and gives a critical account of many of his poems. This impression, although said to contain all the writings of Drayton, does not include "The Harmonie of the Church, Endymion and Phœbe, Ideas Mirrour, Moyses in a Map of

Miracles," nor the two congratulatory poems addressed to James I. It is adorned with some elegant Vignettes on copper, engraved by Gravelot, Parr, and others; and to some copies an appendix is added, which was published in 1753.

The present copy is further illustrated with the curious engraved frontispiece by Hole, and also with a set of the original maps to the Poly-olbion, in which the rivers, hills, towns, &c., are personified.

Copies on Small Paper have sold in Roscoe's sale, No. 1347, for 2*l.* 8*s.*; and in *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, No. 1813, 3*l.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

The copy before us, which is on *Large Paper*, is In the original Calf Binding.

DROLLERIES.—Bristol Drollery. Poems and Songs. By Mr. C. sm: 8vo. London, Printed for Charles Allen, Bookseller in Bristol, 1674.

Although called *Bristol* Drollery, there is nothing in this collection that in any way particularly connects it with the city of Bristol; but as there had been London, Westminster, Holborn, Oxford, Norfolk, and Windsor Drolleries, so it was thought good that other towns like Bristol should have theirs also, as exponents of their own wits. The editor, whoever he was, in the introductory poem, which serves as a preface to the volume, thus humorously alludes to its title:—

Bristoll Drollery.

'Tis a strange Title this, stay, let us see
Poems and Songs, and *Bristoll* Drollery:
Why then does any there pretend to Wit?
It must be like their Diamonds, Counterfeit:
Does not the Author tell us flat and plain
Such a dull foggy air does clog the brain?
&c. &c. &c,

This is succeeded by a poetical address "To the Young Gallants," &c., signed N. C., January, 1673-4. These poems seem for the most part to be the composition of one hand, and nearly all to have been written about the time the volume was printed. Several of them have dates affixed, chiefly

in 1673. Like most other collections of this kind, the poems are many of them too coarse and indelicate to admit of quotation, and are more remarkable for these qualities than for their wit or humour. The following is the commencement of one of them :—

To a young Lady in a Garden,
The Roses Speech.

Fairest, if you Roses seek,
Take the nearest like your cheek:
I, the Damask, would presume
To tender you my sweet perfume:
I am young, like you, a Bud
Peeping thorough my green hood.
&c. &c. &c.

The volume is rare; and the present copy, with "Sportive Wit," &c., bound in one volume, cost Mr. Heber 6*l.*, at the Roxburghe sale, No. 3404, exclusive of the binding. *Bibl. Heber*, pt. iv. No. 658, 3*l.*; Bindley's ditto, pt. i. No. 452, 4*l.* 6*s.*; Parry's ditto, pt. i. No. 1346, 5*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.*; Utterson's ditto. No. 565, *l.*

Fine copy. Bound by Charles Lewis. In Red Calf, gilt leaves.

Drummond, (William.)—Teares on the Death of Meliades.

4to. Edinbvrgh, Printed by Andro Hart, and are to be sold at his shop on the North-side of the high streete, a litle beneath the Crosse. 1613.

The sudden and unexpected demise of the youthful and accomplished Henry Prince of Wales, the eldest son of James I., and a native of Scotland, on the 6th of November, 1612, which shed such a general gloom over the whole nation, and called forth so many elegiac tributes of verse from our various poets, was the exciting cause which seems to have awakened the first public efforts of the Muse of William Drummond, of Hawthornden—a name familiar and well known to all lovers of the Muses—whose pure and unaffected feeling, elegant and harmonious language, and delicacy of imagination, place his name high in the temple of poetic fame. The beautiful and pathetic poem composed by Drummond on this occasion, was

published by him under the above title,—the name of Meliades being assumed by that Prince in his martial challenges as the anagram of *Miles a Deo*. The title and other leaves of the poem are enclosed within a neat wood-cut border with ornamental wood cuts, and the poem is preceded by a sonnet "To the Author," by Sir W. Alexander, afterwards Earl of Stirling, the particular friend of Drummond.

There are many smooth and stately lines in this elegy, a few of which we now introduce to our readers:—

Ah! thou hath left to liue, and in the time
When scarce thou blossom'd in thy pleasant prime.
So falls by Northern blast a virgin Rose
At halfe that doth her bashfull bosome close:
So a sweete Flower languishing decayes,
That late did blush when kist by *Phœbus* rayes.
So *Phœbus* mounting the Meridians hight,
Choak't by pale *Phœbe*, faints vnto our sight:
Astonish'd Nature sullen stands to see
The Life of all this all, so chang'd to be,
In gloomie gownes the Starres about deplore,
The Sea with murmuring mountains beates the shore,
Blacke Darkenesse reeles o're all, in thousand showres
The weeping Aire on earth her sorrow poures,
That in a palsey, quakes to see so soone
Her Louer set;—and Night burst forth ere Noone.

Again take another specimen:—

Faire Meades, amidst whose grassie velvet springs
White, golden, azure flowers which once were kings,
In mourning blacke, their shining colours dye,
Bowe downe their heades, while sighing Zephyrs flye.
Queene of the fieldes, whose blushes staines the Morne
Sweete Rose, a Princes death in purple mourne.
O Hyacinthes, for ay your AI keepe still,
Nay, with moe markes of woe your leaues now fill.
Your greene lockes, Forrests, cut, in weeping Mirres,
The deadly Cypresse, and inke-dropping Firres,
Your Palmes and Mirtles turne:—from shadowes darke
Wing'd *Syrens* waile, and you Sad *Echoes* marke
The lamentable accents of their mone,
And 'plaine that braue *Meliades* is gone.
Stay, Skye, thy turning course, and now become
A stately Arche, vnto the Earth his tombe:

Ouer which ay the watrie *Iris* keepe,
And soft-eyed *Pleiades* which still doe weepe,
Meliades sweete courtly Nymphes deplore
From ruddy *Hesprus* rising to *Aurore*."

These lines are much altered in the later editions, and fresh couplets here and there introduced occasionally with good effect. They secured Drummond much popularity; and in allusion to this poem, he has recorded Ben Jonson's opinion of his verses, viz., that "they wer all good, especially my Epitaph on the Prince, save that they smelled too much of the Schooles, and were not after the fancie of the tyme." At the end of the elegy is a pyramid in verse; and on the last leaf a representation of a monumental tablet, with a sonnet by Drummond as the inscription. This also has been much varied and improved in the later impressions of his works.

The present is the first and extremely rare edition of this first poetical production of Drummond, consisting of six leaves only, and of which scarcely any copies have occurred for sale during the last or present centuries among the libraries dispersed by auction, including even those sold in Scotland. There is no copy of this edition in the British Museum or in the Bodleian Library at Oxford; but one exists in the College Library in Edinburgh, presented, along with others of his works, by the author himself, some of them on large paper.

Fine copy. Bound by Charles Lewis. In Calf Extra, gilt leaves.

DRUMMOND, (WILLIAM.)—Mausolevm, or, The Choisest Flowres of the Epitaphs, written on the Death of the neuer-too-much lamented Prince Henrie.

Cosa bella mortal passa, e non dura.

4to. Edinbvrgh, Printed by Andro Hart. Anno Dom. 1613.

Although there is little doubt that the present small tract was collected and sent forth by Drummond, who employed the same printer at that period, and was probably published at the same time with the preceding work, it does not appear to be noticed at all by Mr. P. Cunningham in his edition of Drummond's poems, nor in that of Mr. Turnbull, as a separate

work. The *Mausoleum* consists of four leaves, and contains sixteen epitaphs or small pieces on the death of the much-lamented Prince Henry, by various authors. The first two are the productions of Walter Quin, a native of Dublin, and tutor to Prince Henry, who wrote some other poems in honour of James I.; the three next are by Drummond, the first and last of which had appeared in the preceding work; then follow four others (one of them in Italian) signed Ignoto, usually supposed to designate the signature of Sir Walter Raleigh; the next (in Latin) is by Hugh Holland, who also wrote *A Cypress Garland*—4to, 1625—a longer poem on the death of James I.; the eleventh by George Wither; the two next by Robert Allyne; then two by George Chapman; and the last by William Rowley, the dramatic writer. From this collection we select for notice the first, by W. Quin, and the twelfth, by Robert Allyne.

Epitaph I.

Loe here intomb'd a peerelesse Prince doth lie
In flowre and strength of age surprys'd by Death,
On whom, while he on earth drew vitall breath,
The hope of many Kingdomes did relie;

Not without cause:—for Heauen most liberally
To him all Princely Vertues did bequeath,
Which to the worthiest Princes here beneath
Before had been allotted seuerally.

But when the world of all his Vertues rare
The wished fruit to gather did expect,
And that he should such *glorious workes* effect,
As with the worthiest Fame might him compare
Untimely death then from vs did him take,
Our losse, and grieffe, Heauens gaine, and joy to make.

W. Q.

Epitaph XII.

Two Kingdomes stroue for Intrest in one Prince,
Heauens claim'd me from them both, & reft me hence:
Scotland my Cradle, *England* hath my Herse,
The Heauens my Soule, my Vertues liue in Verse.

This little tract is extremely rare, and has been reprinted among the other curious pieces in Mr. David Laing's elegant volume of *Fugitive Scottish Poetry of the Seventeenth Century*. There is a copy in the library of the College in Edinburgh.

Fine copy. Bound by Charles Lewis. In Calf Extra, gilt leaves.

DRUMMOND, (WILLIAM.)—Forth Feasting. A Panegyricke to the Kings Most Excellent Majestie.

Flumina senserunt ipsa.

4to. Edinbvrgh, Printed by Andro Hart. 1617.

We have already noticed this congratulatory poem by Drummond among the collection presented to James I. on his revisiting Scotland after a long absence (printed under the superintendence of John Adamson, in *The Muses Welcome*, fol., Edinb., 1618), and have there given some extracts from it. The present is the first and extremely rare edition of the poem. It consists of eight leaves only, and is devoid of any prefix. It opens thus:

What blustring noise now interrupts my Sleepe?
What echoing shouts thus cleaue my chrystal Deep?
And call mee hence from out my watrie Court?
What Melodie, what sounds of Ioy and Sport
Bee these heere hurled from eu'rie neighbour Spring?
With what lowd Rumours doe the Mountaines ring?
Which in vnusuall pompe on tip-toes stand,
And (full of wonder) ouer-looke the Land?
Whence come these glittring Throngs, these Meteors bright,
This golden People set vnto my Sight?
Whence doth this Praise, Applause and Loue arise?
What Load-starre east-ward draweth thus all eyes?
And doe I wake? or haue some Dreames conspir'd
To mocke my sense with Shadows much desir'd?
Stare I that liuing Face, see I those Lookes
Which with delight wont to amaze my Brookes?
Doe I behold that Worth, that Man diuine,
This Ages Glorie, by these Bankes of mine?
Then is it true what long I wish'd in vaine
That my much louing Prince is come againe?

So vnto them whose *Zenith* is the Pole
When sixe blacke Mouths are past, the Sunne doth roll:
So after Tempest to Sea-tossed wights,
Faire *Helens* Brothers show their chearing Lights:
So comes *Arabias* Meruaile from her Woods
And farre, farre off is seene by *Memphis* Floods,
The feather'd Syluans clowd-like by her flie,
And with applauding clangors beate the Skie,

Nyle wonders, *Seraps* Priests entranced raue,
And in *Mygdonian* Stone her shape engraue:
In golden leaues write downe the joyfull time
In which *Apollos* Bird came to their clime.

Drummond seems to have thought much of this poem; for he has recorded, in his *Notes on Ben Jonson's Conversations at Hawthornden*, that the latter esteemed it so much that "he wished, to please the King, that piece of 'Forth Feasting' had been his owne." Lowndes has omitted all notice of this poem in his enumeration of Drummond's works, neither does it occur in any of our sale catalogues. There is a copy in the Advocates' Library in Edinburgh, in that of the College at the same place, in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, and in the collection of the late Will. H. Miller, Esq., at Britwell House.

Collation: Sig. A to B 4 inclusive in fours.

The present copy has the autograph on the title of "Andrew Stewart."

Bound by Charles Lewis. In Calf Extra, gilt leaves.

DRUMMOND, (WILLIAM.)—Flowres of Sion. By William Drummond of Hawthornedenne. To which is adjoyned his Cypresse Groue.

4to. L. P. Printed 1623. Without place or printer's name.

It was some time after the interesting and memorable visit of Ben Jonson to the Scotish Poet at Hawthornden,

When Jonson sat in Drummond's classic shade,

which gave rise to so much bitter and unseemly discussion, and to so many evil and malignant feelings, that Drummond came forth again with another volume of poems under the title of the *Flowres of Sion*. Although without any place or printer's name, the volume, it is believed, was from the press of Andro Hart at Edinburgh, who printed some other works of his, and would almost seem, especially when upon large paper like the present copy, as if printed only for presents or private circulation.

The volume consists of a number of sonnets and other poems, chiefly of a serious or spiritual kind, which added much to the reputation of Drummond, whose poetical fame had already become widely known. The sonnets commence at once after the title page, without any dedicatory address or preface, and are headed "*Flowres of Sion:—Or Spirituall Poems by W. D.*" The longest in the series is entitled "An Hymne of the Fairest Faire," which attempts a description of the Deity enthroned above, and of the nature and various attributes and works of God. They are written in an elegant, polished, and harmonious style of purest English, without any of the antiquated provincial dialect of his country, and make us rather inclined to wonder that Drummond has not become a more popular poet. We know from his own manuscripts, preserved by the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, that he was a considerable reader of our English poets—of Shakespeare, Spenser, Sidney, Drayton, Daniel, Marlow, and others, whom he seems to have greatly admired, and to have become imbued with their poetic feeling and expression, although not an imitator of any. His knowledge and study of French, and especially of Italian writers, was also very considerable, and may have given a slight tinge of the conceit of the latter school to some of his poetry. He is more admired for his sonnets than for his longer poems, which are generally not so interesting; and of the former, those which celebrate his affection for his mistress are, perhaps, the most excellent. The poems of Drummond are now so easily accessible in the editions of Cunningham and Turnbull, that we shall be excused for confining our quotations from the present volume to three of the sonnets and a portion of another longer piece.

Looke how the Flowre which lingringly doth fade
The Mornings Darling late, the Summers Queene
Spoyl'd of that Iuice which kept it fresh & greene,
As high as it did raise, bowes low the head:
Right so my Life. (contentments being dead
Or in their contraries but onely seene)
With swifter speed declines than earst it spred,
And (blasted) scarce now showes what it hath beene.
Therefore, as doth the Pilgrime, whom the Night
Hastes darkely to imprison on his way,
Thinke on thy Home (my Soule) and thinke aright,
Of what yet restes thee of Life's wasting Day,
Thy Sunne postes Westward, passed is thy Morne,
And twice it is not giuen thee to be borne.

Tnrice happie hee who by some shadie Groue
Farre from the clamorous World, doth liue his owne,
Though solitarie, who is not alone,
But doth converse with that Eternall Loue:
O how more sweet is Birdes harmonious moane
Or the hoarse sobbings of the widow'd Doue!
Than those smooth whisperings neere a Princes throne
Which good make doubtfull do the euill approue!
O how more sweet is Zephyres wholesome breath
And sighes embalm'd, which new-borne Flowres vnfold
Than that applause vaine Honour doth bequeath!
How sweet are Streames to Poison drunk in Gold!
The World is full of Horrours, Troubles, Slights,
Woods harmlesse Shades have only true Delights.

Sweet Bird, that sing'st away the earlie Houres
Of Wlnters past or comming, voide of care,
Well pleased with delights which present are,
Faire Seasones, budding Sprayes, sweet-smelling Flowres:
To Rockes, to Springs, to Rills, from leafie Bowres
Thou thy Creators goodnesse dost declare,
And what deare gifts on thee he did not spare,
A staine to humane sense in Sinne that lowres.
What Soule can be so sicke, which by thy Songs
(Attir'd in sweetnesse) sweetlie is not driuen
Quite to forget Earthes turmoiles, spights, and wrongs?
And lift a reuerend Eye and Thought to Heauen?
Sweet artlesse Songstarre, thou my Mind dost raise
To Ayres of Spheares, yes, and to Angels Layes.

There is great beauty and elegance, we think, in many of the epithets and expressions employed in the succeeding lines, taken from a "Hymn on the Resurrection":—

With greater light, Heauens Temples opened shine,
Mornes smiling rise, Euens blushing doe decline,
Cloudes dappled glister, boistrous Windes are calme,
Soft Zephyres doe the Fields with sighes embalme,
Inammall blew the Sea hath husht his roares,
And with enamour'd curles doth kisse the shoares:
All-bearing Earth, like a new-married Queene
Her beauties heightens, in a Gowne of greene
Perfumes the Aire, her Meades are wrought with Flowres,
In colours various, figures, smelling, powres,

Trees wantone in the Groues with leauie lockes,
Her Hilles empampred stand, the Vales, the Rockes
Ring Peales of Ioy, her Floods and pratling Brookes
(Starres liquid mirrors) with serpenting Crookes,
And whispering murmures, sound unto the Maine,
That World's pure Age returned is againe.
The honnye People leaue their golden Bowres,
And innocentlie prey on budding Flowres,
In gloomie Shades pearcht on the tender Sprayes
The painted Singers fill the aire with layes:
Seas, Floods, Earth, Aire, all diuerslie doe sound,
Yet all their diuerse Notes hath but one ground,
Re-echoed heere downe from Heauen's azure Vaile,
Haile holy Victor, greatest Victor haile.

"The Cypresse Groue," which was one of Drummond's earliest productions, written after a serious illness with which he was visited, is in prose, and is a moral essay, containing reflections on death, and the vanity and instability of all human affairs. It is written in rather a quaint and somewhat poetical but elevated style of dignified morality, and is remarkable for the piety and excellence of its sentiments. In some places there are verbal corrections, made apparently by the author after the book was printed, and pasted over the original lines, as also in one place is the case in the poetry. At the end of "The Cypresse Groue" are five four-line verses by Sir William Alexander (Earl of Stirling), "On the Report of the Death of the Author," a sonnet addressed by Drummond to that person, and another "To the Memorie of the most excellent Ladie, Iane Countess of Perth," which closes the volume.

All the early editions of Drummond's works are of great rarity and value, especially when found on large paper like this copy. There is one on large paper in the University Library at Edinburgh, presented by the author; and others on small paper in the British Museum, and in the collections of the late W. H. Miller, Esq., at Britwall, and of David Laing, Esq. It was reprinted in 1630, which edition also is almost equally rare.

Collation: The title, a separate leaf, then Sig. A to K iiii. inclusive in fours.

Large Paper. Bound in Pale Green Morocco, gilt leaves.

DRUMMOND, (WILLIAM.)—Flowres of Sion. By William Drummond of Hawthorne-denne. To which is adjoyned his Cypresse Groue.

4to. Edenbovrgh, Printed by John Hart. 1630.

No notice at all is taken by Lowndes of this second edition of the *Flowres of Sion*, which came out this year with some considerable additions, and is also, like the former, of great rarity. It appears to have been published by Drummond after his return from his travels abroad, and when his poetical fame was fully established. The title is within a neat woodcut architectural compartment with two boys at the top—one blowing bubbles, the other resting on a skull, with an hourglass in his hand; and the first page of the Poems is headed by the same ornament which was at the top of the title page of the edition of 1623. It varies from the former in having, after the Hymn on the Resurrection, an additional Poem on the Ascension, p. 18 to 21; a Sonnet on Death, p. 27, not in the other; and at the end of the former collection, after the "Prayer for Mankind," a new, long, and unfinished Poem entitled "The Shadow of the Judgment," extending from p. 47 to p. 61. The "Cypress Grove" is annexed as before; and after the Poem to Jane, Countess of Perth, with which the former edition concluded, is a Sonnet "To the obsequies of the blessed Prince, Iames, King of Great Britaine," and "A Table of the Hymnes and Sonnetes, with their Argumentes," two leaves, not in the edition of 1623. With the exception of the latter Sonnet to King James, and "The Shadow of the Judgment," these additional Poems have been omitted by Mr. P. Cunningham in his Edit. of Drummond's Poems, 8vo, 1833. We therefore present our readers with a few of the opening stanzas of the Hymn on the Ascension:—

Bright Portalles of the Skie,
Emboss'd with sparkling Starres,
Doores of Eternitie,
With diamantine barres,
Your arras rich up-hold,
Loose all your bolts and springs.
Ope wide your leaues of gold:
That in your roofes may come the King of Kings.

Scarff'd in a rosie Cloud
Hee doth ascend the Aire,
Straight doth the Moone him shrowd
With her resplendant Haire:
The next enchristall'd Light
Submits to him its beames,
And hee doth trace the hight
Of that faire Lamp which flames of beautie streames.

Hee towers those golden bounds
Hee did to Sunne bequeath,
The higher wandring rounds
Are founde his fecte beneath:
The milkie-way comes neare,
Heauens Axell seemes to bend
Above each turning Spheare
That, roab'd in Glorie, Heauens King may ascend.

A copy of this edition was in the *Bibl. Heber*, pt. iv. No. 598; and the present one came from Mr. Chalmers's Collection, pt. iii. There are others also in the College Library at Edinburgh, the British Museum, the Bodleian Library, at Britwell House, and one in the possession of David Laing, Esq., on large paper.

Collation: Title, one leaf, then Sig. A to O 3 inclusive in fours.

Half-bound in Calf.

DRUMMOND, (WILLIAM.)—Poems, by that most Famous Wit, William Drummond of Hawthornden.

Ætas prima canit
Veneris postrema Triumphos.

8vo. London, Printed by W. H. and are to be sold in the Company of Stationers. 1656.

The first edition of the collected Poems of Drummond was printed in 1616, 4to, at Edinburgh, by Andro Hart, under the title of "*Poems: Amorous, Funerall, Diuine, Pastorall, in Sonnets, Songs, Sextains, Madrigals.* By W. D. the Author of the "Teares on the Death of Mæliades.'" Copies of this first extremely rare edition sold at Lloyd's sale, No. 502, for 10*l.* 15*s.*; Inglis's ditto, No. 1168, 13*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.*; Gordonstoun ditto, No. 765, 16*l.*; *Bibl. Heber*, pt. viii., No. 737, 12*l.* 15*s.* The latter copy is now at Britwell. A second edition appeared the same year, entitled "*Poems:* by William Drummond of Hawthorn-denne. The second Impression. Edinbvrgh, Printed by Andro Hart, 1616," 4to, of which there was a copy in the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, No. 184, with two leaves in *MS.*, priced at 30*l.* There are copies of this edition on large paper, of which

there is one in the Advocates' Library, and also in the College, at Edinburgh, and a third in the Auchinlech Library, Ayrshire. Another very fine copy of the same kind brought at Heber's sale, pt. viii., No. 738, 10*l.* 15*s.* Copies on small paper are in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, in Mr. Miller's library at Britwell, and in that of David Laing, Esq. George Stevens's copy, in 1823 sold at Sotheby's for 5*l.* 15*s.* 6*d.* Although called the second impression in the title, it is believed to be the same in its contents as the first, with merely a change of title. Mr. Heber was of opinion, on a minute and careful comparison of the two, that they were both typographically the same edition, and that the change in the title page in the second was merely on account of some other matter being added at the end, and probably took place when the *Flowers of Sion* and *Cypress Grove* were added in 1623, as most of the copies known of the second impression contain this addition. Drummond died on the fourth of December, 1649; but no further edition of his Poems appeared till the present one in 1656, which therefore is the third. It was edited by Edward Phillips (the nephew of Milton) when very young; and commences with a highly complimentary address "To the Reader" by that person, signed "E. P.," in which he says of Drummond that "neither *Tasso* nor *Guarini*, nor any of the most neat and refined spirits of Italy, nor even the choicest of our English poets, can challenge to themselves any advantages above him, nor any attribute superiour to what he deserves; nor shall I think it any arrogance to maintain, that among all the severall fancies, that in these times have exercised the most nice and curious judgements, there hath not come forth anything that deserves to be welcom'd into the world with greater estimation & applause. . . . Had there been nothing extant of him but his History of *Scotland*, consider but the Language, how florid and ornate it is; consider the order, & the prudent conduct of his Story, and you will ranke him in the number of the best writers, and compare him even with *Thuanus* himselfe. Neither is he lesse happy in his Verse than prose: for here are all those graces met together that conduce any thing toward the making up of a compleat & perfect Poet, a decent & becoming majesty, a brave & admirable height, & a wit so following, that *Jove* himselfe never dranke Nectar that sparkled with a more spritly lustre." The writer of an excellent article on the Poems of Drummond in the *Retrosp. Rev.*, vol. ix. p. 351, has conjectured that this passage may not improbably reflect the opinion of Milton himself on these Poems and their author, and on that account is of some value. Whether

this conjecture be true or not, it is well known that Milton was an admirer of the poet of Hawthornden, and that some of his graceful epithets and phrases are to be traced in Milton's writings. After the address "To the Reader" are commendatory verses by Phillips, some Latin Stanzas addressed to Sir John Scot of Scotstarvet (the brother-in-law of Drummond) signed "D. F.," six other Latin lines, and Verses in English by John Spotswood and Mary Oxlie of Morpet. The contents of the volume are—Poems, in Two Parts, being the Sonnets, Madrigals, Sextains, &c., comprized in the first edition; "Teares on the Death of Mœliades;" "Madrigals and Epigrams;" "Flowers of Sion; or, Spirituall Poems;" "The Wandring Muses; or, the River of Forth Feasting;" "Speeches to King Charles I. on entering Edinburgh;" "Delivered from the Pageants the 15th of June, 1633;" "A Pastorall Elegy on the Death of S. W. A.;" and "Miscellanies," containing Epitaphs, Epigrams, and other short pieces. Prefixed to the whole is an oval portrait of Drummond by R. Gaywood, with his arms beneath, which is considered to be a faithful likeness. The volume is scarce; and sold in the White Knights' sale, pt. i. No. 1263, for *3l. 5s.*; *Bibl. Heber*, pt. iv. No. 665, for *2l. 5s.*; *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, No. 185, *5l. 5s.*

It is sometimes found with a second title page, with a different impress, and the date of 1659. See next article.

Collation: Title A 2, Sig. A to O 8 inclusive in eights.

Fine copy. Bound in Crimson Morocco, gilt leaves.

DRUMMOND, (WILLIAM.) — The most Elegant and Elabovrate Poems of that great Court-Wit, Mr. William Drummond. Whose Labours, both in Verse and Prose, being heretofore so Precious to Prince Henry and to K. Charles, shall live and flourish in all ages while there are men to read them, or Art and Judgment to approve them.

8vo. London, Printed for William Rands, Bookseller, at his House over against the Beare Taverne in Fleet-street. 1659.

Notwithstanding the change of title and imprint, this edition, with these exceptions, is precisely the same as that of 1656, and may have been so altered to promote the sale of it in England as well as in Scotland, where

the chief of Drummond's friends and admirers then lived. Having already described its contents in the preceding article, it will be altogether needless to repeat those remarks here. The two copies in the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, Nos. 185 and 186, had both the title pages. Copies of this edition of 1659 sold in Perry's sale, pt. i, No. 1370, for 2*l.* 2*s.*; Hibbert's ditto, No. 2535, 4*l.* 19*s.*; and Bindley's ditto, pt. i. No. 1739, 7*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.*

With the portrait by Gaywood.

In the original Calf binding, neat.

DRUMMOND, (WILLIAM.)—The Poems of William Drummond of Hawthornden.

Dignum laude virum Musa vetat mori,
Cœlo Musa beat.—Hor., lib. iv. Od. 8.

8vo. London, Printed for J. Jeffery, Pall-Mall. M.DCC.XC.

In 1711 a large and accurate edition in folio of the works of Drummond was published, under the editorial superintendence of Bishop Sage and the learned Thomas Ruddiman. With this exception, more than 130 years was suffered to elapse after the issue of the last edition of Drummond's Poems in 1659 before another was given to the world, when the present poor and worthless reprint was made by an anonymous editor; and if the last be considered as a separate and fourth edition, and the folio one as the fifth, the present is entitled to be called the sixth impression. It is carelessly and incorrectly done, as an instance of which may be mentioned the heading of the first eighty pages as "The Poems of *John* Drummond," instead of William. It has a portrait of Drummond, engraved by W. Birch, after a painting by C. Jansen; and "A Short Account of the Life and Writings of the Author," printed by permission of Mr. Le Neve from his "Cursory Remarks on some of the Ancient English Poets," 8vo., 1789 privately printed, eight pages, and the remainder of the volume numbers 326 pages. It contains most of the Poems of Drummond with some few exceptions, and also the "Polemo-Middinia inter Vitarvam et Nebernam," but has no table of contents. It may be worth the reader's while to compare this indifferent edition with the later, more correct, and excellent one by Mr. Turnbull, to be convinced of the great superiority of the latter. *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, No. 188, 12*s.*

With good impression of the portrait.

In Red Morocco, gilt leaves.

EDWARDS (RICHARD.)—The Paradyse of daynty deuises conteigning pithie precepts, learned counsels, and excellent inuentions, right pleasant and profitable for all Estates:—deuised and written for the most part, by M. Edwards, sometimes of her Maiesties Chappel:—the rest by sundry learned Gentlemen both of honour and woorshippe, whose names hereafter folowe, viz., S. Barnarde, E. O., L. Vaux the Elder, W. Hunis, Iasper Heywood, F. Kindlemarsh, D. Sand, R. Hill, M. Yloop, with others.

1585. At London, Printed by Robert Waldegrave for Edward White.

We must ever set a high value on the name of Richard Edwards, not only as one of our earliest dramatic writers who appeared after the regular establishment of the drama, but we owe him a deep debt of gratitude for his care and zeal in the preservation and publication of many of the pieces of poetry which were floating about in manuscript at that period—in collecting and giving them to the world in *The Paradise of Dainty Devices*, and for contributing some choice songs and pieces of his own composition to that rare and valuable miscellany. So much has already been written by Warton, Sir Egerton Brydges, Haslewood, Collier, and others, on the subject of this, the second of our Poetical Miscellanies (if we exclude *The Mirrour for Magistrates*), that, notwithstanding the extreme rarity of the different editions, it will not call for any very lengthened attention from us. That it was highly popular may be inferred from the fact that at least eight impressions of it appeared during the first quarter of a century after its original publication, all of them now become exceedingly rare, and hardly to be found in a perfect state. The first edition was printed by Henry Disle in 1576, 4to., bl. lett., of which a perfect copy was sold in the *Bibl. Heber.* pt. iv. No. 1776, for 16*l.* It was reprinted by Disle in 1577, 1578, and 1580. In 1582 Disle died, and the copyright was turned over to Timothy Rider, the transference being recorded in the register of the Stationers' Company of that year. The edition of 1578 is considered of great value and interest, not merely on account of its rarity—only one copy, and that imperfect, being known—but because it contains some Poems, especially one by Geo. Whetstone hitherto unknown, not

included in any other impression, and assigns several pieces, upon better information, to authors different from those to whom they were before ascribed. The edition of 1580 varies also much from the earlier copies, having no less than eighteen new Poems introduced in the place of the same number in the first impression omitted. Disle being now dead, the present edition, which is the fifth, is the first by another printer—Edward White—and is equally rare with the others. A sixth and seventh were published in 1596 and 1600 by the same printer. An edition without date, printed by Edward Allde for Edward White, will be noticed hereafter. In the *Bibl. Heber*, pt. iv. No. 1778, mention is made of an impression unknown to bibliographers, with the date of 1606, 4to.; and some others are noticed of different dates, but all of somewhat doubtful and uncertain authority.

That a Miscellany containing 124 Poems, which went through so many editions in so short a time, must possess considerable claims to notice, cannot be disputed; for though many of the Poems do not display much imagery or invention, yet are they not without attraction for their simplicity, moral feeling, and vigour, and are remarkable as examples of the taste and literary progress of our poetical ancestors. Of the various contributions to this collection, the principal place must be assigned to Richard Edwards, the editor, and author himself of several of the most pleasing compositions in it. Edwards was a native of Somersetshire, and born about the year 1523. Wood informs us that he was first a scholar of Corpus Christi College, in Oxford, and afterwards appointed a student of Christ Church on its foundation by Henry VIII.; and we know from other sources also that this statement is true. He appears not to have remained long in Oxford, but, going from thence to London, became a member of Lincoln's Inn. From his musical talents, cultivated while resident in Oxford, he in 1561 was appointed a gentleman of the Chapel Royal by Queen Elizabeth, and master of the singing boys there. He was also employed not only in writing regular dramas for the stage, but as the composer of the Court Masques and Interludes; and is said by Warton to have "united all those arts and accomplishments which minister to popular pleasantry, and to have taught the choristers over whom he presided to act plays." He was known and appreciated as a popular and highly meritorious writer; and is deservedly commended by Puttenham in his *Arte of English Poesie*, who has classed him with those who "deserve the highest praise for comedy and interlude." He is praised by Meres, in his *Palladis Tamia, Wits*

Treasury, 1598, as "one of the best for comedy;" and by Thomas Twine, who terms him, in an epitaph on his death,

> —— the flowre of all our realme,
> And Phœnix of our age.

and exalts him for his dramatic productions.

Edwards attended Queen Elizabeth on her visit to Oxford in 1566, when his play of "Palamon and Arcite" was acted before her in Christ Church Hall; and is believed to have died in London in that same year, being cut off at the early age of forty-three. In 1570 George Turbervile published his *Epitaphs, Epigrams, Songs, & Sonnets*, in which there is an epitaph by him "On Maister Edwards, sometime Maister of the Children of the Chappell, & Gentleman of Lyncolne's inn of Court," and also the one by Twine mentioned before. In the British Museum, among the Cotton *MSS.*, are some small poems by Edwards and others, addressed to some of the court beauties of his time, one of which is quoted by Mr. Ellis in his *Specimens*, vol. ii. p. 137. The first stanza of his song "In Commendation of Musick" has been quoted by Shakespeare in *Romeo and Juliet*, act iv. scene 5.

On the reverse of the title are the arms of Sir Henry Compton, knight, Lord Compton of Compton, in twelve quarterings, followed by a prose dedication to the same by Henry Disle, the printer, who presents "this small Volume, entituled *The Paradise of daintie Deuises*, beyng penned by diuerse learned Gentlemen, & collected together through the trauayle of one both of worship & creditte, for his priuate vse;—who not long since departed this life. The writers of them were both of honour & worship, besides that, our owne Countrey-men, & such as for their learnyng & grauitie, might be accoumpted of among the wisest. Furthermore, the ditties both pithie and pleasaunt, as well for the Inuention as Meater, & will yeld a farre greater delight, beyng as they are, so aptly made to be set to any song in fiue partes, or song to Instrument." Sir Egerton Brydges, in his valuable reprint of this work in the *Brit. Bibliogr.*, has given an account, with some biographical notices, of the various writers in the Collection; and places Edwards, perhaps with justice, among the first and best of the contributors,—Lord Vaux as the second, and William Hunnis as the third; and in this opinion of their respective share of merit he is joined by Dr. Drake; while Mr. Hallam is almost disposed to concede the second place to Hunnis, and remarks that "the amorous poetry is the best

in this *Paradise*, and sometimes natural and pleasing, while the serious pieces are in general very heavy, yet with a dignity and strength in some of the devotional strains; and that a tone of sadness reigns through this misnamed *Paradise of Daintiness*, as it does through all the English poetry of this particular age—some having imagined, I know not how justly, that the persecutions of Mary's reign contributed to this effect."

Notwithstanding the reprint of the work, we are disposed to think that a selection of one or two pieces from this rare Miscellany will be found to be acceptable to the admirers of our early English poetry. The first Poem in the volume is "The Translation of the blessed S. Bernardes Verses, conteinyng the vnstable felicitie of this wayfaring world," with the signature of "My Lucke is Losse," which has not been deciphered, but is conjectured by Mr. Haslewood to belong possibly to Barnabe Riche. This Poem, which has the Latin original prefixed to each verse, has been given at length in *Cens. Liter.*, vol. i. p. 114; and we prefer introducing one by Richard Edwards, although it has been already quoted by Mr. Ellis.

M. Edwardes May.

When May is in his prime, then may eche hart reioyce,
When May bedeckes eech branch with greene, eech bird streines forth his voyce:
The liuely sap creepes vp, into the bloming thorne
The flowres which cold in prison kept, now laughe the frost to scorne:
All Natures Impes triumphes, whiles ioyfull May doth last,
When May is gone, of all the yeare the pleasaunt time is past.

May makes the chearefull hue, May breedes and bringes new bloud,
May marcheth throughout eury lim, May makes the mery mood:
May prieketh tender hartes, their warbling notes to tune,
Full straunge it is, yet some we see, do make their May in June:
Thus thinges are straungely wrought, whiles ioyfull May doth last,
Take May in time, when May is gone, the pleasaunt time is past.

All ye that liue on earth, and haue your May at will,
Reioyce in May, as I doe now, and vse your May with skill:
Vse May while that you may, for May hath but his time,
When all the fruite is gone, it is to late the Tree to clime:
Your liking and your lust, is fresh whiles May doth last,
When May is gone, of all the yeare, the pleasaunt time is past.

Finis. M. Edwardes.

The two following effusions on the same subject will afford pleasing and attractive specimens of the descriptive Poems in this Collection.

A Reply to M. Edwardes Maie.

I read a Maiyng rime of late, delighted much my eare,
It may delight as many moe, as it shall read or heare:
To see how there is shewed, how May is much of price,
And eke to May when that you may, euen so is this aduice.
It seemes he went to May himselfe, and so to vse his skill,
For that the tyme did serue so well, in May to haue his will:
His onely May was ease of mynde, so farre as I can gesse,
And that his May his minde did please, a man can judge no lesse.

And as himselfe did reape the fruites, of that his pleasaunt May,
He wills his freand the same to vse, in tyme when as he may:
He is not for himselfe it seemes, but wisheth well to all,
For that he would they should take May, in tyme when it doth fall.
So vse your May, you may, it can not hurtfull be,
And May well vsed in tyme & place, may make you merie glee:
Modest Maiyng meetest is, of this you may be sure,
A modest Maiyng quietnesse to Mayers doth procure.

Who may and will not take, may wish he had so doen,
Who may & it doth take, may thinke he tooke to soone:
So ioyne your May with wisedomes lore, & then you may be sure,
Who makes his May in other sort, his vnrest may procure.
Some May before May come, some May when May is past,
Some make their May too late, and some do make post hast:
Let wisdome rule I say your May, and thus I make an ende,
And may, that when you list to May, a good May God you sende.

Finis. M. S.

Maister Edwardes his "I may not."

In May by kinde Dame Nature wills all earthly wights to sing,
In May the new & coupled fowles may ioy the liuely spring:
In May the Nightingale her notes doth warble on the spray,
In May the Birds their mossie nests do timber as they may.
In May the swifte and turning Hart her bagged belly slakes,
In May the little sucking Wattes do play with tender flaxe,
All creatures may in May be glad, no May can me remoue,
I sorrow in May, since I may not in May obtain my loue.

The stately Hart in May doth mue his old and palmed beames,
His state renews in May, he leaps to view Apollo's streames:
In May the Buck his horned tops doth hang vpon the pale,
In May he seekes the pastures greene in ranging ouer the dale.

In May the oglie speckled snake doth cast her lothsome skinne,
In May the better that he may increase the scalie kinne.
All things in May, I see they may reioyce like Turtle Doue,
I sorrow in May, since I may not in May obtain my loue.

Now may I mourn in fruitefull May, who may or can redresse,
My May is sorrow, since she that may, withholds my May afresh:
Thus must I play in pleasaunt May, till I may May at will,
With her in May, whose May my life now may both saue and spill.
Contented hartes that haue your hope, in May you may at large
Vnfold your ioyes, expell your cares, and maske in pleasures Barge;
Saue I alone in May, that may lament for my behoue,
I mourn in May till that I may in May obtain my loue.

Finis.

The celebrated lines on Terence's maxim, *Amantium iræ amoris redintegratio est*, by the same writer, are among the most beautiful and exquisite pieces in the book; but have been so highly commended and so frequently quoted, especially the opening stanza, by Warton, Brydges, Ellis, Drake, and others, that we purposely avoid repeating them here, and would rather prefer concluding our selections with two other Poems of considerable merit by Lord Vaux and Francis Kindlemarsh.

Of the instabilitie of youth.

When I looke backe, and in myselfe beholde
The wandring wayes, that youth could not descry:
And marke the fearefull course, that youth did hold,
And met in mynde, ech step youth strayed awry;
My knees I bow, and from my hart I call,
O Lord, forget, these faultes and follies all.

For now I see, how voyde youth is of skill,
I see also his Prime time and his ende:
I doe confesse my faultes and all my ill,
And sorrow sore, for that I did offende:
And with a minde, repentaunt of all crimes,
Pardon I aske for youth, ten thousand times.

* * * * *

Thou that by power, to life didst rayse the dead,
Thou that restorest the blind to perfect sight:
Thou that for loue, thy life and loue out bled,
Thou that of fauour, madest the lame goe right:
Thou that canst heale, and help in all assayes,
Forgiue the gilt, that grew in youths vayne wayes.

And now since I, with faith and doubtlesse minde,
Doe flie to thee, by prayer to appease thy Ire:
And since that thee, I onely seeke to finde,
And hope by faith, to attaine my iust desire:
Lord, minde no more, youthes errour and vnskill,
And able age, to doe thy holy will.

Finis. L. Vaux.

All thinges are vayne.

Although the purple morning, brags in brightnesse of the Sunne.
As though he had of chased night, a glorious conquest wonne:
The time by day, giues place agayne, to force of drousie night,
And euery creature is constrayned, to chaunge his lustie plight,
Of pleasures all, that here we cast,
We feele the contrarie at last.

In Spring, thou pleasaunt *Zephirus*, hath fruitfull earth inspired,
And neuer hath ech bush, ech braunche, with blossomes braue attired:
Yet fruites & flowers, as buds and blomes, full quickly withered be,
When stormie winter comes to kill, the sommers iolitie.
By time are got, by time are lost,
All thinges wherein we pleasure most.

Although the Seas so calmely glide, as daungers none appeare,
And doubt of stormes, in skye is none, king *Phœbus* shines so cleare:
Yet when the boisterous windes breake out, & raging waues do swell,
The selie barke now heaues to heauen, now sinkes agayne to hell.
Thus chaunge in euery thing we see,
And nothing constaunt seemes to bee.

Who floweth most in worldly, wealth of wealth is most vnsure,
And he that chiefly tastes of ioy, doe sometime woe endure:
Who vaunteth most of numbred frendes, forgoe them all he must
The fayrest flesh and liuely bloud, is tourn'd at length to dust.
Experience giues a certaine ground,
That certaine here, is nothing found.

Then trust to that which aye remaines, the blisse of heauens aboue
Which Time, nor Fate, nor Winde, nor Storme, is able to remoue.
Trust to that sure celestiall rocke, that restes in glorious throne,
That hath bene, is, and must be still, our anker hold alone.
The world is but a vanitie,
In heauen seeke we our surctie.

Finis. F. Kindlemarshe.

It seems very remarkable that, notwithstanding the number of editions

which were published of *The Paradise of Daintie Deuises*, so few copies should now occur, not more than seven or eight in the whole being known, and about one half of these are imperfect. Of some of the editions only one copy is known to exist, and yet few of our early collections of poetry are more valuable, or possess greater claims to our notice. It was therefore a great benefit to literature in the reprint which was made of the work, from the first edition in 1576, by Sir Egerton Brydges, in 1810, attached to the *Brit. Bibliogr.*, of which 250 copies were printed in 8vo, and 120 were taken off separately in 4to. It was printed from a transcript made by the late George Steevens, corrected by Mr. Haslewood; and is further valuable as containing the additional Poems from the editions of 1580 and 1600 communicated by Mr. Park, and the biographical notices of the principal contributors; together with a list of editions, with the title page in full of some of them, and the excellent critical remarks of the editor.

For further particulars respecting this valuable Miscellany consult Warton's *Hist. Eng. Poet.*, vol. iv. p. 108; Wood's *Ath. Oxon.*, vol. i. p. 353; Phillips's *Theat. Poet.*, p. 80, ed. 1800; *Cens. Liter.*, vol. i. p. 101; Ellis's *Specimens*, vol. ii. p. 137; Campbell's *Introd.*, p. 149; Dibdin's *Libr. Comp.*, vol. ii. p. 290; Drake's *Shakespeare and his Times*, vol. i. p. 711, and vol. ii. p. 231; Hallam's *Introd.*, vol. ii. p. 302; Collier's *Extr. Reg. Stat. Comp.*, vol. ii. p. 171; and *Bibliogr. Catal.*, vol. i. p. 241. The number of Poems in the present impression of 1585 amounts to 100. A perfect copy sold in Hibbert's sale, No. 2875, for 10*l.* 10*s.*; an imperfect one in Perry's ditto, pt. iii. No. 410, sold for 2*l.* 8*s.*; Jolley's ditto, pt. ii. No. 1211 (the present copy), 2*l.* 2*s.* A perfect copy of the edition of 1580 brought 53*l.* at the sale of the Roxburghe Library; and was resold in Mr. Rice's Collection, No. 1013, for 12*l.* There is an imperfect one in the Malone Collection in the Bodleian Library. The only known exemplar (very imperfect), described by Mr. Collier in his *Bibliogr. Catal.*, of the edition of 1578, brought 7*l.* in the *Bibl. Heber*, pt. iv. No. 726.

Collation: Sig. A to M 3 in fours.

The present copy, like some others, is unfortunately imperfect, wanting the title page and two leaves at the end, which are supplied by manuscript. It is valuable from its having been collated with other impressions and the variations inserted, and has at the end eighteen leaves of additional matter from the editions of 1576, 1580, and 1600.

Bound in Russia, extra.

EDWARDS, (RICHARD.)—The Paradice of Dainty Deuises. Containing sundry pithie precepts, learned Counsailes, and excellent inuentions: right pleasant and profitable for all estates. Deuised and written for the most parte by M. Edwardes, sometime of her Maiesties Chappell:—the rest by sundry learned Gentlemen both of Honor and Worship, whose names heerafter followe. Whereunto is added sundry new Inuentions very pleasant and delightfull. [Device of a flowerpot.]

At London, Printed by Edward Allde for Edward White, dwelling at the little North doore of Saint Paules Church, at the Signe of the Gunne. 4to, **bl. lett.**, n.d., pp. 88.

The present is the eighth and latest of the early black letter editions of this once popular and highly important and interesting work, which, although thus so often reprinted in a comparatively short period, is yet of the greatest rarity; and which, whenever it occurs at public sales in a perfect state, always brings large prices. On the back of the title are "The names of those who wrote these deuices: Saint Barnard, E. O., Lord Vaux the Elder, W. Hunnis, Jasper Haywood, F. Kindlemarshe, D. Sande, M. Ylope." It is without the dedication to Sir Henry Compton, knight, Lord Compton, but commences at once with "The translation of the blessed S. Barnardes Verses containing the vnstable felicitie of this wauering world." It varies from the preceding and other impressions in having two fresh Poems inserted in place of the 97th, "He bewaileth his mishappe," omitted; and three others added at the end, one of them being "Maister Edwardes his I may not," already quoted. It is therefore of equal value with the former edition.

The reader may see a full list of the contents of the first edition of this Miscellany, together with the dedication, a list of the articles in the other editions not in the first, a table of the names or signatures of the authors, with the number of Poems furnished by each, and some extracts from the work, in the *Cens. Liter.*, vol. i. p. 106, &c.

This was Brand's copy, and bought by Mr. North at his sale, No. 7511, for 8*l.* 18*s.* 6*d.*; purchased by Mr. Heber at North's sale, pt. iii. No. 765, for 4*l.* 5*s.*; Heber's ditto, pt. iv. No. 1779, 2*l.* 7*s.*; and Utterson's ditto,

pt. i. No. 692, 2*l.* 3*s.* One leaf is supplied in *MS.* by its former possessor, Mr. Brand; and the last leaf repaired, otherwise collated, and perfect. A few insertions are made in a contemporary hand at Sig. F 3 in verse, and at I 4 and L 2.

Collation: Sig. A to L 4 in fours.

In Russia, gilt leaves.

EDWARDS, (RICHARD.)—The excellent Comedie of two the moste faithfullest Freendes, Damon and Pithias. Newly Imprinted, as the same was shewed before the Queenes Maiestie, by the Children of her Graces Chappell, except the Prologue that is somewhat altered for the proper vse of them that hereafter shall haue occasion to plaie it, either in Priuate, or open Audience. Made by Maister Edwards, then beynge Maister of the Children. 1571.

Imprinted at London in Fleetelane by Richard Iohnes, and are to be sold at his shop, ioyning to the Southwest doore of Paules Churche. 4to., blk. lett. 1571. pp. 60.

Although it is not our intention to include generally works on the subject of the early drama, which would lead us into too wide a field of operation, yet having already noticed one important work by Edwards, and the present being a play of so much interest and of such excessive rarity, we are tempted to mention this production by the same writer. It is recorded, in a document in the State Paper Office, that Edwards was the author of a tragedy acted before Queen Elizabeth, at Christmas 1564-5, by the children of the chapel, of which he was then the master. It is most probable that, although called a tragedy, and the name of it not given, *Damon and Pithias* was the play then acted, and that it met with considerable success. It is the only specimen of his talents as a dramatic writer now extant; for although he wrote another play called *Palamon and Arcyte*, which was acted with much admiration before the Queen, in Christ Church Hall, at Oxford, two years later, in 1566, just before the author's death, and also some other dramatic pieces, these are not now in existence.

The present is the first edition of this tragi-comedy, the subject being the old classical story of tried friendship related in Valerius Maximus, the scene of which is laid in Syracuse, in the palace of Dionysius the Tyrant, and is one of the earliest attempts to introduce stories from classical history upon the stage. It is written in rhyme—generally, but not always, in couplets of twelve syllables each; the graver and more serious parts of the play being relieved by some coarse and humorous dialogues between Grimme, the collier, and two lackeys, Will and Jack. We present our readers with a short specimen of one of these dialogues between the two latter persons.

Here entreth Jacke and Wyll.

Jacke. Wyll, by my honesty, I will marre your monckes face if you so fondly prate.

Wyll. Jacke, by my troth, seeing you are without the Courte gate,
If you play Jacke napes, in mocking my master and dispising my face,
Euen here with a Pantacle, I wyll you disgrace:
And though you haue a farre better face then I,
Yet, who is better man of vs two, these fistes shall trie,
Vnlesse you leave your taunting.

Jacke. Thou beganst first:—didst thou not say euen nowe,
That Carisophus my Master was no man but a cowe,
In takinge so many blowes, & gaue neuer a blow agayne?

Wyll. I sayde so in deede, he is but a tame Ruffian,
That can swere by his flaske, & twiche box & Gods precious lady;
And yet he will be beaten with a faggot stick:
These barking whelpes were neuer good biters,
Ne yet great crakers were euer great fighters:
But seeing you eg mee so much, I wyll somewhat more resight,
I say Carisophus thy master is a flattring Parisite:
Glening away the sweet from the worthy in all the Courte:
What tragidie hath he moued of late? y^e^ deuell take him he doth much hurt.

Jacke. I pray you, what is Aristippus thy master, is not he a Parisite to,
That with seoffing and iesting in the Court makes so much a doo?

Wyll. He is no Parisite, but a pleasant Gentleman full of curtesie,
Thy master is a churlish loute, the heyre of a doung forke, as voyde of honestie
As thou art of honour.

Jacke. Nay if you wyll needes be prating of my master styll,
In faith I must coole you my frinde Dapper Wyll.
Take this at the beginning.

Wyll. Prayse well your winning, my Pantacle is as readie as yours.

Jacke. By the Masse I will boxe you.

Wyll. By cocke, I wyll Foxe you.

Jacke. Wyll, was I with you?
Wyll. Jacke, did I flye?
Jacke. Alas, prétie cockerell, you are to weake.
Wyll. In faith, Dutting Duttell, you wyll ery creake.

Here entreth Snap.

Away, you cracke ropes, are you fighting at the Courte gate?
And I take you heere agayne, I syll swindge you both: what!—Exit.

We now subjoin a brief extract from the more serious and tragic portion of the play, in which the self-devotion of Pithias is relieved by the timely arrival of Damon to take his place and to suffer death. Pithias, in defence of his friend, who had not yet arrived, says:

My frind Damon is no false traytour, he is true and iuste:
But sith he is no God but a man, he must doo as he may,
The winde may be contrary, sicknes may let him, or som misaduēture by the way,
Which the eternall Gods tourne al to my glorie,
That Fame may resound how Pithias for Damon did die:
He breaketh no oth, which doth as much as he can,
His minde is heare, he hath some let, he is but a man.

* * * * * * *

Oh my Damon, farewell now for euer, a true friend to me most deare,
Whyles lyfe doth laste, my mouth shall styll talke of thee,
And when I am dead my simple ghost, true witnes of amitie,
Shall hoouer about the place wheresoeuer thou bee.
Dionysivs. Eubulus, This geare is straunge; and yet because
Damon hath falst his faith, Pithias shall haue the lawe;
Gronno, dispoyle hym, and eke dispatch him quickly.
Gronno. It shall be done:—since you came into this place,
I might haue stroken of seauen heads in this space:
Ber lady, here are good garments, these are myne by the roode,
It is an euyll wynde, that bloweth no man good:
Now Pithias kneele downe, ask me blessyng like a pretie boy,
And with a trise thy head from thy shoulders I wyll conuay.

Here entreth Damon running, and stayes the sword.

Stay, stay, stay, for the kinges aduantage stay,
O mightie kyng, myne appoynted time is not yet fully past,
Within the compasse of myne houre, loe, here I come at last:
A life I owe, a life I will you pay:
Oh my Pithias, my noble pledge, my constant friende,
Ah wo is me, for Damons sake how neare were thou to thy ende,

Gone place to me, this rowme is myne, on this stage must I play,
Damon is the man, none ought but he to Dionysivs his blood to pay.
Gronno. Are you come, sir? you might haue taried if you had bene wyse,
For your hastie comming you are lyke to know the prise.
Pithias. C thou cruell minnister, why didst not thou thine office,
Did not I bidde thee make hast in any wyse?
Hast thou spared to kill me once that I may die twyse?
Not to die for my friend, is present death to me, and alas,
Shall I see my sweet Damon slaine before my face?
What double death is this? but O mightie Dionisius,
Doo true iustice now, way this aright, thou noble Eubulus:
Let mee haue no wronge, as now standes the case,
Damon ought not to die, but Pithias:
By misaduenture, not by his wyll, his howre is past; therefore I
Because he came not at his iust tyme, ought iustly to die:
So was my promise, so was thy promise, O kynge,
Al this Courte can beare witnesse of this thinge.
Damon. Not so, O mightie Kynge, to iustice it is contrarie,
That for an other mans faulte, the Innocent should die:
Ne yet is my tyme playnely expirde, it is not fully noone,
Of this my day appointed, by all the Clockes in the Towne.
Pithias. Beleeue no Clocke, the houre is past by the Sonne.
Damon. Ah my Pithias, shall we now breake the bondes of Amitie?
Will you now ouerthwart mee, which heretofore so well did agree.
Pithias. My Damon, the Goddes forbid but wee should agree;
Therfore agree to this, let me perfourme the promise I made for thee
Let mee die for thee, doo mee not that iniurie,
Both to breake my promise, & to suffre mee to see thee die
Whome so dearly I loue:—this small request graunt mee,
I shall neuer aske thee more, my desire is but frindly:
Doo me this honour, that fame may reporte triumphantly,
That Pithias for his friend Damon was contented to die.

The play is preceded by a long Prologue and a list of "The Speakers names," and has one or two songs interspersed. The following is "The last Songe," or Epilogue at the end, from which it will be seen that the dramatic proprieties were not much considered:

The last Songe.

The strongest garde that Kynges can haue,
Are constant friends their state to saue:
True friendes are constant, both in word and deede,
True friendes are present, and help at each neede:

True friendes talke truly, they glose for no gayne,
When treasure consumeth, true frindes wyll remayne;
True frindes for their true Prince refuseth not their death,
The Lorde graunt her such frindes, most noble Queene Elizabeth.

Longe may she gouerne in honour and wealth,
Voyde of all sicknesse, in most perfect health:
Wich health to prolonge, as true friends require,
God graunt she may haue her owne hartes desire:
Which friendes wyll defend with most stedfast faith,
The Lorde graunt her such friendes, most noble Queene Elizabeth.

Edwards appears to have held a favourable reputation among his contemporaries for his skill as a dramatic writer. He is said by Puttenham, in his *Arte of English Poesie*, to deserve the highest praise for comedy and interlude; and Meres, in his *Palladis Tamia*, *Wits Treasure* 1598, extols "Maister Edwardes of her Maiesties Chapel as one of the best for comedy." He is noticed also by Webbe, in his *Discourse of English Poetry*, 1586, 4to. George Turbervile has printed an epitaph, or rather a long elegy, upon him, in his *Epitaphs, Songs, and Sonats*, 1570, 8vo; and Twine has written another, in the same book, in which he thus speaks of the present play:

Thy tender tunes and rhymes
Wherein thou wontst to play,
Eche princely dame of court and towne,
Shall beare in minde away.
Thy Damon and his Friend,
Arcite and Palamon,
With moe full fit, for princes eares. &c.

Edwards is also commended by Churchyard and other writers.

The words "Newly Imprinted," in the title page, have led to the supposition that the present edition is not the first that was printed, although no copy of any earlier one is now known. It is certain that the play was licensed to Richard Jones in 1567-8, and it is very probable that it may have been printed by him soon after. Mr. Collier is of opinion that the edition of 1571 is only a reimpression, and in this we are much disposed to agree. Warton has alluded to one printed by William Howe in 1570, 4to; but this seems doubtful, and no copy is known of it. See *Hist. Eng. Poet.*, vol. iv. p. 110; Herbert's *Typog. Antiq.*, vol. ii. p. 1036; and Collier's *Extr. Regist. Stat. Comp.*, vol. i. p. 166. Besides this first

edition of *Damon and Pithias*, there was another printed by Richard Jones in 1582, 4to, blk. lett.; and Lowndes mentions another without any date, 4to, blk. lett. The only copies we can trace of the present impression are one in the Garrick Collection, now in the British Museum; and another in Jolley's sale, pt. ii. No. 1210, which sold for 21*l.* 10*s.* (but wrongly stated in Lowndes as 2*l.* 13*s.*), where it is said to be *unique*. There is a copy of the edition of 1582 also in the British Museum. It was not in the Roxburghe, Heber, or other collections. *Damon and Pithias* is reprinted in Dodsley's *Selection of Old Plays*, vol. i. p. 175, ed. 1825. See also Wood's *Ath. Oxon.*, vol. i. p. 353; Warton's *Hist. Eng. Poet.*, vol. iv. p. 108; Ritson's *Bibliog. Poet.*, p. 194; Beloe's *Anecd.*, vol. i. p. 294; Collier's *Annals of the Stage*, vol. i. p. 189, and vol. iii. p. 2; and Jones's *Biog. Dram.*, vol. ii. p. 152.

Collation: Sig. A two leaves, B to H 4, in fours.

The Jolley copy. Bound by J. Clarke.

In Blue Morocco, gilt leaves.

Eliot, (John.)—Poems or Epigrams, Satyrs, Elegies, Songs, & Sonnets, upon several Persons & occasions.

By No body must know whom, to be had every body knowes where, & for any body knowes what.

pp. 126. Sm. 8vo. London, Printed for Henry Brome, at the Gun in Ivie-Lane. 1658.

This is an anonymous publication of some scarcity, and is assigned to John Eliot, the Apostle of the North American Indians, from his name appearing at the end of one of the Poems on the thirty-fourth page,—the signature, J. E., also being subscribed to some of the others; and likewise on account of that name being in manuscript on the title of a copy in the King's Library in the British Museum. There were however several contributors, amongst the rest Thomas Jordan, the City Poet. There is a prose address "To the Reader," saying that "these Poems were given to the writer of it neer sixteen years since by a friend of the author's, with a desire they might be printed—but that he conceived the age then too squeemish to endure the freedom which the author used; & therefore he had hitherto smother'd them, but being desirous they should not perish, & the world be deprived

of so much clean wit & fancy, he had adventured to expose them to view," &c. The Poems then commence; the first being addressed "To the Great in Worth & Merit as in Honour & Title, the Lady happily Marchioness of Winchester, humbly these. A New Years Gift," signed J. E. Amongst others are Poems "To the truly Honorable & antiently noble Benefactor the Lord Dunkelly, Vicecount Tunbridg, Upon the authors obligations to him, an Epigram"; and "To the Lady Viscountess Tunbridge"; "To his Noblest Friend Mr. Endimion Porter upon Verses writ by Ben Jonson"; "For Mistress Porter on a New Years Day"; "To his loved Friend Mr. Davenant, upon his Verses to the well-deserving both his, & all others praises, the vertuous Mistress Porter." An Epigram to his friend Ben Jonson, "upon his Libellous Verses against the Lords of the Green-Cloath concerning his Sack"; "To Ben Jonson again, upon his Verses dedicated to the Earl of Portland Lord Treasurer."

Your verses are commended, & 'tis true
That they were very good, I mean to you;
For they returnd you, Ben, as I was tould,
A certain sum of forty pound in gold:
The verses then being rightly understood,
His Lordship not Ben Johnson made them good.

An Epitaph upon the chast and fair Lady Walsingham.

Within this humble herse of clay here lies
Reliques that heathen men would Idolize;
Such flesh & blood to dust & ashes turn'd,
As since the world's first birth was never urn'd;
Vertue & beauty had neer strangers been,
Till God & nature lodg'd them in this Inne;
Where having met & kist they kept one room,
Till crewell death remov'd them to this Tombe:
Which sharp-ey'd vertue quickly did discover,
Too narrow for her self, & her chast lover:
And that they might no more the subjects be
To death, or chance, or time's unconstancie,
She fled to heaven & there is now providing
A place for both their everlasting biding;
Good Sexton then, untill these lovers meet,
As vertue did keepe beauties lodging sweet:
That Saints & Angells at the last may finde
This dust as pure, as when 'twas first inshrined.

An Elogie on the "Lady Jane Paulet, Marchioness of Winchester, daughter

to the Right Honourable the Lord Savage of Rock Savage." "To his best of friends Sir Edward Bushell, Knight." "To his honoured kinsman Sir Gregory Kenner, Knight." "To the truly honourable the Lord Paulet, Marquis of Winchester." An Elogie on the "Duke of Buckingham's Death," &c., &c.

The following is a short specimen of one of the Songs: —

Giue me a Preacher,
Whose Life is a Teacher
Whose Sentences suit with his actions;
Who rayles not at Rochets,
Nor preacheth odd Crochets,
Nor troubleth the Church with new Factions.

No Scoffer, nor Squibber,
No Ale or Wine Bibber:
No Wrangler for Tith-Pigs or Gease:
But Truth teacheth plain,
And [doth] good house maintain
And loves more the flock than the fleece.

Bib. Anglo Poetica, No. 243, 2*l.* 2*s.*; *Heber.*, pt. iv, 1*l.* 1*s.*
Calf extra, gilt leaves.

ELVIDEN, (EDMOND.) A Neweyeres gift to the Rebellious persons in the North partes of England. Primo Ianuar. 1570.

Sm. 8vo, bl. lett. pp. 20. Coloph. Imprinted at London in Powles Churchyarde at the signe of Loue and Death, by Richarde Watkyns. 1570.

We have here another small poetical tract of extreme rarity, occasioned by the rebellion in the North in the reign of Elizabeth, to the subject of which, as having given rise to various ballads and broadsides relating to that unhappy event, we have already alluded in our notice of "An Aunswere to the Proclamation of the Rebels in the North, 1569." The present tract is printed uniform in size and appearance with that volume, and like that, without any dedication or prefatory matter. The verses by Elviden are rather inferior in liveliness and spirit to the other work said to be by Norton. A short specimen, therefore, will suffice: —

An accusation of their excuse.

You say for order good you seke
To haue at settled stay
The common wealth, that wyse aduise
May only beare the sway.
And yet your owne indeuours all
Do interrupt the peace,
The very meanes and ready wayes
Misorder to increase.
And chiefly you disordred do
Disquiete orders square,
Which is mayntayned by the peace
That voydes vnquiet care.
Do tyrauntes teache their peoples heartes
To folowe pities trade?
Or is it seene that wyttie lawes
Or foolyshe men be made?
Or can a drunkarde grauely yeelde
An aunswere to the wyse?
Or may a foole in wayghtie thynges
Declare a good deuyse?
As they, euen so lyke power haue you
Good order for to plant
In common wealth: when as your wyttes
And workes all order want.
You also earnestly pretende
As with religious face
To roote out scisms, and error voyde,
And set the trueth in place.
Yet venimous deceauers, least
You mynde the same intent:
But make religion for a cloke
To couer that is ment.
And under subtyll clause contayne
A venimous deuyse,
As eche may see who marketh howe
Your cauels do aryse, &c.

At the end is the name of the writer, "Edmond Eluiden," of the Colophon as given above. Besides the present tract, he was the author of the following works, both of very rare occurrence. (1.) "The closit of Counsells, conteining, The aduice of dyuers wyse Philosophers touchinge sundry morall matters in Poesies, Preceptes, Prouerbes & Parables. Translated & collected out of diuers auethours into English verse." 8vo. Lond., 1569. (2.) "The

most excellent & pleasant Metaphoricall Historie of Pesistratus & Catanea." 8vo. Lond., n. d., of which the only known copy is in the Library of the Earl of Ellesmere. The whole of this writer's works are of the greatest rarity, and the present piece was entirely unknown to Ritson, Herbert, Lowndes, and other bibliographers. Of the author's personal history nothing at all seems to be known, but he may probably have been a native of the North, as he states at the close of the Poem:

> This wrote your frende, a wyshyng frende
> Unto his *natyue soyle.*

Fine copy of this probably unique volume.
Bound in Russia, extra.

EXAMPLE (THE) of euyll tongues.

4to. **bl. lett.** Without any imprint. But by Wynkyn de Worde. n. d.

The title to this exceedingly rare Poem is on a scroll, over a singular wood-cut representing two women flogging a man tied to a tree. On the right is a man fast in the stocks, with another woman boring a hole through his tongue, with a carpenter's drill. The Poem commences without any prefix or indication of the name of the author on the reverse of the title; and is contained in twenty-three stanzas of seven lines each. It is very dull and prosaic, and resembles much in quality some other small metrical pieces from the press of Wynkyn de Worde. A very short specimen will suffice:

> I saye not but warre is grete abusyon
> Yet is there not so many as is w^t^ yll tonges slayne
> And though honger be neuer so sharpe for y^e^ season
> Yet for all that God some people doth sustayne
> Of postes grete some people be not fayne
> But so sore grefe no where may we fynde
> As it the yll tonge moost enemy to mankynde.
>
> Though sodayne deth be never so rygorous
> Yet by preestes it seaseth at the laste
> But where all yll tonges lyste to be malycyous
> There is neuer remedy when the worde is past
> To lye and saye wronge they be neuer agast
> Of heuen and hell they haue lytell mynde
> I meane yll tonges moost enemy to mankynde.

Speke of saltpeter arsnek or ony poyson metall
The fyre of hell the blood of serpentes venyenmous
Ye fynde none sone so perillous among all
As is the yll tonge to them that be vertuous
They be of malyce so full and rygorous
For they y' lyste to do well & therto do theyr payne
By the euyll tongue all is ouerthrowne agayne.

* * * * *

O enuyous tonges, destroyers of hye & lowe degre
Thy wycked sedes thou doest sowe downe
Here and elles where ouer euery countre
Both in cyte borowe vyllage and towne
Sease thy rorynge thou feudly lyon
In the coffer of scyence hyde the full soone
For yll tonges is mannes most confusyon.

He that can kepe his tonge and beware
Lande unto him shall euer encrease
And where that euer he go he nede not to care
For he is sure of reste and pease
More of this mater I nede not reherse
For take these wordes for a conclusyon
That yll tonges is euer mannes confusyon.

Amen.

The only other copy that can be traced occured at the sale of the Roxburghe Library, No. 3281, and was purchased, along with another little treatise by Lydgate, from the same press, by the Duke of Devonshire, for 44*l.* The author of this little Poem is unknown. It consists of four leaves only, and has the large device of Caxton, as used by Wynkyn de Worde, on the reverse of the fourth leaf. It was unknown to Ames and Herbert, but is described by Dibdin in his *Typogr. Antiq.*, vol. ii, p. 373, from the Roxburghe copy.

Bound by Charles Lewis. In Brown Morocco, gilt leaves.

EXCHANGE WARE at the Second Hand viz: Band, Ruffe, & Cuffe, lately out, and now newly dearned up,—or a Dialogue, acted in a Shew in the famous Universitie of Cambridge.

The second Edition, 4to, pp. 20. London, Printed by W. Stansby for Myles Partrick, & are to be sold at his shop neere Saint Dunstones Churchyard in Fleet-street. 1615.

This is the second edition of this little work, the author of which is not known. The first edition, which was printed in the same year, has a different title, which runs thus: "a Merry Dialogue betweene Band, Cuffe, & Ruffe: done by an excellent Wit, & lately acted in a Shew in the famous Universitie of Cambridge: London, year 1615." It does not appear to have been known to Langbaine or other dramatic writers, but is mentioned in the *Biogr. Dramat.*, vol. ii, p. 208. See also *Lowndes's Bibl. Man.*, p. 691; and the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, No. 245. The first part of the volume is in verse, and commences with "Ruffe, Cuffe, & Band's Complaint against the Printer," eight lines; "The owner's appeale from M. Printer his false Judgment," eight lines more; "A Jurie of Seamsters, & their verdict upon Band, Ruffe, & Cuffe"; twelve short sets of verses, some of them only couplets; "The owners desire;" "M. Stitchwell's Sentence;" "Upon the second edition," two copies; and "To the Cheapner." The Dialogue then commences on Sig. B 3, and occupies the last nine pages. This scarce tract was reprinted in the 107th volume of the *Harleian Miscellany*, with the addition of a Prologue from a *MS.* copy said to have been "acted at Oxford Feb. 24th, 1646." It is priced in the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, No. 245, at *5l. 5s.* The present is a fine copy of this very rare piece.

Fage (Mistris Mary) Fames Rovle: or, the Names of our dread Soueraigne, Lord King Charles, his Royal Queen Mary, and his most hopeful posterity: Together with the names of the Dukes, Marquesses, Earles, Viscounts, Bishops, Barons, Privie Counsellors, Knights of the Garter, and Judges, of his three renowned Kingdoms, England, Scotland, and Ireland. Anagrammatiz'd and expressed by acrostic lines on their names. By Mistris Mary Fage, wife of Robert Fage the younger, Gentleman. London. Printed by Richard Pulton, 1637. 4to. pp. 310.

Of this extremely rare and curious Court Calendar, in acrostic and laudatory verse, not more than two copies are known. It commences with a prose dedication "To the Most High and Mighty Monarch, Charles, by the grace of God, King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, &c.; his most Royal Consort, Queen Mary; Charles, Prince of

Wales; James, Duke of York; the Princesses Mary and Elizabeth; the Royall posterity of our Soueraigne Lord King Charles; and to his Majesties most Illustrious Allyes, the most High and Mighty Prince Christerne, King of Denmarke; Prince Charles, Prince Electour Palatine; Henry, Prince of Orange; and the Prince De Lorreine, Duke Cherouze." On this the author styles her work "A bowle of water from the fount of Helicon." A second dedication follows "To the most Illustrious Princes, James, Duke of Lenox; George, Duke of Buckingham; The Right Honourable John, Marquesse of Winchester; Thomas, Earle of Arundell and Surrey, and other the Earles; Anthony, Vicount Montague, and other the Vicounts; The Right Reverend Father in God, William, Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, and other the Archbishops and Bishops; The Right Honourable Henry, Lord Clifford, and other the Barons; Sir Thomas Edmunds, and other the Knights of the Priuie Counsell; The Right Honourable Sir John Brampton, Kt.; Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench, and other the Judges." These are succeeded by "certaine rules for the true discovery of perfect anagrammes in verse, and by commendatory lines in praise of the authoress, by A. Death, I. C., Tho. Heywood, and T. B." The remainder of the volume is taken up with the quaint and poetical labours of the ingenious writer, the number of royal and noble persons, whose names are anagrammatized, amounting to four-hundred-and-twenty, all of whom are most ingeniously lauded by the writer, the letters in each name furnishining the anagram to each, which are then turned into the subjects of the verse. The volume is more remarkable for its quaintness and singularity than for the excellence of its poetry, but in consideration of its extreme rarity, a few of its acrostics may be allowed.

91.

To the Reverend Father in God, Francis
Lord Bishop of Ely.
Francis White.
Anagramme.
With Fair Sence.

Faire is the soule *white with faire* Innocence,
Rightly that doth expound the Scriptures *sence*,
And void of all adulterating guise,
No *sence* will give but such as edifies,
Chusing that *sence* that most doth sinne destroy,
Inviting of the soule to heavenly Ioy;
So taking off the black and staines of sinne;

With former beauty doth the soul begin
Heroickly to shine, and glister *white*.
Indeed who thus expoundeth, hits it right.
Thus do you, Reverend Father, with *faire sence*,
Expound God's Word, shewing your innocence.

123.

To the Right Honourable Thomas Lord Windsor, Baron of Bradenham.
Thomas Windsor.
Anagramma.
How man's stor'd

The Chronicles and Histories record,
Heroicke acts of each most honour'd Lord,
On which the ages that succeed do view
Magnanimously noble to pursue,
And follow rightly in the honour'd trace,
Such worthy wits of the true noble race.

Well weigh you this, & in your deepe foresight
In historie you place a great delight,
Noting therein *how man* is *storied*,
Declared as alive when hee is dead.
Sir, in the path of virtue, sith that you,
O noble peere, so nobly doe pursue,
Recorded faire your worth will *Clio* shew.

124.

To the Right Honourable William Lord Eure, Baron of Whitton.
William Eure.
anagramma.
Wear my Juell.

Who hath a *Iewel* excellent and rare,
In a triumphant manner will it *weare;*
Letting all see, who view his noble dresse
Lively pourtray'd in him is noblenesse:
In you a *Iewel* of high estimate,
Admired Lord, nay of excessive rate,
Making those nobles who the same possesse,

Ever resplendeth, and your happines
Vertues brave *Iewel*, 'tis indeed to *weare*,
Rightly which to your honour doth adhere,
Ever so let that *Iewel* thine appeare.

201.

To the Right Honourable James, Earle of Louthian, Lord Newbotill.

Jeames Kere.

anagramme.

Meek Raies.

In *meeknes*, raies of splendor do appeare,
And a *meek* nobleman he shines most cleare:
Meeknes, the greatest on the earth doth grace,
Encouraging the poore with smiling face.
Since then *meek raies* you do possesse great Earle,
Keep still those pretious Iewels, that rare pearle,
Excel with *meeknes*, and let a *meek* mind
Raies of true *meeknes* alwaies to it joyne;
Ever averre that *Louthians* Earle is kind.

We are not aware that anything is known respecting the authoress of these anagrammatic acrostics. A number of them are quoted in the *Restituta*, vol. iv, p. 105; see also, further, an article by Mr. Park, with some extracts from *Fames Roule*, in the *Brit. Bibliogr.*, vol. ii, p. 571; Dyce's *Specimens of Brit. Poetesses*, p. 50, and *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, No. 225. The copy in the latter work was priced at 30*l.* At Sir Mark M. Sykes's sale, pt. i, No. 1162, the same copy produced 20*l.* 5*s.*; *Bibl. Haber*, pt. iv, No. 733, (the same copy) 8*l.* Mr. Heber thought this copy *unique*.

Collation: Title A 2, Sig. A to Z 4; Sig. * two leaves; then Sig. A a to Q q 1, in fours, pp. 310. The paging is very incorrect.

Half-bound in White Vellum.

FENNE, (THOMAS.)—Fennes Frutes:—which worke is deuided into three seuerall parts;—The first, A Dialogue betweene Fame and the Scholler, no lesse pleasant than pithie:—wherein is decyphered the propertie of Temperance, the mutabilitie of Honor, the inconstancie of Fortune, the uncertaintie of Life, and the reward of aspiring mindes:—proued both by the examples of sundrie Princes, and sayings of worthy Philosophers. The second intreateth of the lamentable ruines which attend on Warre:—also, what politique Stratagemes haue

been vsed in times past:—necessarie for these our dangerous daies. The third, that it is not requisite to deriue our pedegree from the unfaithfull Troians, who were chiefe causes of their owne destruction:—whereunto is added Hecubaes mishaps, discoursed by way of apparition.

Qui nuclium esse vult, nucem frangat, oportet.

4to., blk. lett. Imprinted at London for Richard Oliffe: and are to be solde at his shop in Paules Churchyard, at the signe of the Crane. 1590.

Of this extremely rare book only three other perfect copies are known, one of which is in the collection of the late Mr. Miller, and another in the possession of Mr. P. Collier. It is in black letter, and is dedicated by Thomas Fenne, the author, "To the Worshipfull Robert Spencer, Esquire, Sonne & heire to the Right Worshipfull Sir Iohn Spencer, Knight." At the end of this are some acrostic lines on Robertus Spencer, and an address "To the Reader," one leaf. The first part, occupying nearly half the volume, consists of a Dialogue, in prose, between Fame and the Scholler. In this Dialogue the stories are chiefly taken from the classical authors of Greece and Rome—from Herodotus, Polybius, Plutarch, Œlian, Livy, Diodorus Siculus, Justin, &c. The allusions to the history of our own country are very sparingly made, but from these we select two remarkable instances, as examples of the prose compositions of our author. Both of them follow the common traditions respecting the characters of which they treat; but Shakespeare's play of *King Richard the Third* did not appear till a later period, and the *Tragedy of King Lear* not till 1608. "I trust," says he, "it is very well knowen to the English Nation, what cruell murders & miserable slaughters were committed by King Richard the third, brother to Edward the fourth, & sonne to the Duke of Yorke, for that the Chronicles doe make mention thereof at large. First bringing his owne brother the Duke of Clarence to untimely death, then shewing his tyrannie on the Barons & Nobles of the Land;—& after that his brother Edward the fourth died, he miserably smoothered the two sonnes of his said brother Edward, which were committed to his tuition & gouernment, not sparing the neerest of his kinne, but imbrewing himselfe in their bloud, to the ende he himselfe might possesse the Crowne & Diadem of the Realme:—which

in deede consequently came to pass. But were it possible that such pitifull murders & execrable slaughters as he committed, both in slaying of the Nobles of the Land, & also in the depriuing of his sweete Nephewes of life & Kingdome, should scape unreuenged? No truly, it were altogether wonderfull & verie unlikely, but that the liuing GOD (who punisheth with shame such shameful murderers) would be sharply reuenged on him for his monstrous crueltie in so slaying of the innocent. For not long after, he was slaine in Battaile by the Right Noble Henrie Earle of Richmond:—where his mangled corpes was laid (being first despoyled of armes & stripped naked) ouer a horse backe, hanging downe in such sort that the filthie durt & myre did both spot & sprinkle the ill shaped carkasse of this abhorred Tyrant;—which was a most odious & detestable sight, yet too worthie a funerall, for so murderous a wretch. This recompence happened to him, for his intollerable crueltie. Thus it plainly appeareth, that murder is sharply punished, as well in the Prince & Peere, as in the silliest sot, & poorest slaue:—for further proofe whereof to showe the iust reuengement of God on meaner personages, this one example shall suffice."

"It were but a tragicall historie of Leyr, sometime King of this Land, which is so sufficiently set downe & made manifest in their English Chronicles, what enormities, calamities, & infinite miseries hapned to him, by the fond & doting loue which he bare towards his daughters. For by a foolish conceipt which he had taken toward them, so farre doating in an unmeasurable sort, & as it were being ouer much blinded with a fond conceipt & foolish affecting towards the yong nice wenches, that hee must needes (forsooth) diuide his Kingdome betwixt them in his life, & willingly dispossesse himselfe, standing euer after to their reward & courtesie. Thus when hee had displaced himselfe, & deuision of the Kingdom was made ioyntly to the use of his daughters, being bestowed & married in seuerall parts of the Land, hee himselfe thought good to remaine a time with the one, & as long a space with the other, untill the good olde King had tyred both his daughters;—who soone began to be wearie of their aged Father, denying & abridging him in a maner of things necessarie & needfull:—so that the poore old King was forced thorough extreame neede to seeke redres at his yongest daughters hand, whom he neuer could well fancie, neither had euer giuen anie thing unto;—remaining out of his Kingdome, because hee had bequeathed her no part thereof:—at whose hand the poore distressed King found reliefe & also redresse of his wrongs, to his great comfort in his olde age. Thus it remaineth euident & extant at this day,

what miseries, calamities, enormities, infinite troubles & dayly vexations, consequently doo fall to man by that fond conceipt in doating folly, inordinately louing & immoderately fonding ouer wife, sonne, daughter, or others who soeuer, as the tenor of our conference hath hitherto tended & expressed:—therefore, my good friend, leauing to your consideration our former speaches, to be well & diligently noted, whereby I may somewhat hereafter perceiue that you are profited, & then I shall thinke my paines well bestowed, & our first meeting right happie."

The second part commences with "The miserable calamities & lamentable distresses of bloudie Battaile & ruinous Warre, with the vnspeakable mischiefes that consequently followeth disdainfull envie," and chiefly relates to the wars between Rome and Carthage, and the conduct of Hannibal and Scipio. This is followed by an account of—1. "Certaine Stratagems, & politike practises of worthy warriours, & expert souldiors." 2. "The miserable murders & deadly debates, that happened betweene the successors of *Alexander*, with the vtter desolation of their state." 3. "The cause why stately *Carthage* lost her Empire, & what miserable slaughters of men hapned to be betwixt the Romanes & the Carthaginians, which first chaunced through the enuious mindes of the Affricans themselues." 4. "By what meanes ancient *Troy* was destroyed, & why the whole Empire of Phrigia was lost, with the lamentable murders, as well of the Troians, as the Grecians being victors."

Then follows the third part: "That it is both a disgrace, & also a foule discredit, to Englishmen to chaleng their genealogie of the Troyans, or to deriue their pedigree frō such an vnfaithfull stock, who were the chiefe causers of their own perdition." At the end of this occurs in Alexandrine verse "Hecubaes mishaps.—Expressed by way of apparition, touching the manifolde miseries, wonderfull calamities, & lamentable chances that happened to her vnfortunate selfe, sometime Queene of stately Troy." This poem extends to forty-one pages in the long-metre verse, and relates the story of Hecuba in the first person, on the plan of *The Mirrour for Magistrates*, the first edition of which was published in 1559, and a much enlarged one by Baldwin was printed in 1587, three years only before the publication of the present volume. The poem of "Hecubaes mishaps" is omitted in the list by Mr. Fry of historical works of a similar character written in imitation of *The Mirror for Magistrates*, given in the notes to Warton's *Hist. Eng. Poet.*, vol. iv, p. 105, and which might be considerably enlarged. Having already given examples of the prose composition of

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Fenne, we will now quote a portion of the opening lines of this poem, as a specimen of his poetical powers, which are somewhat above the average of the numerous poetasters of that period :—

When that Auroraes dewes were past, & Phœbus did decline,
And purple Titan ready prest with fainting light to shine:
When Cynthia did prease in place to run her compasse round,
And feeblely did shew her face with duskish light on ground:
Then walkèd I to silent groue my fancie to delight,
Where willingly I meant to bide to passe the pensiue night.
Sweete silence there her sound did yeeld, no noyse did me molest:
All chirping notes were whisht at once, each breathing soule did rest.
Amidst the hollow grouc I past to ease my musing minde,
But no redresse of dolefull dumpes I any where could finde:
Untill at last I viewde the skies where lucent lights abound:
And downe againe mine eyes direct upon the human ground.
Then did I shake from sobbing soule the griping griefe & paine,
That long before had me opprest, but now reuiude againe.
Within the groue a pleasant streame with bubling note did flowe,
Which I by chaunce had soon found out from hollow bankes below.
There musing by the running tide and soundings of the deepe,
The sliding flouds that smoothly passe had husht me soone asleepe.
And as I slept on greenish shore, by help of warbling streames
Strange fearfull fancies frighted me, by dreadfull drowsie dreames.
In slumber sound me thought I spied a wight both fierce & fell;
A thing despisde, in viler sort no creature was in hell.
A woman vext with eager lookes in frantike fierie moode,
With clapping hands & rowling eyes uncertainly she stoode.
She ran about with staring haire, much like to horses stout,
When sodain fright had pierst their minds with strouting tayles did strout.
Even so or worse she roude about with head & shoulders bare:
And oftentimes from senselesse pate her pendant locks she tare
With bloudie nayles & hands imbrued, her palmes she oft did smite:
And reaching for the heauens, as though she to the Gods had spite.
With irefull cries & fearful notes the hollow groue did sound;
In yelling sort from gullied bankes the ditties did rebound:
Like mightie bulles that fiercely meetes, & filles with noise the skies
And for a token of their wrath the dustie grauell flies
By tearing up of earth, so she in such like frantic fits
Doth snatch up grasse in griping hands, as one beside her wits.

The following account, by Hecuba, of the murder of her daughter, Polixena, by Pyrrhus, the son of Achilles, otherwise called Neoptolemus, shall conclude our extracts from this rare Poem.

When Priam thus by Pyrrhus sword had breathed out his last,
And that the town was quite subdude by Grecians fighting fast,
The Greeks demaund Polixena, because she first procurde
Achilles death by fained loue, through which he was allurde:
Whom when they found, this Pyrrhus craude to haue my louing child
That so had causde his fathers death by working such a wilde,
But when she knew the earnest suite of fierce Achilles sonne
For succour to me, helpless wretch, with vaine hope fast did run;
With clasping armes about my neck on me she cride for ayd,
For Pyrrhus, dead Achilles sonne, had made her sore afrayd.
Helpe mother now at neede (quoth she) still weeping on my brest:
A place too weake for greedy Greeks, for there she might not rest.
Grim Pyrrhus with an eager look did teare her from my lap:
With churlish fist he gript the girle, O hard & cruell hap!
That still mine eyes should witness beare, of this my wofull case
And that both mate & children deare should die before my face.
By haire of head Polixena was drawne along the street,
Where diuers of her wofull friends in sorrowing sort did meete
To waile with her, for well they wist to dreadfull death she went:
Achilles death now to reuenge they knew proud Pyrrhus ment.
And as they thought it came to passe, for Pyrrhus did deuise
Vpon his father's tombe as then my child to sacrifice
Vnto the ghost of his slaine Sire, his death to recompence:
And that Achilles ghost might know it was for her offence.
Polixena so halde along by such a cruell foe:
What should become of this my child as then I did not know.
Wherfor to see I followed fast what would to her betide
Where round about Achilles tombe a troup of Greeks I spide,
Which readie were to giue their aide if need should so require,
My daughters death with one consent each Grecian did desire:
And there before my face they bound both hand & foote full fast
Of this my child, that willing was of bitter death to tast.
But hauing spide me where I stood, her hands & feete fast bound,
In token of her last farewell, her head towards me she twound,
And fixt her eyes on me (poore wretch) with such a wofull looke,
With nodding head for want of limmes, her last farewell she tooke.
Then Pyrrhus mad untill reuenge did drawe his fatall blade,
And slewe my child upon the tombe, which he before had made
In honour of his father dead, and there with gorie blood
Imbrew'd the graue:—which cruell act did all the Gretians good.
These words he spake which well I heard (quoth he) take here thine end,
Thy soule unto my father's ghost for thine offence I send,
And for the fault of Paris slaine, King Priam late did rewe
His sounes vile part;—for with this hand the aged man I slewe.

O fortune viel, that sparde my life to see this wofull day,
My friends starke dead whom Grecians slewe, in euery corner lay,
Not one was left to comfort me that could my woe redresse,
But mourning matrons whose hard hap increasde my heauinesse.

We are unable to furnish any particulars of the author, or whether he was the writer of any other work. Wood notices one or two persons of similar name who received their education at Oxford, but whether he was at all connected with any of these is more than we are able to say. See Herbert's Edit. of Ames's *Typog. Antiq.*, vol. iii, p. 1361; who, however, does not appear to have seen the book, as he describes it incorrectly, and does not give any authority. It is unnoticed by Ritson, and was not in the *Bibl. Ang. Poetica.* The volume is not described, that we are aware of, by any bibliographer, beyond the mere mention of the title: this is given by Lowndes, but without his having been able to refer to the sale or existence of any copy. The present one belonged to Mr. Heber, who says, in a note, "I never saw another copy," and had cost him, including the binding, 27*l.* 7*s.* See *Bibl. Heber*, part iv., No. 740; Miller's *Catal. of Duplicates*, p. 208.

Collation: Title, Sig. A 1, Sig. A to Y 4, and Aa to Gg 3 inclusive, in fours.

Fine copy. Bound by Charles Lewis.
In Blue Morocco, with joints and gilt leaves.

FENNOR, (WILLIAM.) — Fennor's Descriptions, or a True Relation of certaine and divers speeches, spoken before the King and Queenes most excellent Maiestie, the Prince his highnesse, and the Lady Elizabeth's Grace. By William Fennor, His Maiesties Seruant.

4to., pp. 44. London, Printed by Edward Griffin, for George Gibbs, and are to bee sold at his shop in Pauls Churchyard at the signe of the Flower-Deluce. 1616.

This work commences with a metrical dedication of twelve lines "To the right honorable William Earle of Pembroke, Lord Chamberlaine of his Maiesties household, Knight of the Most Noble Order of the Garter, &c.;" then an address "To the Gentlemen Readers;" followed by commendatory

Verses "in laudem Authoris," by John Maltonne & Thos. Gunson; and six lines To his friend Mr. Fennor, signed J. B. These are succeeded by a Table of Contents of the volume, which commences with "The Description of a Poet." This author (whose name is sometimes printed Venner) was an actor at the Swan, on which account he styled himself "his Maiestics Servant." Fennor was also the author of another work called *The Compters Commonwealth; or a Voiage made to an Infernall Iland long since discovered by many Captaines, Seafaring Men, Gentlemen, Merchantes, and other Tradesmen*, &c. (London, 1617, 4to.); in which the author, who was then confined for debt, describes the vices and miseries of that sad prison-house. It is dated from "the Compter in Wood Street 1616. Oct. 23. Yours in what he may, thus bestraited & distracted William Fennor." See an account of it by Mr. Hazlewood in the *Cens. Liter.*, vol. vi, p. 175, who has given some curious extracts from it. He was contemptuously spoken of by Sheppard, the writer of the *Epigrams*, in a scarce work called *The Times displayed, in six sestyads*, in the following lines:—

> And Fennor might have wrote his allegy
> (Another coxcomb) that his wit to shew
> Wrote many things, the best not worth the eye
> Of any schoolboy doth his genders know.

He is also, on the contrary, celebrated in the works of John Taylor, the Water Poet, with whose poetry that of Fennor is much on a par; and between whom, as writing on similar subjects, there was considerable rivalry, in consequence of which a dispute originated between them, which gave rise to the following tracts:—1. *Taylor's Revenge, or the rimer Willi. Fennor firkt, ferrited, & finaly fatcht over the coales.* 2. *Fennors Defence, or I am your first man;* 8vo., London, 1615; written in answer to Taylor. 3. *A cast over the water by John Taylor giuen gratis to William Fennor the rimer from London to the Kings Bench.* From this last pamphlet it seems probable that Fennor paid a visit to the King's Bench as well as the Compter. This work has been reprinted by Mr. Nicholls in his *Progresses of King James I*, vol. iii, p. 140. It is also described by Mr. Hazlewood in the *Brit. Bibliogr.*, vol. i, p. 546; and in the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, No. 916. It is a very rare poetical volume.

Bound by C. Lewis. Crimson Morocco, gilt leaves.

FITZGEFFREY, (HENRY.)—Certain Elegies, done by Sundrie Excellent Wits. With Satyres & Epigrames.

pp. 120. sm: 8vo. London. Printed by B. A. for Miles Partriche, & are to be solde at his shoppe neare Saint Dunstons Church in Fleet-streete. 1618.

Notwithstanding there were several editions of this work printed—the first in 1617, another in 1618, a third in 1620, and a fourth without date—yet it is a book of considerable rarity, as well as of intrinsic value. After the title are four Elegies:—1. By F. B., i.e. Francis Beaumont. 2. "On the Lady Penelope Clifton. By M. Dr.," i.e. Michael Drayton. 3. By N. H., probably Nathaniel Hooke. 4. "On the death of the three sonnes of the Lord Sheffield, drowned neere where Trent falleth into Humber," by M. D.,—Michael Drayton. Then begins the author's own part of the book, in four lines, "The Author in praise of his owne Booke;" "Of his deare Friend the Author H. F.," signed Nath: Gurlyn; and "The Author's Answer"—four couplets each; and lastly a quotation from Horace, "De arte Poet": and the Translation. The first book of the Satires then commences, at the end of which are some lines "To his worthy Friend upon these Satyres," signed J. Stephens. On Sig. C 2 begins a fresh title, *The Second Booke of Satyricall Epigrams*, with a monogram. This book has a dedication of twelve lines, "To his True Friend Tho: Fletcher of Lincoln's-Inne Gent"; and at the end are some additional lines to the author by Jo: Stephens, the writer of a curious work entitled *Essayes & Characters*, 8vo, 1615. Next follows *The Third Booke of Humours: Intituled Notes from Black-Fryers* (with the same monogram as before), which is dedicated, in an epigram of eight lines, "To his Lou: Chamber-Fellow, & nearest Friend Nat: Gurlin of Lincolnes-Inne Gent." At the end are Verses by Jo: Stephens "To his worthy Friend H. F. upon his Notes from Black-Fryers"; "An Epilogue—The Author for Himselfe," five pages; and a "Postscript to his Book-binder," six pages more, which conclude the volume. The author of these Epigrams and Satires was Henry Fitzgeffrey, son of the preceding Charles Fitzgeffrey, who, as we have seen, was himself a writer of epigrams, as well as of religious poetry. This we learn from the following lines by Nath. Gurlyn, prefixed to the *First Book of Satyres* "of his deare Friend the Author H. F.":—

of what is heere thou'lt not have any write
Prayses: that willing, would: & justly might,

Permit me then! For I'le Praise what I see
Deficient heere (thy name *Fitz-Ieoffery.*)

Where English *Fitz* aright, & I ha' done
So rightly art thou called Jeoffereyes-Sonne.

Then adde time age but to thy industry
In thee againe will live Old-*Ieoffery.*

The volume is extremely curious, and throws much light on the literature and customs of the time. In the first Satire the author thus sarcastically alludes to several well-known productions of the period:—

How many Volumes lye neglected, thrust
In euery Bench-hole ?* every heape of dust?
Which from some Gowries practise, Powder plot,
Or Tiburne Lectur's, all their substance got:
Yet tosse our Time-stalles, you'll admire the rout
Of careless fearelesse Pamphlets flye about.
Bookes, made of Ballades:—Workes, of Playes,
Sightes, to be Read of my Lo: Maiors days:
Posts, lately set forth: Bearing (their Backe at)
Letters of all sorts: An intollerable Packet.
Villains discovery, by Lanthorn & Candle-light:
(Strange if the author should not see it to hādle right)
A Quest of Inquirie: (Jacke a Dovers)
The Jests of Scoggin: & divers others
(Which no man better the Stationer knowes)
Wonderfull Writers:—Poets in Prose.
What poste pin'd Poets that on each base Theame,
With Invocations vexe Apollos name.
Springes for Woodcockes:—Doctor Merriman:
Rub & a good Cast: Taylor the Ferriman:
Fennor, with his missounding Eare word:
The unreasonable Epigrammatist of Hereford:
Rowland with his Knaves a murnin all:
Non worth the calling for, a fire burne em all:
And number numberlesse that march (untolde)
Mongst almanacks & Pippins to be solde.

* See Halliwell's Arch. Dict.

In this passage allusion is made to the numerous pamphlets which were published on the Gowrie Conspiracy and the Gunpowder Plot, and the Speeches of criminals executed at Tyburne; to the Pageants and City Shows

on Lord Mayor's Day; to *A Poste with a Packet of Mad Letters*, 4to., 1603, by Nicholas Breton; of *A Strange Foot-Post with a Packet full of Strange Petitions*, 4to., 1618, by Anthony Nixon; to Decker's *English Villainies*, 4to.; of *Villanies Discovered by Lanthorne & Candle Light*, 4to., 1616; to *Jacke of Dover his Quest of Inquirie, on his Privy Search after the Veriest Fool in all England*, published in 1604; to *Scogin's Jests*, attributed to Dr. Andrew Borde, and frequently printed; to Henry Parrot's *Laquei Ridiculosi, or Springes for Woodcocks*, 12mo., 1613 (he had before alluded to the same author's *Mastive, or Young-Whelpe of the Old Dogge*, 4to., 1615); to Sam. Rowland's *Doctor Merry-man, or Nothing but Mirth*, 4to., 1616; of *The Knave of Clubbs*, 4to., 1609; *The Knave of Harts, Haile Fellow well met*, 4to., 1612; *More Knaves yet—The Knaves of Spades & Diamonds with New Additions*, 4to., 1612, all by the same author; to Thomas Freeman's *Rub & a Great Cast: & Runne, & a Great Cast. The second Bowle. In* 200 *Epigrams*, 4to, 1614; To John Taylor, the Water Poet; to *William Fennor & his Defence, or I am your first man*, 8vo., 1615; and to John Davies, of Hereford, the "unreasonable Epigrammatist"—so termed, we conclude, on account of the number of his publications.

The 32nd Epigram is written on Taylor, the Water Poet:—

Of the Riming Sculler.

Horace the Poet, in his Booke reherses,
That Water-drinkers never make good Verses.
Yet I a Poet know, and (in his Praise!)
Hee's one has liv'd by Water all his Days.

The 54th Epigram is addressed "To his Ingenious Friend Will: Goddard of his Booke intituled, Waspes":—

True Epigrams most fitly likned are
To Waspes, that in their taile a sting must beare.
Thine being Waspes, I say (who'st will repine!)
They are not Epigrams are not like Thine.

The following also is worth transcribing:—

Maxima amicitia inter æquales:
The Younger Brother to the Elder.—Ep. 56.

If *amongst æquals greatest Friendship bee,*
Our *Love* was *Best* in our minoritie.
When as this mutuall Lesson wee were taught,
To bee as *Equall* branches from *One* graft.

Then did wee *Goe & Grow* alike, as *One*,
No *Difference* had in Education.
So our Affections *Sympathiz'd* in all
That no event could come but *mutuall*-
So *Neare* so *Deare*, we both did *Love & Live*,
That each *ones Breath* to each might *Being* give,
What more? So *Life & Love*, in all did linke us
That *One* that knew us both, both *one* wou'd think us.
Which in our *Father bred* this foule mistake,
Who gave *one all*, & so did Difference make.

The Third Booke of Humours: Intituled Notes from Black-Fryers, has been much quoted from by Mr. Malone in his *History of the Stage*. These "Notes" are observations supposed to be made upon different characters, between two visitors to the theatre whilst waiting for the commencement of the play, and record many very amusing particulars respecting the modes of dress, and the customs and habits of persons frequenting the theatres, shortly after the time of Shakespeare. The following is an entertaining description of one of the characters, in which also allusion is made to Tom Coriate, the traveller :—

Look next to him too, One we both know well
(Sir Iland Hunt) a Travailer that will tell
Of stranger things than Tatterd Tom ere lit of,
Then Pliny, or Herodotus e'er writ of:
How he a remnant lately brought with him
Of Jacobs Ladder from Jerusalem:
At the Barmoodies how the Fishes fly.
Of Lands enriched by a Lottery.
Of Affricke, Ægypt: with strange Monsters fil'd,
Such as ne're Noahs Arke; nere Eden held.
And later Rarities, then all of these:
Just now to bee discouered (if yee please!)
Such as woo'd make a Blind-man fond to see:
Convicted Gallants loose their hopes, & flie
Most younger Brothers sell their Lands to buy
Gurganian Plumes: like Icarus to fly.

The following description of John Webster, the Dramatic Writer, near the close, under the name of Websterio, is also very curious and entertaining :—

But h'st! with him Crabbed (Websterio)
The Play-wright Cart-wright: whether? either! ho—

No further. Looke as yee'd bee look't into:
Sit as ye woo'd be read: Lord! who woo'd know him?
Was euer man so mangl'd with a Poem?
See how he drawes his mouth awry of late,
How he scrubs: wrings his wrests: scratches his Pate.
A Midwife! helpe! By his Braines coitus,
Some Centaure strange: some huge Bucephalus
On Pallas (sure) ingendered in his Braine,
Strike Vulcan with thy hammer once againe.
This is the Crittick that (of all the rest)
I'de not have view mee, yet I feare him least,
Heer's not a word *cursively* I have Writ,
But hee'l *industriously* examine it.
And in some 12 monthes hence (or there about)
Set in a shamefull sheete, my errors out.
But what care I, it will be so obscure
That none shall understand him (I am sure.)

See Collier's *Hist. Dram. Poet.*, vol. iii, p. 385, No. 387; *Bibl. Heber*, part iv., No. 723; *Brit. Bibliogr.*, vol. ii, p. 121; Malone's *History of the Stage*, &c. This work was not in the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.;* and Lowndes, who very slightly alludes to it, does not refer to the sale of a single copy. Mr. Heber's copy sold for 7*l.* There is one of the edition of 1620 in the Bodleian Library, and another without date in Malone's Collection in the same library. The present copy of this extremely rare work is bound by Charles Lewis, in Purple Morocco, elegant, gilt leaves.

FLATMAN, (THOMAS.)—Poems and Songs. By Thomas Flatman. 8vo. London, Printed by S. and E. G. for Benjamin Took at the Ship in St. Pauls Church-yard, and Jonathan Edwin at the three Roses in Ludgate Street. 1674.

Thomas Flatman, a native of London, whose paintings are more admired than his poetry, was born in 1635, educated at Winchester, and afterwards at New College, Oxford, of which he became Fellow in 1654; was bred to the profession of the law, and became a barrister in the Inner Temple, but devoted himself more to the studies of painting and poetry. In the latter he was an imitator of the Pindaric style of Cowley, and it was something to his honour that Pope was supposed to have imitated him rather closely in

his celebrated Ode of "The Dying Christian to his Soul." He was intimate with Oldham, Sprat, Mrs. Katherine Phillips, Woodford, Creech, and others of that class, and wrote commendatory verses before their Poems. The works of his painting are now become scarce, and are highly valued. He died in London, on the 8th December, 1688, aged 53. The present is the first edition of his collected Poems, and has a good portrait of him, engraved by R. White, opposite the title. Prefixed is also an Epistle, or "Advertisement to the Reader," and verses in praise of the author by Walter Pope, Charles Cotton, Richard Newcourt, Francis Knollys, Octavian Pulleyn, and Francis Bernard. The following is the Poem supposed to have been copied by Pope:—

A Thought of Death.

When on my sick bed I languish,
Full of sorrow, full of anguish,
Fainting, gasping, trembling, crying,
Panting, groaning, speechless, dying,
My soul just now about to take her flight,
Into the Regions of eternal night;
Oh tell me you,
That have been long below,
What shall I do?
What shall I think, when cruel Death appears,
That may extenuate my fears.
Methinks I hear some gentle Spirit say,
Be not fearful, come away!
Think with thy self that now thou shalt be free,
And find thy long expected liberty,
Better thou mayest, but worse thou can'st not be
Than in this Vale of Tears, and misery.
Like *Cæsar*, with assurance then come on,
And unamaz'd, attempt the Laurel Crown,
That lyes *on t'other side Death's Rubicon.*

The reader may perhaps wish for a further specimen, which shall be

An Anthem for the Evening.

Sleep! downy sleep! come close my eyes,
Tyr'd with beholding vanities!
Sweet slumbers come, and chase away
The toiles and follies of the day:
On your soft bosom will I lie,
Forget the world, and learn to die.

O *Israels* watchful shepheard, spread
Tents of Angels round my bed;
Let not the spirits of the aire
While I slumber, me ensnare,
But save thy suppliant free from harmes,
Clasp't in thine everlasting armes.
Clouds and thick darkness is thy throne,
Thy wonderful Pavilion:
Oh! dart from thence a shining ray,
And then my midnight shall be day!
Thus when the morn in crimson drest,
Breaks through the windows of the East,
My hymns of thankful praises shall arise
Like incense, or the morning sacrifice.

The present copy has a fine impression of the portrait by White, and is bound

In Russia, blank tooled, with gauffered gilt edges.

FLECKNOE, (RICHARD.) — Heroick Portraits, With other Miscellany Pieces, Made and Dedicate to his Majesty. By Richard Flecknoe.

Principibus placuisse viris non ultima laus est.—*Hor.*

Small 8vo., pp. 128. London, Printed by Ralph Wood for the author, 1660.

A prose Dedication to his Majesty, the Preface, and a Table of the Heroick Portraits, form the introductory matter to this little volume, which consists of Portraits: Of his Majesty Charles the 2nd, in verse; of the Dukes of York and Glocester, under the names of Castor and Pollux, in prose; of the Princesse Royal, Princess of Orange, in prose, with a copy of Verses at the end; of the Duchess of Lorrain, in verse; of Anne, Princess of Lorrain, in prose; of the Prince of Lorrain, in verse; of Mary, Duchess of Richmond and Lennox, in prose, with an Ode at the end; of George Duke of Buckingham, in prose; of Polixene [Princess D'Aremberg], in verse; of William Marquis of Newcastle, in verse; of Lord . . . . . [Bellasis], in verse. This concludes the first part; after which come the "Other Miscellany Pieces, Pourtraits, Pictures, Schizzo's, &c.," which con-

sists of the following:—Of Lysette, my Ladies half Gentlewoman, in prose; of a Fine, Nice Dame, in prose; of a Modern Casuist, in prose; of a Curious Glutton, in prose; of a Shee-Gamester, or Gamestress, in prose; of a Formal Schollar, in prose; of a Gallant French Monsieur, in prose; of a Lady of the Time, in prose; of a Dutch Frow, in prose; of a Bilk Courtier, in prose; of a Busie Body, in prose; of an English Inn, in prose; of Cromwell, in prose; The Picture of Hell, in verse; of a Lazie Disposition, in prose; of a Sighing Lover, in prose; of a Strange Disposition, in prose; of a Timorous Doctor, in prose; of the Author, to the Lady . . . . , in prose [the delineation of Flecknoe's own character], by himself, which concludes the volume.

No part of this collection appears to be printed in the other publications of Richard Flecknoe, who wrote many works in verse and prose, and was the author of five dramatic pieces. He is said to have been originally a Jesuit, and intimate with many of the nobility of his time. He is supposed to have died about the year 1678. There is considerable merit and force of expression in "The Picture of Hell," and some of the characters possess much acuteness of observation and antithetical point—as, for instance, "His own Portrait," and that of "Cromwell," in the present volume; and the man who could write such pieces, notwithstanding the celebrity of Dryden's Satire, is deserving of his meed of praise for his talents; and, according to the opinions of Oldham the Poet, "was ranked amongst those whom our forefathers held in great esteem." See Satyr, p. 169, O. 1694. The present was Mr. Park's copy, and the one from the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, No. 265, where it was marked at 2*l.* 2*s.*

Bound in Calf, extra.

FLECKNOE, (RICHARD.)—A Collection of the choicest Epigrams and Characters of Richard Flecknoe. Being rather a New Work, then a New Impression of the Old.

8vo. Printed for the Author. 1673.

In "The Preface" to this—which may be considered as the third—edition of his Epigrams, Flecknoe says, "Before I give over writing I have endeavored to set the last hand to these Epigrams & Charac-

ters, especially the Epigrams since they contain the Praises & Elogiums of divers Noble persons, whom I much honour, & desire that all the World should do the same. But being made at several times, on several occasions, I knew not how to range them, only I imagined, as in a Chaplet of Flowers, it imported not much, which Flowers were placed the first, so all together made a delightful variety." This edition varies from those which preceded it in having some omissions, as well as some additions, so that it is requisite to possess it in forming a complete series of Flecknoe's Epigrams. It commences with "The Pourtrait of His Majesty made a little before his Happy Restauration." Then the Dedication of the First Book "To His Majesty," in six lines, which had been before printed, and five short pieces called "The Proemium of Epigrams." At the end of the First Book is the following "Envoy to this Book":—

> I know not what the World may think of it
> That I so often mend what I have writ;
> But this is all that they can say at worst,
> My second thoughts are better than my first.

"The End of The First Book of Epigrams Corrected & Amended." The Second Book contains the Epigrams, before printed, "To Sir K. D." [Kenelm Digby]; "On Mr. Abraham Cowley;" "The Praises of Burbadge; or an Excellent Actor;" "To Charles Hart;" and "To Mr. John Dryden." At the close, "The End of the Second Book of Epigrams Published before." The Third Book closes "The End of the Anominal Epigrams," being all addressed to anonymous persons. The Fourth concludes, "The End of the Fourth Book of Drolling Epigrams." Then another Book of "Divine and Moral Epigrams, dedicated to Catherine of Portugal, Queen of Great Britain," &c., in which Flecknoe acknowledges his obligation to her Father when he was staying in Portugal. At the end is a short table of errata.

The "Characters" have a new title page, followed by the two copies of laudatory Verses by William, Duke of Newcastle, which had been printed before; and a short address—"Of these Characters," in which the author says he has "done by these Characters, as one who plucks down an old house to build a new, used some of the former materials, and that is all." They consist of sixty-four in all, and at the end is the following postscript:—"The Idea which I have framed of these *Characters*, is to spin them out into as fine a *Thred* as I can, and then weave them into

a handsome stuff. Of which I find I have faln so far short in many of them, as though it pleased the *Duke of Glocester*, of glorious memory, to say, *Some of them were the best as ever he had read:*—Did I not hope to mend them in another *Impression*, I should be asham'd to let them pass in this. I pass then my Thoughts thorough finer & finer *Sieves* of first Writing, then Printing, & lastly Reprinting them before I have done with them;—& after all, to think to clear them of all their faults, were to think to sweep an *Earthen Floor* to the last Grain of Dust. I onely then shall undertake the more obvious, & leave the rest. But I say no more, least I should be thought one of those who had rather err, & confess it afterwards, then provide before hand not to err at all."

This volume is in the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, at 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*, and sold at Reed's sale, No. 6848, for 11*s.*; at Bindley's, part ii., for 1*l.* 2s.; and at Skegg's for 1*l.* 4*s.*

Bound in Olive Morocco, gilt edges.

Folly in Print, or, a Book of Rymes.

Whoever buyes this Book will say,
There's so much Money thrown away:
The Author thinks you are to blame
To buy a Book without a Name;
And to say truth, it is so bad,
A worse is no where to be had.

Sm. 8vo. London, Printed in the year 1667.

A short prose address "To the Reader," with a list of errata, form the only introduction to this scarce poetical volume, which may be classed among the list of books termed "Drolleries." The songs contained in the volume are chiefly lyrical and amatory, with some other pieces on the subject of the siege of Tangier and the Dutch wars. Some of the amatory songs are written in a coarse and licentious manner, too much in vogue at that light and immoral period, and are not suited for the more refined and correct taste of the present day. From the following lines addressed "To the Authours Wife, in time of the Sickness, when he was beyond the Seas," it has been supposed that the writer's name was

Reymund, and that he was probably a soldier serving under the Lord Bellasyse at the siege of Tangier, or in the war against the Dutch; but nothing more relating to him is known with any certainty:—

How happy hadst thou, *Reymund*, been
When wash't from guilt original,
And cleer from any mortal sin,
If then had been thy Funeral,
But now (alass) afraid to dy,
Because thy *Clara*, is not by.

Almighty Power, whose Providence
Supports my feeble house of clay,
Do not remove my *Clara* hence
But give us both a longer day,
That both together, we may praise
Our Lord of life, our length of days.

I know thou knowèst, Great God above,
Her heart doth to thy worship bow,
Yet she to me, thou gav'st to love,
By holy Sacramental vow;
Do not shut up, our day so soon,
For yet (O Lord) it is but noon.

Remember now, thy promis'd aid,
Though thousands fall on every hand,
I will not therefore be afraid,
The Angels are at thy Command:
Protect her Lord, and so bless me,
We may together, ever be.

Mr. Haslewood has published a short article on this volume in the *Brit. Bibliogr.*, vol. ii, p. 23, and has introduced in it the first piece of "The Cotsal Shepheards, to the Tune of Amarillis told her Swain," and a few other songs; and was also of opinion that the author, Reymund, "was intimate or connected with several branches of the noble family of Bellasise."

A few further extracts will enable the reader to form an idea of the nature of the contents of this Book of Rymes.

The Perspective of Mortality.

How vain are all our best delights;
Like shortest days to Winters-nights
Scarce well awake, till our lives-noon
A sickly light, and day is done,

Most wretched mankind, seeming free,
Hath less then Creature's liberty;
Help-less, and crying, brought to light,
Nurs'd up in hazards, Parents fright,
Taught to be pleased with toys, and then
Forbid delights, when we are men;
Then war, or sickness, want, or trouble,
Blown up with sin, doth break the bubble.

A Catch made before the King's coming to Worcester with the Scottish Army.

The Round-heads drink a health
To their new Commonwealth,
And swear the King's must be forgot;
But the pot shall be bang'd
When the Rogues are all hang'd,
Here's a Health to the King & the Scot.

Come, Skinker, be nimble,
This quart's but a thimble,
Away with't, swell this of a gallon,
To our Master's brave Son
Who will fire the first gun
And boldly command us, fall on.

Each man upon his back
Shall swallow his Sack,
This health will indure no shrinking;
The rest shall dance round
Him that lyes on the ground,
'Fore me, this is excellent drinking.

Faith Ladds, let's uncase us,
Our raggs but disgrace us,
Some faggots, more wine, & a health,
To him, and all those
Who will fire their cloaths
As I would this new Common-wealth.

The author's name is again repeated in the following lines:—

To a Spanish Lady in S. Luyar.

Reymund, thou hast surviv'd a warre
Where thousands perish'd in thy sight,
And thou hast travailed now so farre
To yield thy self without a fight.

No more thy warfare euer boast,
Nor name thyself a Souldier now,
Since in that very port th'art lost
Where thou thy courage shoulds't avow:
Thou know'st how ambushes are laid
How to avoid an Enemy,
The Ambush of a Spanish maid
Hath forc'd from thee thy liberty.
But *Reymund* with safe conduct came
And cannot be a prisoner,
'Tis great injustice, as great blame,
To circumvent a Travailer.
And yet, alass, I must confess
That I have broke your Country's law,
And by a clandestine address,
Would carry hence that maid away.
My dear *Lusya*, 'tis a truth,
Your Country hath of Saints such store,
That I would glory in thy youth,
And in my Country thee adore;
But if Saint *Lugar* be the shrine
Where my devotion I must pay,
But promise me you will be mine,
I'le make another Holy-day.

Our space will allow us to quote only a few of the verses of the lively song of

"The Parson of *Rumford*, or a merry Maying,
To the Tune of, Away to *Twiford*, away, away."

I sing of no ladies, who dance in the Court,
Nor of the bigg Lords, so hugeously gay,
But of Lads and of Lasaes, who make us good sport,
Then away to *Rumford*, away, away.

From *Burntwood*, and *Epping*, from *Bow*, and *Mile-end*,
With ribbons and flowers, with garlands for May,
Fine girls and their lovers did trip it an end,
And away to *Rumford*, away, away.

The streets with green rushes, & bowers of boughs,
To welcome these guests, the musick doth play,
The houses as sweet as the breaths of our cows,
Come away to *Rumford*, away, away.

What tricking, what trimming, what puddings, what sawse,
Nay mustard with beef prepar'd for the day,
And Piggs that the Parson kept long in his house
For this meeting at *Rumford* to-day, to-day.

But O, the brave Gammons with pepper & cloves.
And stinging good ale, was there by my fay,
As sweet and as hot as the buss of our loves.
Come away to *Rumford*, away, away.

Then cheese-cakes, with currans so finely were set,
Your Ladies black-patches, are not so gay,
Stew'd pruins in a syrup, as black as the jet,
Come away to *Rumford*, away, away.

This woundy great feast the Parson did make,
In his close-girt coat, as pert as a Jay,
Could no more stand still, then a bear at a stake,
In the town of *Rumford*, to-day, to-day.

For joy he spurr'd us a question to marry,
And told us the season was best in May,
Goe to it, quoth he, for time will not tarry,
And welcome to *Rumford*, I say, I say.

We look'd, and we look'd on one another,
He formerly taught us our flesh was but clay,
Why should we not joyn, like sister and brother,
'Tis time at *Rumford*, to-day, to-day.
&c. &c. &c.

Near the close is "A Ballad on a Friend's wedding, to the Tune of Sir John Suckling's Ballad," with some introductory lines, and the first stanza of which shews us that Suckling was then dead:—

As an Attendant on Sir John
I wait without comparison,
Great difference is in our pen,
And something in the Maids & Men,
I do not write to get a name,
At best, this is but Ballad-fame,
And *Suckling* hath shut up that door,
To all hereafter as before.

Now *Tom* if *Suckling* were alive,
And knew who *Harry* were to wive,

He'd shift his scene I trow,
From *Charing-cross* to *Clarkenwel*
And sure as fine a Tale would tell
As he did long ago. &c.

At the end, on a separate leaf, are a few lines containing a poetical "Postcript to the Reader."

The volume is scarce, and was not in the *Bibl. Ang. Poët.*; nor is it in the *Bodleian Catal.* of 1843, nor in the Malone or Dance collections there. It sold at Lloyd's sale, No. 577, for 1*l.* 16*s.*; Bindley's ditto, pt. ii. No. 92, for 2*l.* 19*s.*; Parry's ditto, pt. i. No. 1621, 1*l.* 19*s.*; Bright's ditto, No. 2219, 1*l.* 18*s.*; Utterson's ditto, No. 644, 2*l.* 2*s.*; Bliss's ditto, pt. i. No. 1617, 4*l.*

Bound by Charles Lewis. In Red Morocco, gilt leaves.

FRAUNCE, (ABRAHAM.) — The Countesse of Pembrokes Yuy church.—Conteining the affectionate life and unfortunate death of Phillis and Amyntas:—That in a Postorall, This in a Funerall.—both in English Hexameters. By Abraham Fraunce.

4to. London Printed by Thomas Orwyn for William Ponsonby, dwelling in Paules Church-yard, at the signe of the Bishops head. 1591.

The title of this work appears to have been derived from one of the seats in Wales of that name of Henry Herbert Earl of Pembroke, Lord President of the Council in the Marches of Wales, and husband of this Countess (the accomplished sister of Sir Philip Sidney), as we gather from a letter written by him to the Lord Treasurer Burghley, dated from Ivy Church the 25th of August 1590. The title is within an ornamental wood-cut compartment with figures of Moses and David at the sides, and two satyrs sitting on the ground at the bottom, as used by Thomas Marsh. The dedication is addressed to his great friend and patroness, "the right excellent and most honorable Ladie, the Ladie Marie Countesse of Pembroke," and commences with an allusion to his former work: "If *Amyntas* found fauour in your gracious eyes, let *Phillis* bee accepted for *Amyntas* sake. I haue somewhat

altered *S. Tassoes* Italian & M. Watson's Latine *Amyntas*, to make them both one English. But *Tassoes* is Comicall, therefore this verse vnvsual: yet it is also Pastorall, & in effect nothing els but a continuation of Eglogues, therefore no verse fitter than this." The remainder of the dedication is taken up with a defence of his peculiar preference for Hexameter verse, in nearly the same words he had before used in his dedication of "The Lamentation of Amintas for the death of Phillis" to the same distinguished lady.

The first part of the work is written in the form of a play, divided into acts and scenes, and is styled "Amyntas Pastorall;" the second part, which is more elegiacal, is termed "Phillis Funerall." It is written throughout in English Hexameter verse, and the first part is a translation of Tasso's *Amynta*, which had been before rendered into Latin Hexameters by Thomas Watson; but Fraunce acknowledges that he had somewhat altered both Tasso's Italian and Watson's Latin version, "to make them both one English." It will be needless to give any quotation from this work, written by Fraunce in the very absurd kind of metre by which, notwithstanding his acknowledged learning and talents, by labouring to imitate his great friend and patron Sir Philip Sidney, he has lowered himself in the estimation of every reader of the present day, and has also thus been excluded from the large collections of Chalmers, Campbell, &c. The second part, called "Phillis Funerall," is written in the form of Eclogues, which are divided into twelve parts, termed by the author Days. These are also written in Hexameters, and at the end are followed by another in the same verse, "The Lamentation of Corydon for the loue of Alexis, verse for verse out of Latine." This is a translation of the Second Eclogue of Virgil, line for line, which had been twice printed before—first in 1588, in quarto, and again in the same year, when it was annexed to his *Lawiers Logike*. There is subjoined also "The beginning of Heliodorus his æthiopical History," in the same metre, and a list of "Errata," one leaf, which closes the volume.

None of our bibliographers have remarked that this second part of *The Countesse of Pembrokes Iuy church* is in fact a republication of the author's previous work above noticed, *The Lamentations of Amintas for the death of Phillis*, printed in 1588, with this difference—that while in that edition the "Lamentations" are only eleven, in the present volume "The last Lamentation & the death of Amintas" has been divided, with some slight additions, into two Days, the eleventh and twelfth; and the

following lines, complimentary to his fair and accomplished patroness, are added at the close, which are not in the former edition :—

Downe in a dale at last, where trees of state, by the pleasant
Yuy churches parck, make all to be sole, to be sylent,
Downe in a desert dale, *Amaryllis* found *Amaranthus*,
(Nymph, that *Amyntas* lou'd, yet was not lou'd of *Amyntas*)
Founde *Amaranthus* fayre, seeking for fayrer *Amyntas*:
And with fayre newe flowre fayre *Pembrokiana* presented.
Who, by a strayte edict, commaunded yearely for euer
Yuy churches Nymphs and Pastors all to be present,
All, on that same day, in that same place, to be present,
All, *Amaranthus* flowre in garlands then to be wearing,
And all, by all meanes, *Amaranthus* flowre to be praysing,
And all, by all meanes his *Amyntas* death to be mournyng.
Yea, for a iust monyment of tender-mynded *Amyntas*,
With new found tytles, new day new dale she adorned,
Call'd that *Amyntas* Day, for loue of louer *Amyntas*,
Cal'd this, *Amyntas* Dale, for a name & fame to *Amyntas*.

"Amyntas Dale" is the title of the Third Part of *The Countesse of Pembrokes Yuy church*, printed in 1592, 4to. In the First Part of the present work, on Sig. D 3, there is an allusion to the *Paradise of Dainty Deuises*, which was first published in 1576, and had been several times reprinted before 1591 :—

Let those famous Clercks with an endles toyle be perusing
Socraticall writings; two faire eyes teach mee my lesson:
And what I read in those, I doe write in a barck of a beech-tree
Beech-tree better booke than a thousand *Dainty Deuises*.

Watson's version of *Amintas* was printed in 1592, and this by Fraunce bears date 1591. Whether an earlier edition of the *Amintas* had appeared before 1592, or whether the present translator was allowed to make use of Watson's MS. copy, we are unable to determine. But Nash, even so early as 1587, speaks of Watson's *Amintas* and of Fraunce's translation, as may be seen in his Epistle prefixed to Greene's *Arcadia or Menaphon*, first printed in that year, in which he says that "Sweete Master Fraunce by his excellent translation of Master Thomas Watson's sugared *Amintas* hath animated the dulled spirits to high-witted endeuors." In the Sion College Library there is a quarto volume marked Z. 6. 32., containing "An ovld facioned loue, or a loue of the ovld facion. By I. T. Gent. At London Printed by P. S. for Wm. Matters, dwelling in fleete strete at the signe of the hand

and Plough 1594." "It appears," says Mr. Park, "from the following passage in an address prefixed 'to the courteous and friendlie,' to have been translated from Watson's *Amyntas*." "Perusing at idle howers, the Author of *Amyntas* ioyes, I found it in latine, a passion much more answerable to my purpose both forthe matter and manēr, & for the apt discouery of honest plaine meaning affection, not vnpleasāt nor vnmeete to be clothed with an English suit as well as others of like nature & condition, whose translations remaine to their praise," &c. The translation is divided into eight Epistles from A. to P., in stanzas of four or six lines; to which is subjoined, "The Answer of Phillis to Amintas by the *Translator*."

Robert Greene, in his Epistle Dedicatory to the Lady Bridget Ratliffe, Lady Fitzwaters, before *Philomela, the Lady Fitzwaters Nightingale*, 4to., 1615, thus alludes to the present work of Fraunce:—"I presume to present the dedication of chast *Philomela* to your Honour, & to christen it in your Ladiships name, calling it the Lady *Fitzwaters* Nightingale, as if I should insinuate a comparison twixt you & him of equall and honourable vertues: — Imitating herein Master *Abraham France*, who tituled the Lamentations of *Amintas* under the name of the Countesse of Pembrokes *Iuie Church*."

Mr. Todd, in his *Life of Spencer*, vol. 1, p. xv., speaking of his intimacy with Fraunce, thus notices the present volume:—"Fraunce," says he, "shines particularly as an English *hexametist*. His *Countess of Pembrokes Ivychurch*, & his translation of part of Heliodorus, are written in melodious dactyls & spondees, to the no small admiration of Sidney, Harvey, &c. Sidney adopted, in his *Arcadia*, almost every kind of Latin verse for his English songs. Fraunce appears to have been intimate with Spencer, & to have seen the Faerie Queene long before it was published."

For some further notices of Fraunce, and of this publication, consult Ritson's *Bibl. Poet.*, p. 211; Warton's *Hist. Eng. Poet.*, vol. iv, p. 230; Beloe's *Anecd.*, vol. i, p. 297; Davis's *Second Journey*, &c., p. 62; Phillips's *Theatr. Poet.*, p. 108, edit. 1800; Dibdin's *Libr. Comp.*, vol. ii, p. 89; *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, No. 252; and Jones's *Biogr. Dram.*

There appear to have been only four copies of this exceedingly rare work at any time brought before public competition—one which was formerly Bindley's, purchased by him at Dodd's sale for 4*l.* 7*s.*; and was afterwards from Bindleys (25*l.* 4*s.*); successively in the Perry (21*l.* 10*s.* 6*d.*), Sykes (5*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.*), and Dent (5*l.* 5*s.*) collections; and is now in that of the late William Miller, Esq. Another, formerly

Mason's (3*l.* 13*s.* 6*d.*), in the Duke of Roxburghe's collection (6*l.* 16*s.* 6*d.*), from whence it was purchased by Mr. Geo. Nicoll for the library of George III., and is now in the British Museum. A third, belonging to Mr. Rhodes (18*l.* 10*s.*); afterwards in the *Bibl. Heber*, pt. iv, No. 754 (8*l.* 8*s.*), which contained also the Third Part of the Poem. And the present copy, which is the one from the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, No. 252, and there priced at 45*l.* It formerly belonged to Mr. Park, by whom it was enriched with some valuable extracts from other poetical works relating to the author (some of which have been made use of in this article), and also with transcripts in MS., by the same hand, of "The Second Œglogue called Alexis. Translated by W. Webbe in his *Discourse of English Poetrie.*" 1586, 4to. A hexameter translation of Virgil's First Œglogue, by Wm. Webbe, inserted in the same. And a singular Poem from Barnefield's *Affectionate Shepherd*, 1594, called "Hellens Rape, or a light Lanthorne for light Ladies. Written in English Hexameters." This copy was afterwards in the Midgley (13*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.*), Nassau (5*l.* 18*s.*), and Jolley (14*l.* 10*s.*) collections. It is quite perfect, and has a copy of Fraunce's "Emanuel" bound up along with it.

Bound in Calf, neat.

Fraunce, (Abraham.)—The Third part of the Countesse of Pembrokes Yuychurch. Entituled Amintas Dale. Wherein are the most conceited tales of the Pagan Gods in English Hexameters:—together with their auncient descriptions and Philosophicall explications.—By Abraham Fraunce.

εκας, εκας, οστις α'λιτρος.

4to. At Lvndon, Printed for Thomas Woodcocke, dwelling in Paules Church-yeard, at the signe of the blacke Beare. 1592.

Although the name of Thomas Orwin does not appear on the title page, this third part, like the preceding, was printed by him, and has the title within a similar compartment to the former, as used by Thomas Marshe.

It commences with this short dedication of six Latin Hexameters addressed to the Countess of Pembroke.

Illustrissimæ, atque ornatissimæ Heroinæ
piæ, formosæ; eruditæ: Dominæ Mariæ
Comitissæ Pembrokiensi

Nympha charis charitωn morientis imago Philippi,
Recipe spirantem post funera rursus Amintam:
Accipe nobilium dulcissima dogmata vatum,
Delicias, musas, mysteria:—denique, quicquid
Græcia docta dedit, vel regia Roma reliquit
Quod fructum flori, quod miscuit utile dulci.

Devotiss: Ab. Fr:

The "Amintas Dale" then opens as follows:

Now that solempne feast of murdred *Amyntas* approached:
And by the late edict by *Pembrokiana* pronounced,
Yuy churches nymphs and pastors duely prepared
With fatall Garlands of new found flowre *Amaranthus*,
Down in *Amyntas* dale, on *Amyntas* day be assembled,
Pastymes ouerpast, and death's celebration ended,

Matchless Lady regent, for a further grace to *Amyntas*
Late transformd to a flowre;—wills euery man to remember
Some one God transformd, or that transformed another:
And enioyns each nymph to recount some tale of a Goddesse
That was changed herself, or wrought some change in another:
And that as eucry tale and history drew to an ending,
Soe sage Elpinus with due attention harckning,
Shuld his mynd disclose and learned opinion vtter.

In this manner the contents of the book are occupied with poetical descriptions of the various changes and transformations among the Pagan Gods, related by Ovid, and other classical writers, followed by a sort of running commentary or disquisition upon the same in prose by the "sage Elpinus." These "Philosophicall explications" occupy nearly as much space in the volume as the verse—and are interspersed with quotations in Latin, French, and Italian. The last of the tales by Daphne, containing the "Petition of the Gardiners," is highly whimsical and amusing,—and in the remarks on the Astrologers would seem to convey some allusion to the Harveys and others who wrote on such subjects at that time. The volume concludes with some Latin Verses on the death of Phillis "Amintas Phillidi consecravit mortuæ morituruus," and a list of "Errata."

This third part of the *Yuychurch* is rare to excess. Unfortunately in the present copy, the title, dedication, and last two leaves numbered 59 and 60, are in manuscript in the neat handwriting of Mr. Park, by whom it was thus made complete from the only known perfect copy, which had formerly belonged to Herbert, and was at that time in the possession of the Duke of Roxburghe, from whom there is an autograph note in the volume, inviting Mr. Park to an inspection of the work. At the Duke's sale in 1812, Cat. No. 4936, it was purchased by Mr. Nicoll for the Library of King George III., for 6*l.* 16*s.* 6*d.*, and is now in the British Museum. John Kemble had a copy wanting three leaves, in his Dramatic Collection, which is now the property of the Duke of Devonshire at Chatsworth. Garrick also had a copy still more defective, which, with the rest of his Dramatic Collection, was bequeathed to the British Museum. Mr. Heber had two copies—one in two vols., red morocco (8*l.* 8*s.*,) containing the three parts. See *Bibl. Heber*, pt. iv. No. 754. The copy of the third part being "the most complete after that in the Library of George III., wanting only the title page and a few words at the bottom of the last page but one, which have been admirably supplied by Harris." The other was the present copy, the same as was marked in Longman's *Bibl. Ang. Poet*, No. 253, at 40*l.* It was once Dr. Farmer's, and bought at his sale, No. 6851, by Scott, the bookseller, for 5*s.* 6*d.*, from whom it passed to Mr. Park, then to Mr. T. Hill, of Queenhithe, and afterwards to Longman. It was purchased from him by Mr. Midgley, at whose sale by Saunders in 1818, No. 322, it was bought by Mr. Heber for 15*l.* 15*s.* It was afterwards in the collection of Mr. Jolley, from whence it was sold in pt. ii, No. 1508, for 11*l.* 15*s.* See Herbert's *Typogr. Antig.* vol. ii, p. 1111., *Bibl. Ang. Poet*, No. 253, and the notices mentioned in the preceding article.

Bound in Brown Calf.

Fraunce, (Abraham.)—The Countesse of Pembrokes Emanuel. Conteining the Natiuity, Passion, Buriall, and Resurrection of Christ, togeather with certaine Psalmes of Dauid. All in English Hexameters. By Abraham Fraunce.

4to. Imprinted at London for William Ponsonby, dwelling in Paules Church-yard, at the signe of the Bishop's head. 1591.

With the first and second parts of the preceding work is generally joined, as is the case in the present copy, "The Countesse of Pembrokes Emanuel," another of the Hexametrical pieces of Fraunce. The title in its ornamental border is a counterpart to that prefixed to the *Ivy Church*, and, from its similarity to that commonly used by Thomas Orwin, we may safely conclude that he was the printer of this volume also for William Ponsonby. It has a short dedication of two lines to the Lady Mary Countesse of Pembroke, which is the only prefix, and is written throughout in English rhyming Hexameters, in which Fraunce was considered by his contemporaries and others to have much excelled.

FULLER, (THOMAS.)—David's—Hainous Sinne. Heartie Repentance. Heavie Punishment.

Exodus 35. 23.

And every man with whom was found—Goates haire, & red skins of Rammes, & Badger skins, brought them [to the building of the Tabernacle.]

Ad. Zoilum.

Thy Laies thou vtt'rest not, yet carpest mine,
Carpe mine no longer, or else utter thine.

By Thomas Fuller Master of Arts of Sydnye Colledge in Cambridge.

8vo. London. Printed by Tho. Cotes, for Iohn Bellamie, dwelling at the three Golden Lyons in Cornehill. 1631.

The turn of mind which has led so many of our eminent serious writers to commence their literary career by following the Muse of Poetry, appears to have pervaded the quaint and witty Fuller, who, like another celebrated theological writer, Richard Baxter, began his labours by the production of a poetical work, and then bade farewell to that department of literature. The title of the present poem partakes of that peculiar quaintness and love of alliteration, which pervaded all the writings of this individual, and was also characteristic of several other writers of the age in which he lived. The poem, which is now extremely rare, is written in seven-line stanzas, and is divided into three parts, according to the title, the first containing 47—the second, 26—and the third, 71 stanzas. The only prefix to the work is the following poetical dedication "To the Honorable Mr. Edward,

Mr. William, and Mr. Christopher Montagu, Sonnes to the Right Honorable Edward Lord Montagu, of Boughton."

Faire Branches of a Stock as faire,
Each a Sonne, and each an heire:
Two *Joseph-like*, from Sire so sage
Sprung in Autumne of his age;
But a *Benjamin* the other,
Gain'd with losing of his Mother.
This fruit of some spare hours I spent
To your Honours I present.

A King I for my subiect have,
And Noble Patrons well may crave
Things tripartite are fit for three,
With Youths, things youthful best agree:
Take them therefore in good part
Of him that ever prayeth in heart,
That as in height ye waxe apace,
Your soules may higher grow in grace.

Whilst your Father (like the greene
Eagle in his Scutcheon seene,
Which with bill his age doth cast)
May longer still & longer last:
To see your Vertues o're increase
Your Yeares, ere he departs in Peace.
Thus I my Booke, to make an end,
To You: and you to God commend.
Your Honours: in all service
Tho. Fuller.

The subsequent stanzas form the opening introduction or proëmium of the poem, which closely follows the Scriptural account of David's two-fold crimes of adultery and murder.

How *Zions* Psalmist grieuously offended,
How *Israels* Harper did most foulely slide,
Yet how that Psalmist penitent amended,
And how that Harper patient did abide
Deserved chastisement, (so fitly stil'd,
Which wrath inflicted not, but love most mild,
Not for to hurt, but heale a wanton child.)

How one by her owne Brother was defiled;
And how that Brother by a Brother slaine;

And how a Father, by a son exiled;
And by a subject, how a Soveraigne;
How Peace procured after Battals fierce,
As *Sol* at length doth sullen clouds dispierce;
My Muse intends the subject of her Verse.

Great God of might, whose power most Soveraigne,
Depends of none, yet all of thee depend,
Time cannot measure, neither place containe,
Nor wit of man thy Being comprehend:
For whilst I think on Three, I am confin'd
To One, & when I one conceive in minde
I am recall'd to Three, in One combin'd.

Thy help I crave, thy furtherance I aske,
My head, my heart, my hand direct & guide
That whilst I vndertake this weighty taske.
I from thy written love start not aside:
Alas! 'tis nothing, Lord, with thee to breake
The strong, 'tis nothing to support the weake,
To make men dumbe, to make an Infant speake.

The following allusions to Queen Elizabeth and her successor, and to the disturbed state of the various countries on the continent of Europe at the period when Fuller wrote, with which the Poem concludes, may serve as a further specimen of his quaint style of writing, and of his maiden attempt at versification:—

So in our land a noble Queen arose,
As we have heard our fathers oft relate
A Maide, yet manly to confound her foes
A Maide, & yet a Mother to the State:
Which she weake, like to crumbling bricke did finde
Which strong, as lasting marble she resign'd,
Gold & Gods worship, both by her refin'd.

She having florished in great renowne,
In spite of power, & policy of *Spaine*,
Did change her earthly, for an heavenly crowne
And cea'st to rule ore men, with God to raigne:
Fourty & foure *Novembers* fully past,
(Aie! me that winged time should post so fast)
To Christ her love, she wedded was at last.

This Sunne thus set, there followed no Night
In our Horizon, strait another Sunne

Most happily continued the light,
Which by the first was hopefully begunne:
And, what might most amaze all most all eyes,
Never before out of the *Northen* skies,
Did men behold bright *Phœbus* to arise.

Arts did increase his fame, he did increase
The fame of Arts, & counting twice eleven
Twelve months upon his throne, this Prince of peace
By falling to the Earth, did rise to Heaven:
Then downe our cheeks tears hot & cold did flow
Those for the Sire decea'st, expre'st our woe,
Those joy, for his succeeding Sonne did show.

Live, gracious Leige, whose Vertues doe surmount
All flattery, and Envy them admires,
Center of grace & greatnesse, live in Court,
Till that thy kingdome with the world expires:
We subjects wish thee worst, that love thee best,
Who here long to injoy thee, doe request,
That late thou may'st injoy an heavenly rest.

And thou, young Prince, hope of the future age,
Succeed to Fathers Vertues, Name, & Crowne,
A new Starre did thy Saviours birth prœsage,
His death, the Sun eclipsed did renowne:
But both of these conjoyned to adorne
Thy wellcome birth, the Sun with age so worne,
Did seeme halfe dead, & a young starr was borne.

But what dost thou, my ventrous Muse, prœsume
So far above thy dwarf-like strength to straine?
Such soaring soone will melt thy waxen plume,
Let those heroike sparks, whose learned braine
Doth merit chapletts of victorious bayes,
Make Kings the subjects of their lofty layes,
Thy worthlesse praysing doth their worth dispraise.

Strike saile, & to thy matter draw more neare,
And draw thy matter nearer to an end,
Though nought prayse-worthy in thy verse appeare,
Yet strive that shortnesse may the same commend:
Returne to see, where *Ioab* homeward goes,
To see his Friends, that had subdu'd his foes:
His souldiers, & himselfe there to repose.

Thus when two adverse winds, with strong command,
Summon the Sea, the waves that both do feele,

Dare follow neither, but in doubt do stand,
Whilst that the shipps with water drunke doe reele
With man, for griefe of drowning, drown'd in griefe,
Vntill at length, a Calme brings them reliefe,
And stills the storme, that had so long beene briefe.

Oh! that I might but live to see the day,
(Day, that I more desire, than hope to see)
When all these bloody discords done away,
Our Princes, in like manner might agree:
When all the world, might smile in perfect peace,
And these long-lasting broyls, at length might cease
Broyles, which (alas) doe dayly more increase.

The *Netherlands*, with endlesse warrs are tost,
Like in successe, to their unconstant tide,
Losing their gettings, gaining what they lost.
Denmarke both sword, & *Baltick* seas divide:
Moore blood, than juice of grape nigh *Rhine* is shed;
And *Brunswicke* Land will not be comforted,
But cryes, My Duke, alas, my Duke is dead.

The warrs in *France*, now layd aside, not ended,
Are onely skinned ouer with a scarre,
Yea haughty *Alps*, that to the clouds ascended,
Are ouer-climbed with a bloody Warre:
And *Maroes* birthplace *Mantua*, is more
Made famous now for *Mars*, & battall sore,
Than for his Muse, it famed was before.

Sweden to stopp th' Imperiall flood provides:
(May his good cause be crown'd with like successe,
And they, that now please none, to please both sides
May they themselves, his trusty friends expresse.)
But *Turks* the Cobweb of their Truce, each howre
Doe breake, they wate a time, but want no powre
Nor will, warr-wearied Christians to deuoure.

But let the cunning *Chymicke*, whose exact
Skill, caused Light from darknesse to proceed,
Out of disorder order can extract,
Make in his due time all these jars agree'd,
Whose grieuances may be bemoaned by men,
By God alone redressed; and till then
They more befitt my Prayers than my Pen.

ΤΩ ΜΟΝΩ ΔΟΞΑ ΘΕΩ.

The other literary labours of Fuller were, as is well known, chiefly directed to works on religion, biography, and history, in which he was engaged for the remainder of his checquered life; and notices of these are to be found in so many of our biographical collections, that it will be needless to enlarge upon the subject here. We conclude, however, by referring with pleasure to the ensuing remarks of a judicious and learned critic on the writings of this Author, who was actuated by the laudable desire of restoring Fuller's name to its proper place in the temple of our literature:—

"Though Fuller's works, like those of so many of his contemporaries, are sometimes covered with rubbish, and swollen with redundancies, they are, as is the case also with some of them, instinct with genius. Like Taylor, and Barrow, and Sir Thomas Brown, he wrote with a vigour and originality, with a fertility of thought and imagery, and a general felicity of style, which, considering the quantity of his compositions, and the haste with which he produced them, impress us with wonder at his untiring activity and preternatural fecundity. He has scattered with careless prodigality, over the pages of his many works, thoughts and images which, if collected, properly disposed, and purified from the worthless matter which encrusts, and often buries them, would have insured him a place beside those, who, by writing less, and elaborating it more, by concentrating their strength on works of moderate compass and high finish, have secured themselves a place not only in the libraries, but in the memories of their readers, and live in perpetual and familiar quotation." See Essays selected from contributions to the *Edinburgh Review*, by Henry Rogers, vol. i, p. 3.

We do not find this poetical volume noticed by any of our bibliographers, and its occurrence in any sale catalogue is very rare. There is no copy in the Bodleian Library, nor can we find any in the catalogue of the British Museum. Bindley's copy, pt. ii, No. 91, sold for 5*l.* 15*s.* 6d.; Hibbert's ditto, No. 3192 (the present one), 6*l.* 6*s.*; Heber's ditto, pt. iv, No. 845, an indifferent copy, 2*l*; Bright's ditto, No. 2311, 4*l.* The present copy is priced by Thorpe at 8*l.* 8*s.*

Fine copy.—Bound by Charles Lewis.
Venetian Morocco, gilt leaves.

FULWELL, (ULPIAN.)—The Flower of Fame.—Containing the bright Renowne, & most fortunate raigne of King Henry

the viii. Wherein is mentioned of matters, by the rest of our Cronographers ouerpassed. Compiled by Ulpian Fulwell. Hereunto is annexed (by the Auethor) a short treatice of iii. noble and vertuous Queenes. And a discourse of the worthie seruice that was done at Hadington in Scotlaude, the seconde yere of the raigne of King Edward the sixt.

Vincit post funera virtus.

4to., blk. lett. 1575. Imprinted at London in Fleete streate, at the Temple Gate by William Hoskins.

The Mirrour for Magistrates had already gone through four editions, and was in its full tide of popularity, before the appearance of this curious work of Ulpian Fulwell, which was written upon the same plan, partly in verse and partly in prose, the events recorded being chiefly taken from *Hall's Chronicle*. He was assisted in his labours by "Master Edmunde Harman," as he acknowledges in the dedication to "Sir William Cecill Baron of Burghleyghe Knighte of the moste noble order of the Garter, Lorde high Treasurer of Englande, Master of the courtes of Wardes & Liueries, Chauncellour of the Universitie of Cambridge, & one of the Queenes Maiesties priuie Counsaile," whose arms, impaling those of Beaufoy, are engraved on the back of the title page. The dedication is followed by "A Table of the contents of this booke;" a prose address from the author "To the friendly Reader;" another in verse, "Vlpian Fulwell to his Booke;" and some Latin lines, inscribed "In Vlpiani Fulwelli operis laudem Richardi Coppoci Carmen." In his address to the reader, Fulwell thus speaks of the subject of his book, *The Flower of Fame*—King Henry the Eighth:—"Now seeing our late soueraigne Lorde Kynge Henry the eyghth, hath hit the marke of trewe felicitie, & wonne the game of ioyfull immortalitie:—what ruthe were it, that so singuler an example shoulde not be recorded in the golden booke of perpetuall Fame. His noble lyfe, his Godly proceedinges, his inuicted raygne, his fortunate successe, his whole race of lyfe, & ende of the same, deserueth to be engraued in letters of pure Golde. If *Alexander* (the mighty Monarche of *Macedon*) was offended with a Schoolemaster in whose Schoole he founde not the fame of *Vlisses* (written by *Homer*) howe much more maye wee deeme he woulde checke & reproue all Englyshe gentlemen, that laye not

before their faces the booke of King Henryes lyfe, if he were nowe amongst us. But happely it will be sayd unto mee, Sir, if you were as good an Englyshe Poet as *Homer* was in Greeke:—or if the worthinesse of your style were comparable to the matter, wee would the better esteeme of your woorke. If that bee thy objection (gentle Reader) I cannot excuse myselfe. For I confesse I haue not the gifte of flowing eloquence, neyther can I enterlace my phrase with Italian termes, nor powder my style with frenche Englishe or Inkhorne Rhethoricke, neyther cowche my matter under a cloake of curious inuentions, to feede the daintie eares of delicate yonkers."

The Flower of Fame commences with "A manifest description of King Henryes noble vertues," in six-line stanzas, in which he is compared to Cæsar and Alexander, and is called—

A *Salomon* for godly witt,
A *Solon* for his constant mynde:
A *Sampson* when he list to hit
The furye of his foes unkynde.
Unto his fryndes a gentill Lam,
A Prince that lovde a valyant man.

These are closed with some compliments to Queen Elizabeth, his daughter, who

——— doth him so reuyue
As though the Father were alyue.

In whom such vertues rare are seene,
As makes farre countreis maruaile much:
That shee a Virgin and a Queene
In godlynes and wit is such
Though lyfe from father be exylde,
His giftes are left unto his chylde.

So that though Royall *Henry* bee
Returnde to earth from whence he came:
Elizabeth, yet may we see,
Doth bewtifie her fathers fame.
Whom *God* preserue in Regall seat,
Til *Nestors* yeres be full complete.

The chief events of the early part of Henry's fortunate reign are then recited in prose and verse alternately, including—"A Discourse of the vnyting the two noble howses of Lancaster & Yorke, from which vnyted howse king Henry was the first king that proceeded," in verse; "Of the

Battaile fought at Bosworth," &c., in prose; "The birth of King Henry the eighth the xxii. of June 1490," in verse, with woodcuts of the four cardinal virtues; his "towardlynes in the tyme of his Minoritie," in prose; his "proclamation as king of Englande the xxii. day of Aprill 1509;" "Coronation;" and "the winning of Turwin & Turnay," all in verse. The History is then (on folio 20) continued in prose, and an accident which befell Master Henry Norace (or Norris) is related; and the marriage, after his death, of his daughter, "Mistresse Marie Norace" (or Norris) with Sir George Carew at the King's expence; and this section closes with an account of the battle of Flodden Field, and the removal of the dead body of the Scottish king to London and Sheen. He then "introduces King James unto the Reader, in forme of the Mirror for Magestrates, to utter his complaynt, & tell his owne tale." This, which is entitled "The Lamentable complaint of king James of Scotlande, who was slayne at Scottish fielde anno 1513," is written in seven-line stanzas (not *octave* stanzas, as Warton says) and is accompanied with a curious woodcut of death removing the crown from the king's head. The opening stanza serves to show the great popularity at this period of *The Mirrour for Magistrates*, and how frequently its legends were imitated in style and manner. A few additional stanzas are quoted as a specimen of Fulwell's poetry:—

Among the rest, whom rewfull fate hath reft,
Whose shrouding sheetes hath wrapt their wofull lyues
Why haue I not a place among them left,
Whose fall eche tong with dayly talke reuiues.
Such is the wheele that froward *Fortune* driues
To day a king of puisance and might
And in one howre a wofull wretched wight.

A happie life by happie end is tride
A wretched race by wofull ende is known:
Though pleasant wind the Ship do rightly guyd
At last by rage of stormes 'tis ouer throwne.
The greatest Oke with tempest is fyrst blowne.
Though fortune seeme aloft to hoyse thy sayle,
Yet fortune ofte tymes smyles to small auaile.

I thought my Bower buylt on happie soyle,
Which under propped was with tickle staye:
Wherfore on sodayne chaunce I tooke the foyle
In hope for to haue had a noble praye,
In search whereof I reapt my fatall daye,

With shamefull death my fame was forcte to bow
A gwerdon meete for breach of sacred vow.

A Prince his promise ought not to be broke,
Much more his Othe of ryght obserude should be:
But greedie gayne doth oft the mynde prouoke,
To breake both othe and vowe, as seemes by mee.
Ambicion blearde myne eyes I coulde not see.
I fynd, though man with man his faith forgoe,
Yet man with God may not do so.

I was a King, my power was not small,
I ware the Crowne to wield the Scottish lande:
I raignde and rewlde, the greater was my fall,
The myght of God, no kingdome can withstand,
An Earle won of mee the upper hande.
With blodie Sworde my lucklesse life to ende,
By shamefull death without tyme to amende.

Such was the force of *Atrops* cruell spight
Unlooked for to cut my fatall lyne:
My wretched carcas then was brought in sight
Through *London* streats, wherat ye Scots repine
The endeles shame of this mishap is myne.
Like butchers ware, on horsbacke was I brought
The king of kinges for me this end hath wrought.

Let Princes all by me example take
What daunger 'tis to dally in such case:
By periurie their faythes for to forsake,
Least scate of shame shall be their endles place,
Foule infamie shall their renoune deface;
Of falsed faith such is deserued hyre,
And he must falle that will too hyghe aspyre.

Ye noble Peeres whose liues with myne did end,
Send forth from graues your griesly ghosts ech one
To wayle the chaunce that *Fortune* us did sende.
Let all the Scots powre out their plaints & mone
That we to hedless haste were apt and prone.
Which rashe beginning voyde of Godly awe;
Had lyke successe for breach of sacred lawe.

I thought that *Englande* had beene far too weake
For my strong powre when *Henry* was away:
Which made mee light regarde my vow to breake

But yet I founde they were left in good stay
With force and strength to purchase my decay.
Thus my aspiriug minde had guerdon due,
Which may a Myrror bee for men to vewe.

Whereby to shun the breach of sacred vow
And not to seeke by lawlesse meanes to rayne;
For right will force usurped rule to bow,
And reape repulst in steade of noble game.
Thus truthe in tyme doth turne her foe to paine.
And GOD him selfe doth shield the rightful cause
Then let men learne to lyue within his lawes.

After the monologue of James the Fourth, follows "The Historie of King Iamies sonne, who after the death of his Father, was king of Scottes," &c., in prose, succeeded by "The Lamentation of King Iames, Sonne unto King Iames before mentioned," in the same metre as before. Having thus given the tragical histories of the two Kings of Scottes, Fulwell returns to his hero Henry the 8th, and to the meeting of him and the King of France between Calais and Boulogne on the cloth of gold in 1532, which is in verse and prose, and at the end of this on Fol. 32 are woodcuts of the arms of the Emperor of Germany and the King of France, and over them on the part of King Henry, a device of "an armed arme rysing out of a clowde, holding in the hande a naked Sworde with thys Poesie under it.—*Celuy au quel ie m'adiouincts (Dieu aydant) vaincra*, whiche is as muche to say:—Whether parte I take (by God's helpe) shall haue victorie." The Author concludes his account of Henry's life and acts with "The Historie of the winning of Bulleyne by the moste victorious King Henrye the eyghth in his owne person," in verse, and afterwards in prose,* at the close of which is "An Epitaph of the deathe of the moste valyant and renowned Prince King Henry the eyghth."

On Fol. 39 there commences a sort of appendix containing commemorations in verse, and Epitaphs on three of Henry's wives, Anne Boleyn, Jane Seymour, and Katherine Parr. This part is preceded by a Prologue or "Preamble to this parte of the Booke following:" and at the end of this portion he apologizes for omitting the names of Henry's other wives, but says he has a Treatise ready of all their lives, which he promises, if the present should be well received. The volume concludes with another

* At the end of the discourse of the winning of Bulleyne Fulwell says, that he omits to treat of the large circumstance hereof, lest he might seem to rob Grafton or Hall of their labours.

appendix in prose, giving an account of "The Historie of the winning of Haddington in Scotlande an. 2. Reg. Edwardi VI.," from the information of some captains who were present at the siege, and especially of Captain Dethicke, "who was his chief instructor in the matter." This portion is highly interesting, and contains a narrative of the single combat between Newton and Hamilton, two Scotchmen, in the Market-place of Haddington, who accused each other of having uttered reviling expressions against King Edward. The combat was fought in the presence of Lord Gray, and the victory was gained by Newton, who killed his opponent, although it was generally believed that justice lay with his adversary, and that though "he was well rewarded, he better deserved to have been hanged." But he afterwards received his deserts, being slain and cut in pieces in an encounter on the Borders. It relates also the circumstance of the old Queen of Scottes, then at Edinburgh, being requested "to go to a little nunnerie that was but a myle from *Hadington*, and thear shee shoulde see the slaughter of all the Englishemen. So shee went to that Nunnerie to behold the performaunce of this promise; and when she came thither, shee might see the verye streates of the towne (for it standeth verye lowe). The Englishe men understanding of her being in the Tower of the saide Nunnerie, shott off a great Iron peece they had (which Gunne they called *Roring Meage*, for the terrible noyse that it rendered) and the Pellet hit part of the Tower that the Queene was in, whereat shee made haste downe (as it was hygh tyme) and rode posting to Edenborough without seeing anye harme done to the Englishe men." And it concludes with an account of the capture of Sir James Wilford and his imprisonment in the Castle of Dunbar, which is quoted by Dr. Bliss in his edition of Wood's *Ath. Oxon.*, vol. i, c. 541. "The names of the Capitaines that were at Hadington" are given at the end, together with "A Commendation of the Englishe Souldiers that serued at this siege of Hadington," in verse; and the volume closes with some four-line verses entitled "The Aucthor," in which he says that the Muse had compelled him to take up his pen and to do his best:

> And thear I wrote as shee mee taught,
> God grant it be *Ful well.*

Fulwell, according to Wood, was a Somersetshire man, of good family; rector of Naunton, in Gloucestershire, in 1570; and admitted a commoner of St. Mary Hall, in Oxford, in 1578, when he was 32 years old. Besides the two works here described, he was also the author of "An Enterlude

intituled Like wil to like, quod the Devel to the Colier, very godly and ful of pleasant mirth." 4to., blk. lett. Imprinted at London, by John Allde. Anno Domini 1568. This is a moral dramatic piece, written wholly in rhyme, and appears to have been reprinted in 1587. The reader may see some further account of the present work in an article in the *Cens. Liter.*, vol. i. p. 371, written by the late Mr. Octavius Gilchrist; to the narrow and bitter spirit of which, however, the editor must be allowed to enter his strong and abhorrent protest. When he talks of Henry the Eighth's "fiend-like daughter Elizabeth," and speaks of the glorious line of the Tudors as "a race of usurpers, than which a more rapacious and sanguinary catalogue *(ab limine usque ad finem)* never polluted a sceptre," the editor cannot help venturing to differ in opinion from so very sweeping a conclusion, and also to think that such remarks are totally incongruous in a bibliographical description of an early poetical volume. The reader may consult also Warton's *Hist. Eng. Poet.*, vol. iv. p. 93; Wood's *Ath. Oxon.*, vol. i. p. 540; Jones's *Biogr. Dram.*, vol. i. p. 258, and vol. ii. p. 372; and Collier's *Extr. Reg. Stat. Comp.*, vol. ii. p. 32 and p. 134. The work is reprinted in the 9th vol. of the *Harleian Miscellany.* It is of great rarity, seldom occurring for sale, and we look for it in vain in the catalogues of our great collectors. Mr. Neunberg's copy of this interesting poetical volume, from which Mr. Gilchrist's description was written, sold for 30*l.* 9*s.* An imperfect copy, wanting the title, sold in Heber's sale, pt. viii. No. 962, for 3*l.* 5*s.* There is a copy in the Bodleian Library, at Oxford, wanting the title page.

Bound by Kalthoeber. In Russia, with joints and gilt leaves.

Fulwell, (Ulpian.)—The First Parte of the Eyghth liberall Science:—Entituled, Ars adulandi, The Arte of Flatterie, with the confutation therof, both very pleasaunt and profitable, deuised and compiled by Vlpian Fulwell. Newly corrected and augmented.

His diebus non paractis
Nulla fides est impactis
Videto.
Mel in ore, verba lactis,
Fel in corde, fraus in factis,
Caveto.

Who reades a booke rashly
at random doth runne:
Hee goes on his errand,
yet leaues it undone.

4to, blk. lett. Imprinted at London by Richarde Jones, and are to bee solde at his shoppe ouer agaynst Sainct Sepulchers Churche. 1579.

Another extremely rare production of this humorous and clever writer, of which there is little doubt that the first edition was printed by William Hoskins, the publisher of his former work, probably in the preceding year, although no copy of this edition is now known to be in existence. It was a highly popular and successful book, which induced Richard Jones to put forth this (the second) edition in 1579, and it was again reprinted by the same person without date. Mr. Collier is of opinion that a book called *Flatteries Displaie*, licensed to Robert Waldegrave in December, 1580, was the same work under a slightly different title. The Dedication, in prose, "To the Right noble and vertuous Lady, the Lady Mildred Burleigh Wife vnto the right honorable Lorde Treasorer of England," is preceded by a leaf containing "A Dialogue betweene the Author and his Muse, as touching the dedication of this booke," in eleven six-line stanzas, the first two of which are anagrammatic of the lady's name. An address "To the Freendly Reader Ulpian Full Well" succeeds, commencing thus:— "I doubt not at al (gentle Reader) but that I, for my industry in detecting this eyghth liberall Science, shall bee reputed with many *sapientum octavus*, the eyghth wise man: that is as wise as Will Sommer, but I shall contente my selfe with such reputacion, rather chosing to be truthes drudge, then fortunes flattering dearling. And I cannot but greatly lamente, that so many in these dayes doo so adict themselues to the filthy trade of flattery, wherby both Noble men, Gentlemen, and good natured men are abused: and fooles, flatterers, dissemblers and gesters, nose led in impudency, and nowrished by petty theeuery, like the waspe that liueth upon the labour of the paynefull Bee. And although such Waspes will for this my labour doo their endeuour to stinge mee for my paine: yet I will bee so bold with them as to tell thee (gentle Reader) what they are. Such they are as lye at receite for the fruites of other mens desertes. They catch the birdes, for the which other men beate the bush, and such

they are, as with their detestable practice of flattery, withdrawe men from the study of vertue."

After this address follows "A discription of the seuen liberall Sciences, into whose company the eighth hath intruded her selfe," in six-line stanzas, each science occupying a single stanza, from which we select the first three as examples.

Grammar.

If learning may delight thy youthfull brest,
  If tender yeares to skilfull lore bee bent,
Approche to mee, voutchsafe to bee my guest:
  My entertaynement shall thy minde content,
My key in hand shall ope the gate of skill,
My Booke on brest shall teach thy tongue and quill.

Logick.

From *Grammers* Schoole approch to mee with speede
  Where thou maist learne the rule to reason right,
I geue the fruit, though *Grammer* sow the seede:
  In mee thou maist decerne the darke from light.
My fastened fist much matter doth import,
Coucht in few wordes fit for the learned sort.

Rethorick.

When Grammers grace, and Logickes learned lore,
  Hath deckt thy minde, and mended nature well,
My golden study shall yeeld thee such store
  Of flowing wordes and phrases that excell.
Lo here with open hand I do display
The flowing flood of eloquence alway.

At the end of these are four other similar stanzas on the part of the eighth science—"Adulation, or Flatterie." The work itself consists of several dialogues, chiefly in prose, with the exception of the sixth—between Diogenes and Ulpian—which is in verse, of the long or fourteen-syllable metre. The first dialogue is between the author and the printer, in the beginning of which he calls him "my olde fellow and friend W. H.," meaning William Hoskins, the printer of the first edition, and of his former work, *The Flower of Fame*—a proof that Jones was only the publisher of the second edition. In this dialogue the author quotes several old proverbs, mentions his own poverty and threadbare garments, and alludes to Queen Elizabeth, whom he compares to the "godly and vertuous Queene of Saba."

The second dialogue is between the author and Lady Fortune. This is written to shew that there is no getting on in the world without flattery and deceit, and that these only succeed in Lady Fortune's court. The Lady Fortune asking his name, the author replies: "Dear Lady, the first letter of my first name beginneth with this letter V., signifying unfortunate, and my surname is Fulwell, which beinge joyned together is Vnfortunate Fulwell." At the end of this short dialogue are some lines in the Alexandrine measure—"Fulwels farewell vnto dame Fortune." The third is between the author and a friar:

> A Fox or a Frier, who fasting doth meete:
> Presageth yll Fortune to lie at his feete.

This is of some length and exceedingly humorous, and is chiefly directed against hypocrisy under the cloak of religion. The fourth is between the author and Fortunatus:

> If Fortunes grace be perfect hap,
> For worldlinges calle it so:
> Then I at last do bath in bliss,
> That earst was wrapt in wo.

This is aimed against the system of flattering dedications and epistles from authors to their patrons, and concludes with the sentence—"Wherfore, gentle Maister Philodoxus, I bid you adeu, with this Motion, or Caveat: *Respice finem;*" and on the side margin, "All is well that endes well." Mr. Chalmers, in his *Supplemental Apology*, p. 279, is of opinion that Shakespeare might have borrowed the expression in *The Comedy of Errors*, act iv. sc. iv., where Dromio of Ephesus says, "Mistress, *respice finem*—respect your end," from this work of Ulpian Fulwell. It seems to have been a common proverbial expression about that time, sometimes varied into *respice funem.* It has been supposed also that the marginal note may probably have suggested the title of another of Shakespeare's comedies. "The fifth Dialogue betweene Pierce Pickthanke, drunken Dickon, Dame Annat the Ale wife, and the Author," is very entertaining, and contains allusions to dagger ale and hufcap, and old tavern customs and songs, and to the old popular play of *Ralph Roister Doister;* and at the end of a curious and humorous description of "a proper man," Pierce thus declares his uses:—"And now to thy properties, thy use is to counterfaite thy selfe, to bee a mad mery companion, and wilt not blush to place thyselfe

in euery man's company, and taste of euery mans pot. And if thou perceiuest the company to bee delighted with thy iestes, then art thou in thy ruffe, but if they be so wise as to mislike of thy saucines, then thou hast this subtile shifte, with olde drunken Latine, which I haue often times heard thee pronounce

> Potus lusorum meretrices Prespiterorum
> Panis perfesus, cunctorum spectat ad vsus.

Also thou canst prate like a pardoner, and for thy facility in lying, thou art worthy to weare a whetstone in thy hat insteede of a brouch. Lo, now haue I playde the paynter, by drawing thy picture in their right colours.—Dickon: Well, Pierce, let us now leaue our painting, and fall to drinking, for when I have well swild my soule, then am I mete for all companies and a Maister of our art.—Pierce: Thy counsaile is good, wherfore let us tosse the Can to and fro, with Hay iolye Jenkin, I see a knaue a drinking." &c., &c.

The expression of "wearing a whetstone in the hat instead of a broach," as applied to liars, is often found in old writers—the whetstone being the reward, in ancient times, for great liars, who were sometimes exhibited with it fastened to them. See Collier's *Bridgew. Catal.*, p. 331, for a notice of a curious work called *The Whetstone.* It was a common custom to wear brooches in the hat or cap, as we see in many Elizabethan portraits, especially in one of Sir Christopher Hatton; and we imagine the author merely means to say that the person is such a liar he would even wear a whetstone instead of a brooch in the most conspicuous position. Thus Shakespeare, in *Love's Labour Lost*, act v. sc. ii., speaks of a brooch worn in the cap.

With respect to the song of "Hay iolye Jenkin," the reader will find both the words and music to this catch in *Pammelia* (4to, 1609), called there "Jinkin the Jester." There is also a curious notice of it in Harsnet's *Declaration of Impostures* (4to, Lond., 1603, p. 94): "Lustie Jolly Jenkin" by his name should seeme to be foreman of the motley morrice; if I mistake not, he had beene by some old exercist allowed for the master setter of catches, or roundes used to be sung by tinkers as they sit by the fire with a pot of good ale betweene their legges,—Hey, jolly Jenkin, I see a knaue drinking," &c.

"The sixth Dialogue betweene Diogenes and Ulpianus.—Wherein is expressed vnder the person of the Author, the simplicity of such as thinke

the Courte to preferre all that flocke vnto it &c,"—varies from the others in being in fourteen-syllable verse. In this dialogue, which abounds with old saws and proverbs, Diogenes inquires if Ulpianus had not found one faithful friend in the world, to which he replies in the affirmative; and in some epigrammatic lines at the end he covertly expresses the name of his friend Edmvnd Harman. "The seuenth Dialogue is betweene Tom Tapster, Miles Makeshift, Wat Wily, and the Author." This is partly in prose and partly in verse, one of the latter being a long piece, called "Tom Tapsters Lecture." At the end of this is "A short Dialogue betweene the Authour and his booke, wherin is shewed sundry opinions that were vttered of the first Impression of this booke, which the Authour him selfe hearde in Paules Church-yeard, and else where." This is in verse, and the heading forms another proof (if such were wanting) of a former impression of the book having been printed, and that this by Richard Jones is a second edition. The verses conclude with a farewell to his book, or L'envoy, thus:—

Farewell my booke, God bee thy speede
I sende thee forth to walke alone:
In homly stile, a threede bare weede,
For robe of Rethorike I haue none,
My Warderope hath no filed phrase
Wheron fine eyes delight to gase.

Then follows the word "Finis," which renders it probable, as Mr. Collier supposes, that here the first edition by Hoskins terminated, and that the remainder of the book was added to give novelty to this edition by Jones. This is an "eyghth Dialogue betweene Sir Symon the Parson of Poll Iobbam, and the Authour."

Who liues to learne, and learnes to liue
and list to come to thrift,
May see the skil, and finde the way
By my new founded shrift.

In this dialogue Fulwell, as a member of the ancient faith, endeavours to place the character of Sir Simon the Parson in the most odious light he can, and the whole is written in ridicule of the changes which had taken place, as compared with the state of things under the old religion. No doubt many of the benefices at that time, on the withdrawal of the old incumbents, were filled with most illiterate and improper persons; but he

expresses his hopes that these unfit ministers in the Church of Christ were likely to be removed. "God be thanked," says he, "these disorders are like to be refourmed by the prouidence of our Noble Queene and her Honorable counsayle, with the Bishops and Fathers of the Church:— and then shall Sir Simon bee shaked of the presence of Noble men, and men of authority, and true preachers placed in his roome."

Having already, in the former article, given some examples of Fulwell's poetry, we will close our account of the present interesting work with a specimen of his prose, taken from the latter part of the fifth dialogue:— "And now that these drunken drudges, that glory so much in their iniquity are busy in their bibbing, I will play the painters part indifferently for them both, desiringe thee that I may herein use thy Pacience. The one of them, namely Drunken Dickon (under whom I comprehend all maner of Roisters, rakehels, and drunkardes) is a saucye and malaperte varlet, who useth very broad iesting, as wel with men of honour, as with meaner sorte, whom they terme a madde mery knaue. Hee taketh all floutes and bobs in good parte, by meanes wherof hee bobbeth many others. Among the company of lusty swearers, hee will outswere them all. And sumtimes hee will put on the habite of a foole, in which garment hee is receiued in, when wiser and honester men are put backe,— and because hee noteth that wise men take sporte to see fooles in a rage, hee will counterfait himselfe to bee in a mad moode, when hee is nothing at all angry;—he is a common cosoner, and a subtile shifter, the circumstances of which mischeuous practises, I will hereafter note in my second parte; and these are the branches of his Adulation that bringeth forth most bitter fruite, of which kinde of dissemblers, let as many beware, as either feare God, or regarde their owne profite. Now as touchinge the other, (namely) *Pierce Pickthanke* his condicion is to cloake his hollow harte with a holy pretence, and his dissimulation is cheefely in matters of Religion, although in very deede, there is in him no more sincerity than in an Ape. Hee will come sumtimes unto a Bishop, and sometimes to others that hee thinketh to bee zelous in Religion, and hath under his arme a new Testament, or a Psalter, as though his speciall care, and onely study were in the Scriptures, under which pretexte hee beguileth both the wise and the learned. Hee will in their presence temper his talke with such a shew of godlinesse, as though he were rapt up into the thirde Heauen. Hee is a Saint outwardly, and a Diuell inwardly. And hee will seeme to bee greatly greeued in conscience, that papistrie should beare such sway in mens harts, and that such papistes (naming this

man or that) are not straitly seene unto and sharply punished, and will pray God to preserue such good men as they are, unto whom hee talketh, as by whom God's true religion is aduaunced and errour suppressed, &c. With these and the like practises hee winneth fauour and beneuolence among the Protestantes.

"Then he hath an olde Portas, or some such booke in store, and therewith hee commeth unto them that hee knoweth to bee of the olde stampe, and frameth his tale to this effecte.

"A good sir (sayth hee) the great anguish that I beare in my conscience, enforceth mee to seeke for the setlinge and satisfaction of the same at your handes, or some such godly learned man, as I know to bee of upright iudgemente in the Scriptures, the true interpretation wherof hath been wrested and peruerted by the professors of this new Religion. I see and am sory to thinke unto what penury the worlde is brought since the ouerthrowe of Abbies, to the greate impouerishment of this Realme and what a sorte of skipiackes are now crepte into the places of aunciente and graue Fathers, by whom the holy Sacramentes are nothing at all Sacramentally used, contrary to the institucions of the Catholike Church of Rome, our holy Mother. With these and the like wordes, hee is a deepe dissembler in Religion. And also to picke thankes and profit at all mennes handes, hee can frame himselfe to feede all men's humors, so cunning is hee in this filthy *Arte of Flattery*, from which kinde of dissemblers and al others, God sheelde us, and sende us his grace, that wee may embrace the honest and godly retinue of Lady Trueth, and shake of all such flatterers and dissemblers, as haue hitherunto peruerted the natures of men in these our dayes."

Although the author mentions a second part as intended, it does not appear that it was ever published, nor are we aware that Fulwell printed anything after this work. This edition is excessively rare. See Oldys's *Catal. of Pamphlets in the Harl. Libr.*, No. 386; Herbert's *Ames*, vol. ii. p. 1043; Ritson's *Bibliogr. Poet.*, p. 213; and Collier's *Extracts from the Reg. Stat. Comp.*, vol. ii. p. 32 and p. 134. A subsequent edition to this sold at Bindley's sale for 24*l.* 4*s.* 6*d.*; and at Heber's sale, part iv. No. 757, for 4*l.* 4*s.* The present copy belonged to Dr. Farmer, and afterwards to Mr. George Chalmers, at whose sale in 1841, pt. i. No. 1739, it produced 17*l.* It is in rather tender condition, and has the title repaired, wanting a piece in the centre. We know of no other copies of either edition.

Half-bound in Calf.

FULWOOD, (WILLIAM.)—The Enemie of Idlenesse. Teaching a perfect platforme how to indite Epistles and Letters of all sortes: as well by answere as otherwise, no lesse profitable than pleasant. The whole deuided into foure Books, now newly published and augmented by W. F. The Contentes appeare in the Table at the latter end thereof.

This booke by practise of the pen
And iudgement of the wise
Stands Enemie to Idlenesse
And friend to exercise.

Sm. 8vo, blk. lett. Imprinted at London by Richard Broadocke. Anno 1598.

With the exception of the Epistle Dedicatorie, three other stanzas, and thirteen pages at the end containing seven metrical love epistles, the whole of this curious and once popular volume is in prose. The earliest notice we have of it is in 1567, in which year it was licensed to Leonard Maylard. It was printed in 1568 by Henry Bynneman, dwelling in Knight rider strete at the signe of the Mermaide, for Leonard Maylard, 8vo; and again in 1571, 8vo, by T. East and H. Myddleton, for Augustine Laughton. The latter person received it from L. Maylard, and afterwards sold it to Henry Myddleton. It was again printed by the latter in 1578, 8vo; and in 1586, 8vo; in 1589, 8vo, by Richard Bradocke, and again by the same printer in 1591, 1593, and 1598; in 1621, 8vo, by Edwd. Allde, for John Tap, dwelling at St. Magnus Corner; and probably by others also, not now known, the work having been exceedingly popular. It has a metrical dedication "To the right worshipful and vertuous Master Anthonie Radcliffe, Master of the worshipfull companie of the Merchant Tailors of London, and other the Wardens and Commonality of the same": written in Alexandrine verse, in the opening of which the author thus alludes to some of the leading versifiers of his own day:

Who couets craggy rock to clime of high *Pernassus* hil
Or of the happy *Helicō*, to drawe and drinke his fill:
Let him the worthy works surview of *Phare* that famous wight
Or happy phrase of *Heywoods* verse, or *Turberviles* aright,
Or *Googe*, or *Goldiny*, *Gascoine* else, or *Churchyard*, *Whetstone*, *Twyne*:
Or twentie worthy writers moe, that drawe by learned line

Whose painful pen hath wel procurd ech one his proper phrase
Whose right renowne aboue the skies triūphant fame shal raise
And hast him hence.—No such thing here thats worthy scarse the view
Saue onely how to learne t'indite a Letter, this is true.
Appelles painted peece pact hence, so is *Pigmalions* skill,
No curious cunning coucheth here fine fancies to fulfil.
Here rests a plain unpolisht work wherat grosse heads may grope
And find therin some needful thing for their behoofe (I hope):
Who thus doth think, he surely shal haue that he thinks to find
A worke that may right well (I trust) content th' indifferet mind.

After the Dedication is a prose address "To the reasonable Reader," explaining the design of the work; and then three stanzas of six lines each, "The booke to the lookers on." The work is divided into four books, the first and longest extending to p. 152, the second to p. 182, the third to p. 231, and the fourth to p. 244 inclusive. In the first of these, after explaining of an epistle or letter, the address, superscription, language, and other matters, the author remarks, "Who will more circumspectly and narrowly intreat of such matters, let them reade Master *Wilsons Rhetorike*, or Maister *Reynoldes*." The former work is "*The Arte Rhetorike* for the use of all suche as are studious of Eloquence, sette forthe in Englishe by Thomas Wilson," 4to, London, 1553; and considered by Warton as the first book or system of criticism in our language by one of the most accomplished scholars of his time. The other by Reynolds is entitled "*A Booke called the Foundacion of Rhetorike*, &c., made by Richard Rainolde Maister of Arte of the Vniuersitie of Cambridge," 4to, London, 1563.

Fulwood then thus proceeds: "Moreouer there be sundry other sortes of Epistles and letters, for some are Theologicall or diuine, as bee the Epistles of *Plato*, of *Denis*, and of the Apostle *S. Paule*, *S. Peter*, *S. James*, and *S. John*; other some are of manners and vertues, as those of *S. Augustine*, *S. Hierome*, *S. Ambrose*, *Seneca*, *Cyprian*; and other some are of great importance, as of peace, warre, and gouernment; other some of newes; other, of recommendations; other, of admonition; other, of love, as be those of *Ouid* and of *Propertius*; other, of domesticall familiaritie; and other some are pleasant and ioyfull. But in this little volume wee will onely intreat of the most vsuall, and of some diffusedly, and the ouerplus shall remaine to the imagination of gentle mindes, who by the skill of their penne, were able to repaire the whole ruine of Rhetorike, if there should happen any destruction or detriment.

"Euery Epistle is either of Doctrine, of Mirth, or of Gravitie. The

Epistle of doctrine is that, wherein is expressed all good and euill things to them that bee absent. That of mirth is, which by pleasant song, and familiar language, is made either to comfort, to reioyce, or to get the good will and beneuolence of them whome wee write vnto. And that of grauitie is, when the matter is morall or ciuill, &c. And all these three sortes doe tende to their proper endes. For whosoeuer writeth of doctrine, ought to haue regarde to this ende, to profit and instruct them vnto whom he writeth. He that writes of mirth, must tende to recreation and pastime, vsing ioyfull and mery language pleasaunt speach and iests. He that intreateth of grauitie, must haue respect to honour and profite."

As a specimen of the style of the author's epistles, we select an example of an epistle of mirth, which will tend to remind the reader of the celebrated horn of the worthy Baron Munchausen.

"Example of an Epistle of Mirth."

An epistle or letter of mirth must be indited with pleasant language, as to say thus: — "For newes in these quarters you shall understande, that one of our neighbours is lately returned from Turkie, and hath tolde me for a certaintie, that the great Turke doth altogether wallowe in worldly pleasures, wherein he setteth his whole felicitie. And amongst other his pastimes, he delighteth in singing and musicians, whome at the beginning of Winter he sendeth into a certaine countrie so colde, that there voices and tunes as soone as they are out of their mouthes doe continually remaine altogether frosen untill such time that the Winter bee past; and when the spring time approcheth, then this great Turke accompanied with the Ladies and Damsels of the Countrie, causeth sundry great feasts and bankets to be made, remaining there till the Sunne waxe warme. And then begin the voices and tunes of the yeare to unfrese and thawe, resounding very melodiously in the aire throughout the whole countrie," &c.

At the end of the fourth book are the seven metrical love epistles in verse, each having a couplet prefixed for a title. In the earlier editions of the work, there were only six of these, the headings of which are given seriatim in *Cens. Liter.*, vol. x, p. 4; and in Collier's *Extr. Reg. Stat. Comp.*, vol. i, p. 62. The second in the present edition, not in the others, is thus headed: —

> One writes in ernest, or in iest
> As then shall lyke his Ladye best.

It contains a warm and minute description of the charms of Venus. We

rather prefer to present our readers with a portion of the third, which is thus introduced: —

A louer pearst with Cupids bowe
Thinkes long till he be rid from woe.

When sturdie stormes and whirling winds
the waters wan do tosse,
The seely ship is troubled sore
in danger of his losse.
So in like case, when Cupid hath
with dinting dart in hand
Pierst through the hearts of louers true
as all agast they stand,
Before his Godhead forced streight
downe for to fall and yeeld:
No strugling strength may him withstand,
no buckler nor no shield.
This Cupid he, this cruel God,
with fiery flaming dart,
Hath wounded me in euery vaine,
and chiefly at the heart,
There doth the sting abide and stay,
there doth the shaft remaine:
All remedie is past I know,
to ease me of this paine:
Except that thou to whome I write
some comfort to me showe:
For thou art onely shee that may
release me of this woe.

At the close of the verse part is "A Table of the principall matters contained in this Booke," with which the volume concludes.

It is not improbable that Fulwood, who calls himself a merchant, was educated at Merchant Taylors' School in London, under that eminent and distinguished scholar Richard Mulcaster, the first master of the school, and afterwards head of St. Paul's School. Fulwood was a member of the Merchant Taylors' Company, and was the writer of some ballads, and of a translation into English from the Latin of William Gratarol of a work called *The Castle of Memorie*, 8vo, London, 1562, with some verses at the beginning and end; a copy of which is in the British Museum. Of the exact time and place of his death we have no record. He is thus mentioned by Richard Robinson in his rare poem of the "Rewarde of Wickednesse," 4to, blk. lett., London, 1574.

Let Studley, Hake, or *Fulwood* take
That *William* hath to name,
This piece of worke in hande, that bee
More fitter for the same.

A copy of the edition of 1621 is priced in the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, No. 914, at 2*l.* 5*s.* Consult further, Warton's *Hist. Eng. Poet.*, vol. iv, p. 168; *Cens. Liter.*, vol. x, p. 4; Collier's extracts from the *Reg. Stat. Comp.*, vol. i, pp. 62, 157; and Chalmers' *Apology*, vol. i, p. 183.

Collation: Title A 1; Sig. A 4, B to R 8 inclusive, in eights. The present copy belenged successively to Herbert, T. Park, Bayntun, and to

Bound in Mottled Calf, extra.

G. (H.)—The Mirrour of Maiestie:—or, The Badges of Honour conceitedly emblazoned: with Emblemes annexed, poetically vnfolded.

Nec his Plebecula gaudet.

pp. 70. 4to. London. Printed by W. J. 1618.

The present volume may unquestionably be considered the rarest of the whole series of English books of emblems, only two copies of it being known to exist—this, which is perfect; and another, which was successively in the White Knights, Perry, and Heber collections, which had the title reprinted, with the date altered to 1619. The title is succeeded by a short metrical dedication of six lines, "To those Noble Personages raucked in the Catalogue," signed "H. G.," one leaf; and by "A Catalogue of those Names vnto whom this work is appropriated," on another leaf. The number of the emblems is thirty-two; each being appropriated to the king, queen, some great officer of state, or other nobleman of the time, including some of the bishops and judges. They have each their coat of arms on the one side of the page, and the emblem, with a motto, in an oval, on the other, accompanied with verses underneath. The engravings are on wood, in which there is considerable merit, both in design and execution. This very fine copy formerly belonged to the late Edmund Lodge, Esq., Clarenceux King-at-Arms, and is particularly noticed by him in the memoir of Henry, Earl of Southampton, the celebrated patron of Shakespeare, in the *Illustrated Portraits*, where he has quoted the metrical lines which accompany the arms of that distinguished nobleman, and also the com-

plimentary verses appended to the emblem thereon. We now select two of the emblems, with the coats of arms to each, and the verses subjoined, as specimens, both of the style of art displayed in the woodcuts, and of the moral strain which pervades each of the descriptions. The first is addressed

To the Earle of Mountgomery.

The *Crescent* to a second House belongs:
The Golden *Crescent* (worth a poets songs)
Well appertains vnto thy *House* and *thee*,
Thou Arch-supporter of *Mountgomery*.
For not the vap'rous breath of bad report
Can cloud the splendour thou deserv'st in court;
But as in gold no rust can finde a place,
So hath thy *Crescent* no enforc'd disgrace.

Embleme 18.

As busie Bees vnto their hiue doe swarme,
So do's th' attractiue power of *Musicke* charme
All *Eares* with silent rapture: nay, it can
Wilde *Reason* re-contract, diuorc'd from man.
Birds in their warblings imitate the *Spheares*,
This sings the *Treble*, that the *Tenour* heares;
Beasts haue, with listning to a shepheards lay,
Forgot to feed, and so haue pin'd away;
Brookes that creepe through each flow'r-befretted field,
In their harmonious murmurs musicke yeald;
Yea, senselesse *stones*, at the old *Poets* song,
Themselues in *heapes* did so together throng,
That to high beauteous structures they did swell
Without the helpe of *hand*, or vse of *skill*.
This *Harmony* in t'humane *Fabricke* steales,
And is the sinewes of all Common-weales.
In you this *Concord's* so diuinely placed,
That *it* by *you*, not *you* by *it*, is graced.

To the Lord Wotton.

Setled afflictions may be well express't
Vnder this forme of *Crosses*, which men blest
Haue still indur'd to proue their patience:
But I would rather in another sence
Haue this appli'de to such a man, whose vowes
Haue fixt him to the faith Christs Church allows:
And such a man (scorning vngrounded wrongs)
Are you, to whom this fixed *Crosse* belongs.

Embleme 28.

Th' ascending path that vp to wisedome leades
Is rough, vneuen, steepe: and he that treades
Therein must many a tedious danger meet
That, or trips vp, or clogs his wearied feet:
Yet led by *Labour*, and a quicke *Desire*
Of fairest *Ends* scrambles, and clambers higher
Then *Common reach:* still catching to holde fast
On strong'st *Occasion*, till he come at last
Vp to *Her* gate, where *Learning* keepes the key,
And lets him in, *Her* best things to suruay.
There he vnkend (though to himselfe best knowne)
Takes rest, till Time presents him with a crowne:
In quest of this rich prize, your toyle's thus graced—
Euer to be in Times best Border placed.

The author of this extremely rare volume is unknown, and it is highly probable that the work was not printed for general sale, but presented only to those royal and noble personages whom it was intended to commemorate, a circumstance which may in some degree account for its rarity. We have already stated that the only other impression of it which is known was in the White Knights Library (celebrated for its collection of books of emblems), where it sold, pt. ii. No. 2924, for 18*l.* It was resold in Perry's sale, pt. ii. No. 1181, for 17*l.* 17*s.*; and again in Heber's collection, pt. iv. No. 759, for 7*l.* 10*s.* The title to that copy was reprinted, and the imprint was different from the present,* independently of the date being altered to 1619. The present copy brought 13*l.* 10*s.* at Mr. Lodge's sale, in 1839.

Half-bound in Blue Morocco.

GAINSFORD, (THOMAS.)—The Vision and Discourse of Henry the seuenth. Concerning the Unitie of Great Brittaine. Diuided into foure Chapters. I. Containing an Introduction. II. Inducements to Vnitie. III. The policy, deceit, and mischieuous spite of the vnderminers hereof. IV. The danger of Diuision. Related by T. G.

Seneca ad Nouatum. lib. I. de ira.

Beneficiis humana vita constat, et concordia, nec terrore, sed amore mutuo in fœdus, auxiliumq commune constringitur.

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* Printed by William Jones, dwelling in Red Crosse strecte. 1619.

4to. At London, printed by G. Eld, for Henry Fetherstone, and are to be sold at the signe of the Rose in Paules Church-yard. 1610.

Of this singular poem, supposed to be written by Thomas Gainsford, the author of *The Historie of Trebizonde*, 4to, 1616, *The Glory of England*, 4to, 1619, and other works, only one other copy is known to exist, which is in the Library of Lord Ellesmere, and has been described by Mr. Collier in the *Bridgew. Cata.*, p. 124. It is not in the Bodleian Library, nor in the British Museum, and with the single exception of Mr. Collier's notice, we do not find it mentioned by any bibliographer.

The poem is preceded by a prose address "To the truly religious and resolute Gentlemen of England, louing their country and the truth therein professed," in which the author states his reasons for writing this poem. "First, the variety of floting humors generally discontented; secondly, the diligence of Romish Pirats to surprise them; thirdly, the drousie security of these dangerous times; lastly, the unseasonable curiosity of Sectaries, which (like *Archimedes*) seriously busie themselues in drawing circles whilst their country is in danger." He then pays a compliment to Iames I. then on the throne, and alludes to the endeavours made by Henry VII. to promote unity, "the chiefest bond of peace and happinesse." "Neuer," says he, "did England enioy a King more iudicious in matters of Diuinitie then now it doth. Neither was there euer a more happy proiector of the Vnion and Vnitie of these kingdomes then *Henry* the seaventh, by giuing his eldest daughter, the Lady *Margaret*, in marriage to *Iames* the 4, King of *Scotland*. The one maintaines the truth with his own pen beyond the performance of any christian King: the other perswades vnitie in the truth by another's report." And speaking of his manner of writing in verse, he alludes to "the incomparable *Salust*, Lord of *Bartasse*, who hath of late so aduanced poetry by his graue, maiesticall, and pleasing verse, that he can neither feare the scorne of verse in generall, nor the obiection in particular of the unfitnesse therof for this subiect, being in his nature nothing so deepe as that diuine subiect of *du Bartasse*, his poem." He concludes by saying that "although the number of balladmongers and frothy poems strained for gaine to please the vulgar, may seeme to impaire the reputation of the auncient *Vates*, yet there is no question, but that perspicuous verse well couched, comprising much matter in a narrow roome, full of historie, naturall allegories, fit similes, and materiall observations, shall alwayes winne respect in the most wayward and new-fangled age."

The accession of James I. to the united crowns of England and Scotland through the marriage of Margaret, daughter of Henry VII., with James IV. of Scotland, took place in 1603; and the object of the poem, which is somewhat tediously spun out and extended, seems to be to inculcate the necessity of unity in the minds of all classes throughout the kingdom. This is done under the form of a Vision, in which Henry VII., with his wife Elizabeth, the daughter of Edward IV., appear to James I., and are thus described:

Methought I saw the person of a King,
Whom winged Cherubims to th' earth did bring.

His spangled mantle was of Azure hue,
With stars like heau'ns bestudded euery where;
Which did foreshew true wisdoms clearest view;
Of all those Kings which did the scepter beare.
His crowne was gold, whose spires aloft were seene,
And by his side there stood his louely *Queene.

Their left hands held the Roses white and red,
In whose defence were foure score Princes slaine;
Like Cadmus seed their bloud each other shed,
Till these by marriage were made one of twaine:
And afterward such peace there did insue,
That never since *Mars* could those broyles renew.

In their right hands they held a scutchin faire,
Wherein the picture of a †King was drawne,
Which makes his forraine enemies despaire:
And for truths life, his owne deare life doth pawne.
Who still with danger doth himselfe oppose,
Against his Churches, and his countries foes.

The virtues and greatness of Queen Elizabeth, whose glorious reign had then so lately terminated, were not likely to be passed ever, and are thus recorded:

Yet must I not forget *Elisa's* name,
The quintessence of all the female sex:
Whose vertues did extoll her worthy fame
Aboue her proudest foes which did her vex:
Who often did attempt her life to spill,
Yet had not powre so good a Prince to kil.

---

* Elizabeth the daughter of Edward the 4. † K. James.

Like *Debora* she did the truth maintaine,
No Prince atchiev'd more warlike acts then shee,
No Prince so many languages did gaine,
Who forreiners interpreter could be.
Her dauntlesse spirit made the stoutest feare,
Yet to the poorest shee inclin'd her eare.

Her court was royall, yet she did not grieue
Her subiect hearts with heauy tax, nor tolls,
Distressed states shee alwayes did releeue,
Whose Chronicles her great exployts inrouls.
Meane while all England thriu'd and prospred well,
And now her blisse no earthly tongue can tell.

The reasons given as "Inducements to Vnitie" in the second chapter are: 1. From the Trinity; 2. From the Heavens; 3. From the Elements; 4. From Man; 5. The disuniting practise of Sathan; 6. The body of Man; and 7. From the experience of Nations. These are all treated of at length in separate sections. Chap. III. "The policie, deceit, and spite of the underminers of Britaines Vnitie," which occupies twenty-five pages, is entirely devoted to a bitter attack on the Romanists, Jesuits, and other Schismatics,—and scarcely five years having elapsed since the Papist Conspiracy had been discovered, the Author enters largely upon that subject,—and inveighs severely against the adherents of Rome. He concludes with a panegyric on James I., from which we extract a portion that may serve as a further specimen of Gainsford's production:

But *Iames* whose skill, whose will, and zeale agree
To winne the world vnto one Veritie:
In whome his foes no staine of honour see,
To wrong himselfe or his posteritie:
He stops the mouths of all the *Stoicke* traine,
That they of nought but trifles can complaine.

In euery kind of knowledge he excels,
In *Christian* vertues euery *Christian* king,
His warie foresight wisedome's strength foretels,
Which tel-truth Time one day to light will bring:
His wisedome shall appeare by his great deeds
Whereof as yet he hath but sowne the seeds.

He first must string and tune his *Britanie*,
Before he can his pleasing musicke make,

Hee'le mend each craze, the strings and stops hee'le trie,
Before he will performance vndertake:
Each practiser in this eare-pleasing Art,
Will first thus do before hee'le play his part.

The *Clergie* he alreadie well hath tuned
And with great care the false strings hath remooued:
Which would haue made the consort seeme vntuned,
And to the skilfull eare would harsh haue prooued:
This makes his wisedome and his zeale appeare,
To stop extremities in their career.

Both *Romists* and the *Schismatickes* are bold
To countermaund the actions of their kings:
All Princes power by these are still control'd
Yet must they raise themselues with Princes wings
One on the *Popes* supremacie doth stand
The other like *Diogenes* commaund.

'Twixt *Sylla* and *Charibdis*, *Iames* hath pass'd,
The King of kings his skill and helme hath guided:
Vnto the golden meane hee's linked fast;
His Church and He shall neuer be diuided:
From these the coole Etesiœ shall blow,
To swage the fumes which shall from malice grow.

For though this little world haue many foes
In forraine parts, and in this center here;
Yet with the proudest, constant Truth shall close,
And keepe the list when they dare not appeare:
My *Iames* and His haue happily begun,
And shall in time *Romes* champions ouerrunne.

Let *Spaine* her proude imperious Church maintaine,
And with that plea excuse inflicted wrongs:
Let *Belgia*, *Fraunce*, and *Germanie* refraine
That Vnitie which vnto peace belongs:
Let these their many-headed Sects commend,
Let *Britaine* still for *Vnitie* contend.

Let euery voice, which mooues this westerne ayre,
Extoll his vertue which thus farre hath gone:
The Church of due regard shall not despaire,
Whilst He or His this throne shall sit vpon:
Then for my *Iames* shall warie wisedome plead,
Beyond those kings which th' infant Church did lead.

The fourth chapter on "The danger of Diuision" exemplifies this fact from "The ouer-throw of the Iewes" and from "The decay of the Romane Empire," and after tracing the divisions in this our Isle from the earliest period,

> By Brutus fault which did diuide the same,

through the Roman, Saxon, Danish, and Norman times, to the union of Henry the Seventh with Elizabeth of York,

> Which marriage vnto *England* did procure
> Long peace, good gouernment, riches, and renowne,

the Poem concludes, and the ghost of Henry vanishes into thin air.

We know nothing more of Gainsford beyond his being a publisher of several works or tales in poetry and prose, some of which are now become very scarce.

Collation: Sig. A two leaves, B to K in fours.

Fine copy. Bound by Bedford.
In Red Morocco, gilt leaves.

GALLANT.—Here begynneth a treatyse of a galaūt.

pp. 8. 4to, blk. lett. [Colophon.] Here endeth this treatyse made of a galaunt.

Enprynted at London in the Flete strete at the sygne of the sonne by Wynkyn de Worde. n. d.

Mr. Haslewood was the first person that noticed this very rare and singular poetical tract of four leaves, having been the fortunate discoverer of a portion of it, containing the first and last leaves, "pasted within the fly leaf on the oak board binding of an imperfect volume of *Pynson's Statutes*, purchased from the Nash Court collection," a description of which appeared, with very copious extracts, from the pen of that gentleman, in the *Cens. Liter.*, vol. i, p. 62, second edition, and from thence was transferred by Dr. Dibdin into the *Typog. Antiq.*, vol. ii, p. 374, in his account of the productions of the press of Wynkyn de Worde. The title is upon a riband, and the initial letter R underneath, with which the poem commences, is accidentally reversed. It contains thirty-two seven-line stanzas, and is a severe declamation against pride and vanity of dress, and other vices and fopperies of the age, as imitated from the French and

other foreigners, each verse being made to end with nearly the same burden. The following stanzas are taken from a part of the poem not quoted by Mr. Haslewood in the *Cens. Liter.*, in which the author's love of alliteration is profusely shewn :

O thou gaye galaunte by thyn vnthryfty name
With gabbynge and glosynge getest that thou hast
Gyle was thy fader, and Jalousye thy dame
In gettynge, in Janglynge thy dayes ben past
For all thy glorious goynge, aege gnaweth fast
Thy glased lyfe and glotony, be glewed so in fere
That englonde may wayle that euer it came here.

Appetytes of auaryce, be to them so amerous
Ambusyon and arrogaunce ben of one affynyte
Auenture and angre ben aye so debatous
Feynynge estate of counterfet anctoryte
Adulacyon of auenture, mayst thou not auaunt the
As a lyer in goodnes in thyn araye doost appere
Englonde may wayle that euer it came nere.

For all thy loude lechery, thou lepest so fast aboute
That good love and lawe ben almoost lorne
Of lust and lykynge ledest thou suche a route
That laches and lechery haue clennes to torne
Thou laboureth to lose, that thy frendes gate to forne
For lewednes and lechery ben so ledde in fere
Englonde may wayle that euer it came here.

Abhomynable accydyo accuseth all our nacyon
Our aungelyke abstynence is nowe refused
Ferthermore of Antacryste this newe dessymulacyon
Alas that suche sorowe amonge vs is used
Our auaryce and hatered haue vs so accused
That dyuerse aduersytees sueth vs yere by yere
Englonde may wayle that euer it came here.

For our wastynge wretchednes y^{t} hath waded so depe
In our wanton werynge of clothes to torne
To wyldnes and wrathe the world taketh moost kepe
For in wastynge and vanyte, men reken not what is lorne
For wyfe and for women, for ware the horne
That vertuous virgynyte is deed and layde on bere
Englonde may wayle that euer it came here.

The noble course of nature nycete hath deuoured
For nede, nedeth be so it causeth our desolacyon

So hathe these newe fangles our welthe obscured
That neclygence nourysseth necessyte to our confusyon
This causeth our galauntes by theyr nacyon
Neuer thryfte and tryfles, noye euer vs so nere
Englonde may wayle that euer it came here.

For trygetours and tryflours that tauernes haunte
Haue trouth and temporaunce troden vnder foote
Talewes and talkynge and drynkynge ataunte
As tyrauntes and tractours, toyllous in moote
Tyll they be tryed out is there no boote
And trysed to baratrum, tossed in fere
Englonde shall wayle that euer it came here.

O galaunt vpon galaunt, and o thou galaunt gaye
And thou ruskyn galaunt that pouerte dooth menace
For all thy warrocked hoode and thy proude araye
And thy parrocked pouche that thou so fast doost brace
Thou besyest the to counterfet Lucyfers trace
&c. &c. &c. &c.

The present copy has the four leaves, and is presumed to be *unique* in this state. Dr. Dibdin, in noticing some of the κειμηλια in the Library of the late Sir Francis Freeling, Bart., in his *Literary Reminiscences*, p. 921, alludes to the extreme rarity of this poem, and adds that it is "worth what you will per leaf." This is the copy, and at the sale of Sir Francis's collection passed into that of the late Mr. Jolley, on whose death it was again sold, pt. iii, No. 8. Mr. Heber's copy, which was supposed to be the only one known, had the first and last leaves only, and was the one found by Mr. Haslewood. It is now in the British Museum. See *Bibl. Heber.*, pt. iv, No. 761. See also Dibdin's *Libr. Comp.*, vol. ii, pt. 255.

Bound by Lewis, in Purple Morocco, gilt leaves.

GARLANDS.—The Loyal Garland, or a Choice Collection of Songs highly in request, and much esteemed in the past and present Times. Made by divers Ingenious Persons, on sundry Occasions for the sake of Merryment. And sung with great Applause as being the Flower of Collection and Rarity. The Fifth Edition with Additions.

Licensed August the 18th, 1686. R. P.

Fear God, Honour the King.—1 *Pet.* ii. 17.
My son, fear thou the LORD and the King: and meddle not with them that are given to change.—*Prov.* xxiv. 21.

Sm. 8vo, blk. lett. London Printed by J. R. for Joh [imperfect] on the middle of London Bridge. 1686.

Few works were more popular among all classes of society than the Ballads and Collections of Songs under the title of *Garlands*, published during the seventeenth century. Not only every event and circumstance that occurred was thrown into the form of a ballad, but the mind was relieved by pouring out every burning passion and deep-felt sentiment into a song or a sonnet. And among the large number of Garlands still extant, hardly any is of greater rarity than the little volume whose title is before us. Only three copies are known of this Garland, and one of these, preserved in the Douce Collection at Oxford, is imperfect. A second was formerly in Sir Francis Freeling's library, and at his sale, No. 518, produced 4*l.* 6*s.*, and was afterwards purchased by Mr. Halliwell in Pigott's sale in 1847, for 4*l.* 10*s.* The third and present one came from Mr. Utterson's collection. From the second of these a reprint was made by Mr. Halliwell for the members of the Percy Society in 1850, No. 89, in the title page of which it is stated that it is "reprinted from a black letter copy supposed to be unique."

The texts of Scripture on the title are within a wreath, on one side of which is the portrait of Charles II., with the initials C. R., and on the other that of General Monk, with the letters G. M. and the royal crown at the top. After the title is "A Table of the Sonnets contained in this Book," from whence we find that the number of songs in all is eighty-three, of which seventy-two are reprinted by Mr. Halliwell, the rest being omitted *causa pudoris*. Several of the songs are to be found repeated in other similar collections, and we shall content ourselves with culling only two of them as samples of these old popular favourites:

The Lovers Complaint.

Tell me ye wandring spirits of the air
Did you e're see a Nymph more bright, more fair
Than beauties darling, and her parts most sweet
Then stole content;—if such a one you meet
Wait on her early whereso e're she flies
And cry, and cry, *Amyntas* for her absence dyes.

But stay a while.—I have informed you ill,
Were she on earth, she had been with me still:
Fly, fly to Heaven, examine every Sphere,
And see what Star is lately fixed there;
If any brighter than the Sun you see,
Fall down, fall down, and worship, that is she.

Go search the valleys, pluck up every Rose,
And you shall find a scent of her in those
Go fish for Pearl-coral, there you shall see
How oriental all her colours be:
Then call the Eccho to your aid and cry
Chloris, Chloris, assist, or else I dye.

Loves Extasie.

Now I confess I am in Love,
Although I thought I never should,
But 'tis with one sent from above
Whom Nature fram'd of finer mold
So good, so rare, so all divine,
I'd quit the world to make her mine.

Haye you not seen the Stars retreat
When *Sol* salutes the Hemisphere,
So shrinks the Beauties called great
When sweet *Rosella* doth appear:
Were she as other Women are
I should not court her with despair.

But I could never bear a mind
Willing to stoop to common faces
Nor confidence enough could find
To aim at one so full of graces,
Fortune and Nature did agree,
No woman should be fit for me.

Among other songs in this collection are: "Tell me no more how fair she is," by Bp. King; "Gather your rose-buds whilst you may;" "The merry Christ Church bells;" and other well-known compositions. Thomas Deleney may have been the collector and editor of this Garland, now become so rare. Beloe, who supposed Sir Francis Freeling's copy to be unique, has given copious extracts from it in his *Lit. Anecd.*, vol. vi, p. 90. See also *Bibl. Ang. Poet*, No. 431.

Bound in Russia, gilt leaves.

GARLANDS.—A Smale Garland of Pious and Godly Songs, composed by a devout man, for the Solace of his Friends and Neighbours in their afflictions.

The sweet and the sower
The nettle and the flower
The Thorne and the Rose
This Garland compose.

Sm. 8vo. Printed in Gant. 1684.

On the reverse of the title is this short address, in prose, from "The Printer to the Author of this little Volume:" "Worthy Sr Its noe crime to collect other men's workes, to make the use of them for which they were intended, but to commit them to the press without the Author's leave, is a fault I beg your pardon for, and am in hopes you will not deny it me, in regard I have noe other int'rest in't, but to disperce those pious Lines full of goodness amongst my poore countreymen, who have now little consolation left, but what they have from you. I pray God to requite you with a long life, and more content, than these times can afford you. I am Sr Your most humble Serv. N. N."

This is a collection of religious songs, carols, and other poems, written by a Roman Catholic about the period of the discovery of the celebrated Popish Plot in the reign of Charles II. and the banishment and imprisonment in consequence of many of the Romish priests, who were suspected of the design of intending to introduce the Roman Catholic religion. They are appropriated to be sung to the tunes of several popular and well-known old ballads: "Bonny brooe;" "What time the groves were clad in greene;" "Patrick Fleming;" "Alas! I cannot keep my sheep;" "The Dump;" "Neen Major Neale;" "I doe not love, cause thou art faire;" "Fortune my foe;" "The skilfull doctor;" "Farewell faire Armedia;" "Ishabeal a Boorke;" &c. From the circumstance of several of these airs being Irish, it seems very probable that the author was a native of that country, and that they were written at a time when he had been suffering in the cause of his religion, and had been driven abroad from Ireland. But although said to be "printed in Gant," the volume was more likely printed secretly in London, the opposition to the Roman Catholics at that time running very high.

We present our readers with a small portion of a song on St. Magdalen, to the tune of "What time the groves were clad in green," &c.

VIII.

The full faire Eyes of Magdalen
  Like heavenly spheares do turn
And from their crystall globes are seen
  Swift showers of pearls to run:
Like watry diamond drops they fall
  And falling ne're take rest;
Sweet Jewells to adorn withall
  Her careless naked brest.

If that her Lord be but content
  Those gemms and pearles to see,
Her weeping till her Eyes are spent
  Will to her pleasant be:
She doth esteem no greater bliss
  No Joy to be more sweet
Then with her tears to wash and kiss
  To wipe and dry his feet

With love and feare she did draw near
  Not willing to be seen;
She wash'd his feet most pure and clear,
  And he her soul made clean;
Unworthy for to raise her head
  Down at his feet she lies;
Whose precepts she did often tread
  And holy laws despise.

With silent pensive heart she feels
  The conscience stings of sin;
In humble posture downe she kneels
  Her penance to begin:
Her heart with sorrows all opprest,
  Her sins she doth repent;
With teares is written on her brest
  The name of Penitent.

Among the other poems are some addressed "To the poore distressed Gentry cast out of their Estates;" "On Christmas day the yeare 1678, when the Clergie were banish'd in the time of the Plot;" "The lamentation of the Schollers presented to their Master S. G. at the dissolving of the schooles in Ross;" "The answer of a letter to S. G. in the time of the Plot;" &c. The poem on Christmas Day ends with these verses:

But good old times are past
And new bad times are come
And worser times make haste
And hasten to us soone
Therefore in frights and feares
Those holy-dayes we pass
In sorrow and in teares
We spend our Christmass.

Some news each poste doth bring
Of Iesuites and their plots
Against our sacred King
Discovered first by Oates
Such plotters we may curse
Will bell and booke at masse

G[ARTER], (B[ERNARD].) — A New yeares Gifte, dedicated to the Popes Holinesse, and all Catholikes addicted to the Sea of Rome: preferred the first day of Ianuarie, in the yeare of our Lorde God, after the course and computation of the Romanists, one thousand, fiue hundreth, seauentie and nine, by B. G. Citizen of London. In recompence of diuers singular and inestimable Reliques, of late sent by the Popes Holinesse into England, the true figures and representations whereof, are heereafter in their places dilated.

Iacob iiii.

Vnus enim est Legislator and Iudex, qui potest perdere et liberare.
Iura dat Vnus, oues cuius clementia sparsas
Colligit, and miserum discipat ira gregem.

At London, Printed by Henry Bynneman. Anno Domini 1579. 4to, blk. lett. pp. 104.

It is not altogether certain to whom the initials B. G. in the title-page to this exceedingly rare and curious volume apply, whether to Bernard Garter who wrote "the tragical history of two English Lovers," printed by Tottell in 1563, or to Barnabe Googe, or to some other person with the same initials who was "a citizen of London." Ritson has assigned it, on the

strength of the initials only, to Barnabe Googe. But the generality of critics are disposed to ascribe it to Bernard Garter, a well known poet of that time, because in 1565 there was licensed to Alexander Lacy the printing of "A New yeres Geyfte made by Bernard Garter." What this work was, or whether it was the same with the present volume, with certain alterations and adaptations, we have no means of knowing, no copy of the former work being now, it is believed, in existence. But there is little doubt that it was written by Garter. It is a most singular and extraordinary medley in prose and verse, and directed in a violent and bitter spirit against the Roman Catholics.

The title is followed by thirty-four lines in long heroic measure of fourteen feet, "Ad Archipapistam"; by a list of "The Contentes of the Booke"; and by "A Preface" to the Reader, from which it appears that the Booke or Letter addressed to Cardinal Pole was written in 1537 — and was now reprinted — and that the author had collected these tracts together to disprove the supremacy of the Pope in this country. It is subscribed by the Greek initials, ω. ā., and is succeeded by a sonnet headed "The Argument of the foresayde Booke or Letter commended unto thee," which we subjoin:

Th' aspiring mind causd *Reynold Poole* to swarue
And to become a Traytor to the King;
Troth tryes it out, and law and iustice bring
Vnto his mates such death as they deserue:
He quakes for feare, and through the Seas doth carue
To *Rome*, and there is by the holy *Pope*
Made Cardnall, and obteynes a larger scope.
With might and mayne *Poole* then the *Pope* doth serue,
And sayth the King may not be supreme head:
Two learned men which do lament his fall,
Send him this Booke, that follie to forbid.
Yet he, (God wot) regards it not at all,
But like an Asse, doth for a Scarlet hatte,
Forsake his God, his King, and Countrey flatte.

Then follows another preface or address by "B. G. to the Reader," as an introduction to the "Letter written by Cutbert Tunstall, late Bishop of Duresme, and Iohn Stokesley, some time Bishop of London, so acknowledged and confessed by the said Cutbert, about fourteen dayes before his departure out of this his naturall life, in presence of the most Reuerend Father in God, Matthew the Archblshop of Caunterbury and others, which letter was sent by the same two Bishops to Reginald Pole Cardinall, beeing then at

Rome, and sometime Archbishop of Caunterbury." The subject of this letter, which occupies twelve leaves, chiefly relates to the king's supremacy, and appears to be the main purport of Garter's publication. It is succeeded by six sonnets on "The manner and meanes of the Popes beginning," from which, as examples of the author's verse, we select the first two.

Like as

The Iuie budde which from the beake of Iay
Falles to the ground, a thing of moment small,
By some kinde meanes at first is clad in clay,
Then taketh roote, and after ginnes to scrall
In groueling wise, vpon the slipprie grounde,
And smoothly so with leaues and tenders softe
Holdes on the course, till some strong tree bee founde
Through whose stoute helpe it may climbe vppe alofte:
Thereto it commes, and at the lowest foote
Takes hold of barke, and body doth embrace:
And feeling then increase of sappe and root,
Doth still climbe vppe, and windeth to the face
Of that same tree; and girds it in so faste,
As Iuie lyues, but tree is killde at laste.

Euen so the Pope.

By warrant small, or none at all to find
In sacred writte, in humble flattring wise,
At first did seeke to please the hawtie minde,
Of Christian Kings, by whome he sought t'arise:
And cleauing so, vnto that mightie stay,
Lifte vppe him selfe into his stately throne,
And by degrees hath got the rule and sway
Of al the world, and subiect is to none.
Not so content, doth counterchecke the Lord,
Whose Vicar sole on earth he claymes to be.
To Christian Kings, no rule he will afforde,
For all is his, and none must rule but he:
And so the prop, whereby he got his strength,
He would confound, and ouerthrow at length,
Euen like a Pope.

There next occurs in prose, "The liues of ij Popes, viz., Alexander the second, and Gregorie the seauenth"— followed by "A Comparison betwixt Christ and the Pope," written partly in prose and partly in verse, directed especially against Leo the tenth, and containing also several Latin charms.

Then comes a curious artcle containing "A description of certaine of the Popes Wares and Merchandize of late sent ouer into England." These consist of Superaltars, Crosses, Charms, Agnus Dei, Bulls, Beads, and other wares. "The poysoning of King John" by a monk is then related in stanzas of six lines each, a few of which, on account of the great rarity of the book, we proceed to transcribe for our readers.

This Monke forsooth that *Symon Swynsted* hight,
A Swine in deed, and quite deuoyde of grace,
When that King John had broughte this Realme in plight
From Rebelles rage, to somewhat better cace:
In doubt the King (who in that Abbey lay)
Should touch their state, deuisde this wicked way:

I will (qo he) vnplace this cruell King,
And ridde hys life, thoughe I do die therefor;
For why (sayth he) it is a worthy thing
For one to die, to saue a number more:
I can but die, and die I will herein,
And kill my selfe, a Martyrs name to win.

Then goth he to the greasie Abbot straight,
And breakes to him the treason in his thought,
Who weepes for ioy, and nowe concludes the baight,
Whereby (alas) this Regicide is wrought.
The Monke will die to kill his liege and King,
The Abbot eke absolues him of the thing.

And thus (absolude) the Monke and Abbot parte:
Forthwith the Monke doth to a garden go,
And there beginnes experience of his arte;
He takes a Tode, and beats and prickes it so,
As that same Tode, through rigor of the paine,
Casts up his gorge, wherewith the King is slaine.

The same he puts into a cuppe of wine,
And to the King he commes with smiling cheare,
My Liege (saith he) here is a draft so fine,
As like to it, thou neuer drankest yeare:
I will beginne, accept it at my hande:
This washaile shall be ioyous to thy lande.

The Monke therewith did drinke a hartie draught,
And humbly gaue the rest vnto the King,
Who dranke the same, whereby his death he caught:
A wicked deede and lamentable thing,
A miser Monke with smooth and smiling showe,
To kil a King, the Lords annointed so.

This deadly drinke on either side thus tane,
The Monke vnto the Farmorie doth go,
His guts do swell, his belly breakes in twaine,
A death too good for him that liued so,
To slaye hymselfe, thereby to kill his King,
A traytrous deede, and detestable thing.

The King also a three dayes after that
Gaue vp his life, to liue with God aboue.
The Abbot and the Monkes whiche ioyed theerat
Concluded then, that for the constant loue
The murdrer bare to them in doing this,
Their Popishe aide should bring his soule to blisse.

We are next treated to a long account, in prose, of the frauds and pretended miracles practised by Elizabeth Barton, the holy maid of Kent, who, from a servant, was for her feigned piety made a nun; and at the end are some statements, in verse, of the pretended miracles which were wrought by her. Having thus gone through each of the subjects promised in the list of contents, the author concludes with some letters or "Inuectiues against the Pope." These are directed with great bitterness against Pope Boniface, called "the eighth Nero, of whom it is rightly said, he came in like a Foxe, he raigned like a Lion, and died like a Dogge." They include two letters between Boniface and Philip the French king, whom the former had excommunicated; an account in "what estimation the Scottes long agoe held the Pope and his Legates as shewn in an oration made by a Scottish Bishop to the King of Scots 373 yeares since"; and "a declaration made against Pope Boniface, by a singular learned man in England, in the xxix yeare of the raigne of King Edwarde the first." The volume closes with two sets of verses in the long Alexandrine measure of no interest, signed B. G.

The work, as we see, is a strange farrago of prose and verse, more remarkable for its violent and bitter spirit than for its intrinsic merit in either composition. See Ritson's *Bibliogr. Poet.*, p. 215; Herbert's *Typog. Antiq.*, vol.ii, p. 984; and Collier's extracts *Reg. Stat. Comp.*, vol. i, p. 125, and vol. ii, p. 77. The "New Yeares Gifte" is described by Mr. Collier in his *Bibliogr. Catal.*, vol. i, p. 306; and is noticed by Lowndes, who, however, was unable to refer to the sale of any copy of it. It was not in the Heber collection, nor in any of our great sales of rare early poetry. A copy sold in Bright's sale, No. 2501, for 2*l.* 6*s.* There is a copy in the

Grenville collection in the British Museum; and another in the Douce do. in the Bodleian Library, where it is ascribed to Barnabe Googe.

Collation: Sig. ¶ four leaves; ¶¶ four do.; then A to L 4 in fours. It has not the cut of the reliques.

In light blue Morocco, with leather joints, tooled inside.

Gascoigne, (George.)—The Posies of George Gascoigne Esquire. Corrected, perfected, and augmented by the Authour. 1575.

Tam Marti quam Mercurio.

[Woodcut divice of Time drawing Truth out of a cave.]

Printed at London for Richard Smith, and are to be solde at the Northweast doore of Paules Church.

4to, blk. lett. 1575. pp. 488.

The first edition of Gascoigne's Poems was published without date, as is supposed in 1572, 4to, for Richard Smith, and is of the greatest rarity. It differs materially from the later editions, and contains some things not to be found in them. A copy of this impression was priced in the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, No. 284, at 25*l.* Another was sold in Mr. Heber's collection, pt. iv, No. 764, for 14*l.* The present is the second edition, and is also of great rarity. It is printed by Henry Bynneman, and in the centre of the title-page, which is surrounded by a woodcut border, is Bynneman's device of Time bringing Truth into light, with the motto, "Tempore patet occulta veritas," concerning which device see Percy's *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, vol. ii, p. 151, who had it copied for his own work.

In a dedication "To the reuerend Diuines, vnto whom these Posies shall happen to be presented, George Gascoigne Esquire (professing armes in the defence of God's truth) wisheth quiet in conscience, and all consolation in Christ Jesus." From this dedication it appears that the first edition was printed while he was in Holland serving with the Prince of Orange, that it was published without his revision or correction, in consequence of which complaints had been made that some of the poems and phrases, especially in the fable of Ferdinando Ieronimi were too free and licentious, and that he had received large sums of money for printing them. In answer to which he avers that he never received anything—"not one grote or pennie for the firste Copyes of these Posyes"—although "true it was that he was not vnwillinge the same should bee imprinted," but that in this second

edition the poems had been purified "from all filthie phrases, corrected in all erroneous places, and beautified with addition of many moral examples."

This epistle is followed by two other prose addresses "To al yong Gentlemen, and generally to the youth of England," and "To the Readers generally," in the first of which Gascoigne, referring to a charge that he had been supposed in some of his works to reflect on particular individuals, and that they had taken things in earnest which were written only in jest, gives the following curious passage: "Since all comparisons are odious, I will not say how much the areignment and diuorce of a Louer (being written in jeast) hauve been mistaken in sad earnest. It shall suffice that the contentions passed in verse long sithence, between Maister Churchyard and Camell, were (by a block-headed reader) cõstrued to be indeed a quarell betwene two neighbors. Of whom that one hauing a Camell in keeping, and that other hauing charge of the Churchyard, it was supposed they had grown to debate, bicause the Camell came into the Churchyard. Laugh not at this (lustie yonkers) since the pleasant dittie of the noble Erle of *Surrey* (beginning thus, *In winters iust returne*) was also construed to be made indeed by a Shepeherd. What should I stande much in rehersall how the *L. Vaux* his dittie beginning thus: (*I loth that I did loue*) was thought by some to be made vpõ his death bed? And that the Soul knill of *M. Edwards* was also written in extremitie of sicknesse. Of a truth (my good gallants) there are such as hauiug only lerned to read English, do interpret Latin, Greke, French and Italian phrases or metaphors, euen according to their owne motherly conception and childish skill. The which (bicause they take Chalke for Cheese) shall neuer trouble me, whatsoeuer fault they finde in my doings."

After these addresses are commendatory verses by T. B. (Tho. Bastard), E. C., M. C., R. S. (Richard Smith), T. Ch. (Tho. Churchyard), G. W. (Geo. Whetstone), P. W. (P. Beverley), A. W. (Andrew Willet), I. B., I. D., the Printer, and by others in Italian, French and Latin, with various initials: "The opinion of the Aucthour himself after all these commendations," and "His ultimum vale to Amorous verse." There are titles within woodcut borders to each of the three portions of the volume, with the contents underneath. The first is entitled "Flowers," with a list of "Faultes" on the back; the second "Hearbes;" and the third "Weades."

Gascoigne's poetry was praised by nearly all his contemporaries, with the exception of Bolton, who says in his *Hypercritica* that it may be *endured*.

He is also commended by several modern critics of much estimation: by Percy, Headley, Ellis, Granger, Brydges, and others; and Warton is of opinion that he "much exceeded all the poets of his age in smoothness and harmony of versification." Dr. Drake says, "This encomium peculiarly applies to the lyrical portion of his works, which is indeed exquisitely polished, though not altogether free from affectation and antithesis. Among these pieces too is to be discovered a considerable range of fancy, much tenderness and glow of sentiment, and a frequent felicity of expression." And Granger remarks that "he was esteemed the best love-poet of his age." Although not devoid of the conceits and faults of the period, Gascoigne had all the power and grace of a poet, and was certainly in advance of the age. The following little poem, which has been quoted before, partakes of the merits and defects already alluded to.

The Arraignment of a Louer.

At Beautyes barre as I dyd stande,
When false suspect accused mee,
George (quod the Judge) holde vp thy hande,
Thou art arraignde of Flatterye:
Tell therefore howe thou wylt bee tryde?
Whose iudgement here wylt thou abyde?

My Lorde (quod I) this Lady here
Whome I esteeme aboue the rest,
Doth knowe my guilte if any were:
Wherefore hir doome shall please me best,
Let hir bee Judge and Jurour boathe
To trye mee guiltlesse by myne oathe.

Quod Beautie, no, it fitteth not,
A Prince hir selfe to iudge the cause:
Wyll is our Justice, well you wot,
Appointed to discusse our Lawes:
If you wyll guiltlesse seeme to goe,
God and your countrey quitte you so.

Then Crafte the cryer cal'd a quest,
Of whome was Falshoode formost feere
A packe of picke thankes were the rest,
Which came false witnesse for to beare.
The Jurye suche, the Judge uniust,
Sentence was sayde, I should be trust.

Jelous the Jayler bound mee fast,
To heare the verdite of the byll:
George (quod the Judge) nowe thou art cast,
Thou must goe hence to heauie hyll,
And there be hangde all but the head,
God rest thy soule when thou art dead.

Downe fell I then vpon my knee,
All flatte before Dame Beauties face,
And cryed, good Ladye, pardon mee,
Which here appeale vnto your Grace,
You know if I have beene vntrue,
It was in too much praysing you.

And though this Judge doe make suche haste,
To shed with shame my guiltlesse blood;
Yet let your pittie first bee plac'te
To saue the man that meant you good.
So shall you shewe your selfe a Queene,
And I may bee your seruaunt seene.

(Quod Beautie) well: bicause I guesse
What thou dost meane hencefoorth to bee,
Although thy faultes deserue no lesse
Than Justice here hath iudged thee.
Wylt thou he bounde to stynt all strife,
And be true prisoner all thy lyfe?

Yea, Madame, (quod I) that I shall,
Loe fayth and trueth my suerties:
Why then (quod she) come when I call;
I ask no better warrantise.
Thus am I Beauties bounden thrall,
At hir commaunde when shee doth call.
Euer or neuer.

We select a portion of two other pieces for quotation as examples of Gascoigne's poetical vein as a love poet:

A straunge passion of a Louer.

Amid my bale I bath in blisse,
I swim in heauen, I sinke in hell:
I find amends for euery misse,
And yet my moane no tongue can tell.
I liue and loue, what wold you more?
As neuer louer liu'd before.

I laugh sometimes with little lust,
So iest I oft and feele no ioye:
Myne ease is builded all on trust:
And yet mistrust breedes myne anoye.
I liue and lacke, I lacke and haue:
I haue and misse the thing I craue.

These things seeme strange, yet are they trew.
Beleeue me, sweete, my state is such,
One pleasure which I wold eschew,
Both slakes my grief and breedes my grutch.
So doth one paine which I would shun
Renew my ioyes where grief begun.

Then like the larke that past the night
In heauy sleepe with cares opprest:
Yet when shee spies the pleasaunt light,
She sends sweete notes from out hir brest.
So sing I now because I thinke
How ioyes approch, when sorrowes shrinke.

And as fayre *Philomene* againe
Can watch and singe when others sleepe:
And taketh pleasure in hir payne,
To wray the woo that makes hir weepe.
So sing I now for to bewray
The lothsome life I lead alway.

The which to thee (deare wenche) I write,
That know'st my mirth, but not my moane:
I praye God graunt thee deepe delight,
To liue in ioyes when I am gone.
I cannot liue, it wyll not bee:
I dye to thinke to part from thee.

Ferendo Natura.

The Lullabie of a Louer.

Sing lullaby, as women doe,
Wherewith they bring their babes to rest,
And lullaby can I sing too,
As womanly as can the best.
With lullaby they still the childe
And if I be not much beguil'd,
Full many wanton babes haue I,
Which must be stilld with lullabie.

First lullaby my youthfull yeares,
It is nowe time to go to bed,
For croocked age and hoary heares
Haue wone the hauen within my head.
With lullaby then youth be still,
With lullaby content thy will,
Since courage quayles, and commes behind,
Go sleepe, and so beguile thy minde.

Next lullaby my gazing eyes,
Which wonted were to glaunce apace:
For every glasse maye nowe suffice
To shewe the furrowes in my face:
With lullabye then winke a while,
With lullabye your lookes beguile:
Lette no fayre face nor beautie brighte,
Entice you efte with vayne delighte.

And lullaby my wanton will
Lette reasons rule nowe reigne thy thought,
Since all too late I finde by skyll,
Howe deare I haue thy fansies bought:
With lullaby nowe take thyne ease,
With lullaby thy doubtes appease:
For trust to this, if thou be still,
My body shall obey thy will.

* * * * * *

Thus lullabye my youth, myne eyes,
My will, my ware, and all that was,
I can no mo delayes deuise,
But welcome payne, let pleasure passe:
With lullaby now take your leaue,
With lullaby your dreames deceive,
And when you rise with waking eye,
Remember then this lullabye.
Euer or neuer.

Gascoigne was in the habit at this period of writing verses on short Latin proverbs or quotations, and of composing them when riding on horseback, and of committing them to paper when at the end of his journey. While he was at Grays Inn, in the midst of his youth, he was "required by five gentlemen of the Inn to write in verse somewhat worthy to be remembered before he entered into their fellowship." Each

gave him a theme, upon which he compiled five sets of verses in five different sorts of metres, amounting to the number of 258 verses. These were "devised while riding by the way, writing none of them until he came to the end of his journey, which took one day in riding, one day in tarrying with his friend, and the third in returning to Grays Inn." The first was at the request of Francis Kinwelmarsh, who gave him this theme: *Audaces fortuna juvat.* The next was at request of Antony Kinwelmarsh, on *Satis sufficit.* The third, by John Vaughan, on *Magnum vectigal parsimonia.* Alexander Nevile gave him *Sat cito, si sat bene*, upon which "he compiled seven sonets in sequence, therein bewraying his owne *Nimis cito*, and therewith his *Vix bene.*" Richard Courthope, the last of the five, gave him for theme, *Durum œneum et miserabile œvum.* These were entitled "Gascoigne's Memories," and are given at length among the "Flowers." One of Gascoigne's earliest pieces was, "A deuise of a Maske for the right honorable Viscount Montacute," written upon the occasion of a double marriage in the family between his son and heir and the daughter of Sir William Dormer, knight; and between the son and heir of Sir William Domer and the daughter of Lord Montacute, when eight gentlemen (all of blood or allegiance to Lord Montacute), having determined to present a mask on the day appointed for the marriages, entreated the author to devise some verses for the mask, which were spoken by a boy of twelve or thirteen years old, and are given in this first part. One of the longest poems in this portion is, "The delectable history of sundry aduentures passed by Don Bartholmew of Bathe"—a singular and rambling love story, founded (Gascoigne says) on truth, and relating to "a deare family or friend" of his, but most probably alluding to some love adventure of his own. At the end of this part, with a fresh title, is a long poem in seven-line stanzas, called "The fruites of Warre, written vppon this Theme, *Dulce Bellum inexpertis*, and it was written by peecemeale at sundrye tymes, as the Aucthour had vacant leysures from seruice, being begon at Delfe in Hollande, and dyrected to the ryght honourable the Lord Grey of Wylton, as appeareth by the Epistle Dedicatory next following." This poem, which was not in the former edition of 1572, was composed while he was following the wars in Flanders during the repose of his winter quarters, and is addressed to his patron, Lord Grey of Wilton, from whom he professes to have received many signal favours. It relates many circumstances of his military career abroad—his narrow escape

from shipwreck before landing, his conduct at the siege of Middleburgh, and his being taken prisoner near the walls of Leyden—all told in somewhat rather of a boasting and conceited style, but full of interesting biographical matter relating to his own life and adventures. A long quotation from it may be seen in Mrs. Cooper's *Muse's Library*, p. 173.

The second part, termed "Hearbes," commences with the "*Supposes;* a Comedie written in the Italian tongue by Ariosto, Englished by George Gascoyne of Grayes Inne, Esquire, and there presented 1566." It is preceded by "The names of the Actors" and "The Prologue or Argument" —one leaf. It was originally written in prose by Ariosto, who afterwards altered it into rhyme. Gascoigne's translation is entirely in prose, and has the merit of being the first English comedy in prose. It is written with much ease and spirit, and is generally considered as a faithful translation. Warton has noticed that Shakespeare has adopted the name of Petruchio and the circumstance of the master and servant changing habits or characters from this play into the *Taming of the Shrew.* See also Dr. Farmer's *Essay on the Learning of Shakespeare;* Warton's *Hist. Eng. Poet.*, vol. iv, p. 304; Langbaine's *Dram. Poets*, p. 231; Collier's *Hist. Dram. Poet.*, vol. iii, p. 6; and Jones's *Biog. Dram.*, vol. iii, p. 308.

This is followed by "*Iocasta:* a Tragedie written in Greeke by Euripides, translated and digested into Acte by George Gascoygne, and Francis Kinwelmarshe of Grayes Inne, and there by them presented 1566." It has "The Argument of the Tragedie" in verse and "The names of the Interloquutors," and also "The order of the dumme Shewes and Musickes before euery Acte." It is a translation, or rather a paraphrase, of the Phœnissæ of Euripides, but with many omissions and alterations, and each Act is concluded with a Chorus. But as this Tragedy will be noticed again hereafter, to avoid repetition we defer any further remarks upon it at present, except to add that the second, third, and fifth Acts were translated by Gascoigne, and the first and fourth by Kinwelmarshe; and that the Epilogue was written by Christopher Yelverton, another member of Grays Inn.

The remainder of this part is taken up with several miscellaneous poems, the last of them being an account of "Gascoigne's voyage into Hollande An. 1572. written to the right honourable the Lorde Gray of Wilton," in which he gives a narrative of his near escape from death by shipwreck, owing to the carelessness of a drunken Dutch pilot, who ran them aground off the coast of Holland at Brill, having embarked at

Gravesend on the 19th of March, 1672, in company with his friends Rowland Yorke and Herle, for the purpose of joining the forces under Prince William of Orange, and assisting the Dutch and Netherlanders against the Spaniards under the Duke of Alva.

The third part is called "Weedes," and consists of various miscellaneous pieces, including "The complaint of the greene Knight" and "The greene Knights farewell to Fansie." In this portion is the long tale of "The adventures of Master F. I.," alluded to in the dedication, or "The pleasant Fable of Ferdinando Ieronimi and Leonora de Valasco, translated out of the Italian riding tales of Bartello," which had been printed in the previous edition of 1572. It is in prose, but is interspersed with several pieces of poetry, some of which are not devoid of merit. We add two of these to our previous quotations from Gascoigne's poetry. The first is termed "a Sonet, or a peece of Cocklorels musicke:"

Loue, hope, and death, do stirre in me such strife,
As neuer man but I led such a life.
First, burning loue doth wound my hart to death,
And when death comes at call of inward griefe,
Colde lingering hope doth feede my fainting breath,
Against my will, and yeeldes my wound reliefe:
So that I liue, but yet my life is such,
As death would neuer greue me halfe so much.
No comfort then but only this I tast,
To salue such sore, such hope will neuer want,
And with such hope, such life will euer last,
And with such life, such sorrowes are not skant.
Oh, straunge desire, O life with torments tost,
Through too much hope, mine onely hope is lost.

F. J.

The stately Dames of Rome, their Pearles did weare,
About their neckes to beautifie their name:
But she (whome I doe serue) hir pearles doth beare
Close in hir mouth, and smiling shewes the same.
No wonder then, though eu'ry word she speakes,
A Iewell seeme in iudgement of the wise
Since that hir sugred tongue the passage breakes,
Betweene two rockes, bedeckt with pearles of price.
Hir haire of golde, hir front of Iuory,
(A bloody heart within so white a breast)

Hir teeth of Pearle, lippes Rubie, Christall eye,
Needes must I honour hir aboue the rest.
Since she is fourmed of none other moulde,
But Rubie, Christall, Iuory, Pearle, and Golde.
Ferdinando Ieronimy.

A pretty little poem, "The praise of Phillip Sparrowe," too long for quotation; another, "The doale of disdaine," given in part by Mr. Ellis; and one or two other short pieces conclude the volume. Some copies have annexed to them a short treatise in prose, "Certaine Notes concerning the making of verse or rime in English"— the earliest essay of the kind in our language — but it is not in the present volume. It was reprinted in 1587.

Anthony à Wood, who has, it is thought, mistakenly included Gascoigne among the Oxford writers, appears to be in error also in some other particulars of his account of this author's life. Instead of being born in Essex, according to Tanner, as copied from Wood, he was descended from an ancient and respectable family in the north, being the son of Sir John Gascoigne, and appears to have been a native of Westmoreland, having, as he states himself, learned English in that county. He received his early education under Stephen Nevinson, fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, a man of some learning, and then removed to that university, where, however, he does not appear to have remained long, or to have taken any degree. The statement that he also belonged to Oxford, and that like Green, he was a member of both universities, is now believed to be without any foundation. On leaving Cambridge he removed to Grays Inn for the purpose of studying the law, but being of a gay and dissipated nature, he quickly ran through his patrimony — and was disinherited by his father for his extravagance.

In January 1557–8, and in the following year, he represented the town of Bedford in parliament, and was probably about three or four and twenty years old at this time. Mr. Campbell says he was born in 1536, while Mr. Ellis thinks he was born earlier. Gascoigne seems to have commenced writing poetry about 1562, but probably composed many of his smaller pieces before that period. In 1566 his first regular work, the *Comedy of the Supposes*, was acted in the refectory of Grays Inn, and in the same year, and at the same place, was acted his *Tragedy of Jocasta*, written in conjunction with Francis Kinwelmarsh. And about this time also was composed his *Masque*, written on the occasion of the marriages of Lord Montacute's son and heir with the daughter of Sir William Dormer, and of the son and heir of the latter with the daughter of the former. We have no parti-

cular information respecting Gascoigne from this period to 1572, excepting that some time before October 27th, 1568, he had married the widow of William Breton, a Londoner, who had considerable property in London and elsewhere, and who was the father of Nicholas Breton the poet. She was Elizabeth, the daughter of John Bacon, a citizen of London, and had by her first husband five children, of whom Nicholas Breton was the second son. Mr. Hunter has noticed the fact that some law proceedings took place, "the object of them being to take the controul of the property belonging to the young Bretons, then all minors, out of the hands of Gascoigne and the mother." A very necessary precaution we should judge, from what we have already learnt of the habits and antecedents of her second husband. For there is little doubt that at this time Gascoigne was leading a dissipated and hide-seek life, and was much embarrassed in his means. This is evident from several circumstances — and especially from one which we shall now mention, and which most probably drove him abroad and induced him to betake himself to the profession of arms. In 1572 he was returned to parliament for the borough of Midhurst, but a petition was presented against his return on the grounds of the following objections — that he was much in debt and hiding himself from his creditors, that he had been guilty of great crimes, that he was a common rhymer and a deviser of slanderous pasquils, and noted as an atheist and godless person. It is probable that these charges brought against him by his enemies were much exaggerated, but, however that may be, it is certain that he did not sit for Midhurst. But embarking at Gravesend on the 19th of March, 1572–3, for the coast of Holland, he narrowly escaped being shipwrecked, in consequence of the vessel being guided by a drunken Dutch pilot, who ran them aground. While several of the crew, who took to the long boat, were drowned, Gascoigne and his friends, Rowland, Yorke, and Herle, remained steadily at the pumps, and the wind changing were driven out again to sea. At length, after various adventures, they were able to land in Holland, where Gascoigne obtained a captain's commission under the Prince of Orange, who was then endeavouring to free his country from the Spanish yoke. All these things, and his subsequent military career and adventures while he was abroad, of which he appears to have been exceedingly vain, are fully related by himself in this volume, especially in the poem called "The fruites of Warre written upon the Theame *Dulce bellum inexpertis*," not in the former edition of his works. In this is recorded his presence with the army at Flushing and Bruges, his holding the town of Aerdenburgh (without any walls) seven

days against the forces of the Duke of Alva, his serving in the trenches before Tergoes and Ramykins, and at the siege of Middleburgh, where he highly distinguished himself; but an unfortunate quarrel with his colonel on the subject of discipline in the regiment impeded his prospects. Conscious, however, of the justice of his case, Gascoigne repaired straight to Delf, resolved to resign his commission into the hands of the Prince, and to obtain his passport. His colonel coming to the court, the Prince endeavoured in vain to heal the breach between his officers, but the Spaniards approaching close to Delf to besiege it, he was induced by the Prince to continue with the army. Here, while thus engaged, a circumstance occured which might have proved of serious consequence to Gascoigne: a lady at the Hague (then in possession of the enemy) with whom he had been on intimate terms, had his portrait, or "counterfayte" as he calls it, in her possession, and resolving that no one but himself should redeem it, wrote a letter to him on the subject, which fell into the enemy's hands, who raised a report unfavourable to his loyalty. But Gascoigne, conscious of his fidelity, having laid it before the Prince, who saw that no deceit was intended, received permission to write to the lady; but the Burghers increased their doubts, and watched his motions with malicious caution, calling him in derision, "the Green Knight." Gascoigne still held his commission, and the Prince coming personally to the siege of Middleburgh, gave him an opportunity of displaying his zeal and courage, and rewarded him with 300 guilders beyond his regular pay, and a promise of future promotion.

> He bade me bide till his abilitie
> Might better guerdon my fidelitie.

But while building a fort at Valkenburgh, but newly begun, he was surprised soon after by 3000 Spaniards, when commanding under Captain Sheffield, "born of noble race," with 500 Englishmen lately arrived, but managed to retire in good order at night, under the walls at Leyden. But the jealousy of the Dutch openly appeared by their refusal to open their gates to them, and Gascoigne and all his band were consequently made prisoners. At the expiration of twelve days, the men were released and sent home, but the officers were kept in prison for four months longer, and were then discharged and sent back to England. And thus ended the military career and adventures of our poet in foreign lands.

Gascoigne's muse was not idle while he was abroad on active service; for besides some of his shorter pieces, the long poem entitled "The Fruites

of Warre" addressed to his patron, the Lord Grey of Wilton, begun at Delf, was written during his leisure hours while in his winter quarters. And during the time he was in Holland appeared from the press of Richard Smith, without his revision and without date, the first collected edition of his poems, now become exceedingly rare.

On his return to his native land, weary of martial service, Gascoigne, it is believed, fixed his abode in London near his former residence in Grays Inn, and mingled again for a short time with the wits and poets of his day, and was much esteemed for his poetical talents, his skill in dramatic compositions, and his translations from the Latin and other languages. In 1575 we find him accompanying Queen Elizabeth on her progress to Kenilworth. While she was there, he devised a Masque for her entertainment, in which some of the verses were spoken by himself, but owing to want of opportunity and the unfavourable weather, a portion only of the Masque was performed. At the close of the Queen's visit, he again addressed her as she went hunting, in the character of Sylvanus, the God of the woods. This Masque, and the various speeches and devices in it, was published in the following year by Gascoigne, under the title of "The Princely Pleasures at the Courte at Kenelwoorth: That is to saye, the copies of all such verses, proses, or poetical inuentions, and other deuices of pleasure as were then deuised and presented by sundry gentlemen before the Quenes Maiestie in the yeare 1575. Imprinted at London by Rychard Ihones, and are to be solde without Newgate ouer against Saint Sepulchers Church. 1576." 4to. This is given in the third edition of his works printed by Abel Ieffes in 1587, and is also faithfully reprinted at length in Nichols's *Progresses of Queen Elizabeth*, vol. i, p. 485. Continuing his attendance on the Queen, we find him later on in the season at Woodstock, on the 11th September, amusing the royal traveller with reciting to her "The Hermits Tale," composed by himself in English, Latin, Italian, and French. This is still existing in *MS.* in the British Museum among the Royal *MSS.* 18, A xlviii, but has been printed by Mr. Nichols in his *Progresses*, vol. i, p. 553. The original has a frontispiece representing Queen Elizabeth seated on a throne, and Gascoigne with a sword and lance, and a wreath of laurel over his head, presenting his book to the Queen. On the canopy over the Queen, the motto "Decet Regem regere Legem." From the centre of the room appears a hand holding a scroll with Gascoigne's usual motto "Tam Marti quam Mercurio." And some lines beginning

Beholde (good Queene) a poett with a speare, &c.

It is reported, and most probably with but too much truth, that soon after Gascoigne returned from this progress, he was imprisoned in the Compter for debt. On his release he retired to his "poore house at Walthamstow in the forest," where he collected and published a second and revised edition of his works under his own superintendence; having previously completed "The Complaint of Phylomene," a poem begun as early as 1562, and also written a satire in blank verse called "The Steele Glass," published in the following year. In 1576 came forth "The Droome of Doomesday," printed for Gabriell Cawood, noticed hereafter; and on August 22nd in the same year he printed another prose tract called "A delicate Diet for daintie mouthde Droonkardes. Imprinted at London by Richard Ihones, Aug. 22, 1576." Of this exceedingly rare piece only one copy is known, which belonged to George Steevens *Catalogue*, No. 869; and was afterwards in the possession of Mr. Heber, see *Catalogue*, pt. iv, No. 771. It is not included in any edition of his works, but has been reprinted by Mr. Waldron in the *Literary Museum*, 1789, 8vo. Gascoigne's latest work was probably "The Griefe of Joy: beinge certaine elegies, wherein all the doubtfull delights of mans life are displayed." This is dated the 1st of May, 1577, and is still unprinted. The original was among Tanner's *MSS.* and is now in the British Museum. He also wrote "The Wyll of the Deuyll, with his ten detestable commaundementes, Imprinted by Richard Ihones," n.d.; and commendatory verses prefixed to *Cardanus Comforte*, 1576, 4to; and some other works by his friends.

Gascoigne did not long enjoy his retirement ot Walthamstow. He appears to have been suffering from extreme poverty and other ills, and had long been an urgent suitor for the Queen's favour, which he at length obtained in some employment at court, but too late to afford him any advantage. In an address to the Queen prefixed to "The Hermits Tale," dated the 1st January, 1576–7, he complains of his "infirmities;" and in another epistle, addressed "To the reuerend Divines" in the present edition, he alludes to the vanities of his unbridled youth, which he had now laid aside, delighting rather to exercise his pen in moral discourses. In the dedication also to "The Droomme of Doomesday" to the Earl of Bedford, dated May 2nd, 1576, he states himself to be "in weake plight for health." Sickness and infirmity appear to have brought with them a change of thought and conduct. In all his later publications he seems to regret the errors of his youth, and to desire to make amends as far as possible for any injury occasioned from a perusal

of his early poems. He became sincerely penitent for his past life, and died in the odour of sanctity at Stamford, in Lincolnshire, on the 7th of October, 1577, when he was probably still only in the prime of life. Shortly afterwards George Whetstone, who was an intimate friend of his, and who had been present at his decease, published a pamphlet in verse entitled "A Remembraunce of the well-imployed life and godly end of George Gaskoigne Esquire, who deceassed at Stalmford in Lincolnshire the 7th of October 1577; the Reporte of Geo: Whetstone Gent. an Eye-witness of his godly and charitable end in this world." London: printed for Edward Aggas, n. d., 4to, blk. lett., of which the only copy known is in the Malone collection at Oxford. It was reprinted at Bristol in 1815, 4to, and in the second vol. of Chalmers's *Edit. of the Poets*, and concludes with the following epitaph upon Gascoigne:

For Gaskoygnes death leave to mone or morne,
You are deceiued, aliue the man is stil:
Alive? O yea, and laugheth death to scorne,
In that, that he, his fleshly lusts doth kil.

For by such death, two lyves he gaines for one:
His soule in heauen dooth liue in endles joye,
His woorthy woorkes such fame in earth haue sowne
As sack nor wrack his name can there destroy.

But you will say, by death *he* only gaines
And now his life would many stand in stead
O dain not Freend! (to counterchaunge his paynes)
If now in heauen, he haue his earned meade:
For once in earth his toyle was passing great,
And we deuoured the sweet of all his sweat.

G. W.

Commendatory verses were written upon Gascoigne both by Whetstone and Churchill, and the ensuing singular lines by Richard Smith:

Chaucer by writing purchast fame,
And *Gower* got a worthy name:
Sweet *Surrey* suckt Parnassus springs:
And *Wiatt* wrote of wondrous things
Old *Rochfort* clambe the statelie throne
Which Muses held in Helicone.
Then thither let good *Gascoigne* go,
For sure his verse deserueth so.

Gascoigne is supposed to have been buried at Barnack, in Northamptonshire, but the certainty of this point cannot now be ascertained, as the earlier registers of that parish are missing. He left behind him a widow and a son, but what became of them afterwards is not known.

Amongst other friends Gascoigne enjoyed the patronage of the Earls of Bedford, Leicester, and Oxford; of Lord Grey of Wilton, Sir Walter Raleigh, and other persons of distinction, by whom he was held in much esteem. He was well versed in the Latin, Greek, Italian, French, and Dutch languages; and, whether considered as a poet or a satirist, his pictures of the manners, dress, and habits of the period, and his intimate knowledge of mankind in general, give him a strong claim to originality and merit, while in smoothness and harmony of versification he is scarcely inferior to any of his contemporaries. As a prose writer also he is clear and forcible, and as a satirist his descriptions of the vices and follies of his time afford amusement, and are entitled to our commendation. Most of his poems (including some of those interspersed in his prose compositions) are reprinted in the second volume of Chalmers's edition of the *English Poets*, who has also given a memoir of the author.

Of the general opinion of Gascoigne's poetry entertained by Elizabethan and modern critics, we have already made ample mention in this article, and concerning this writer and his works the reader is further referred to Warton's *Hist. Eng. Poet.*, vol. iv, pp. 196, 303; Wood's *Ath. Oxon.*, vol. i, p. 190; Oldys's *Brit. Librarian*, p. 88; Phillips's *Theat. Poet.*, edition 1800, p. 94; Percy's *Reliques*, vol. ii, p. 138; Jones's *Biog. Dram.*, vol. i, p. 183; Warton's *Observations on Spenser*, vol. ii, p. 168; *Cens. Liter.*, vol. ii, p. 1, and vol. vi, p. 37; *Brit. Bibliogr.*, vol. i, p. 73; Granger's *Biog. Hist.*, vol. i, p. 314; Herbert's *Typog. Antiq.*, vol. ii, p. 978; Boloe's *Anecd.*, vol. ii, p. 294; Headley's *Select Beauties*, vol. i, p. liii; Drake's *Life and Times of Shakespeare*, vol. i, p. 623; Collier's *Poet. Decam.*, vol. i, p. 94, vol. ii, p. 141; *Bridgew. Cat.*, p. 127, and *Ath. Cantabr.*, vol. i.; Cooper's *Muses Library*; Ellis's *Specim.*, vol. ii, p. 174; Campbell's *Introd.*, p. 152; Hallam's *Introd. Lit. Hist.*, vol. ii, pp. 306, 370; Collier's Extr. *Reg. Stat. Comp.*, vol. ii, p. 48; Dodsley's *Old Plays by Collier*; and *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, p. 285.

Copies of Gascoigne's *Posies* have sold generally for high prices. Hibbert's copy, No. 3301, brought 10*l.*; White Knight's ditto, pt. i, 1742, imperfect, 9*l.*; Skegg's ditto, No. 731, 9*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.*; Roxburghe ditto, No. 3315, 10*l.* 10*s.* Mr. Heber possessed three copies: one sold in pt.

viii, No. 977, for 8*l.* 8*s.*; another in pt. iv, No. 765, for 13*l.*; and a third, with the notes of Gabriel Harvey, pt. iv, No. 767, for 8*l.* 5*s.* The latter was bought by Dr. Bliss, and at his sale pt. i, 1747, sold for 17*l.*; *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, No. 285, 20*l.*; and Townley's ditto, pt. i, No. 528, 21*l.* 10*s.*

Collation: Sig. ¶ four leaves; ¶¶ four ditto; ¶¶¶ four ditto; ¶¶¶¶ four ditto; ¶¶¶¶¶ two ditto; then a to k 8 in eights; next A two leaves; B two ditto; C to I 8 in eights; K four leaves; (A) to (M 4) in fours; N to T in eights.

The present copy has an additional leaf of verses inserted at the end by Gascoigne, prefixed to Cardanus Comfort by Bodingfield, 1576, 4to; and duplicate copies of the woodcut portrait of Gascoigne in armour by Mich[l] Stace; and is beautifully

Bound by C. Smith.
In Green Morocco, richly tooled, gilt leaves.

Gascoigne, (George.)—The Glasse of Gouernement. A tragicall Comedie so entituled, bycause therein are handled as well the rewardes for Vertues, as also the punishment for Vices. Done by George Gascoigne Esquier. 1575.

Blessed are they that feare the Lord, their children shall be as the branches of Oliue trees rounde about their table.

Seen and allowed, according to the order appointed in the Queenes maiesties Iniunctions.

Imprinted at London for C. Barker. (1575.) 4to, blk. lett.

This dramatic piece by Gascoigne, of which the scene is laid at Antwerp, is written in prose, with the exception of four choruses at the end of each Act, the Prologue and Epilogue, and two short poems in the third Act, which are all in verse. It is entitled, "The Glasse of Gouernement, a tragicall Comedie, because therein are handled as well the rewardes for vertues, as the punishment for vices." The title is within a woodcut border, and has on the reverse "The names of the Actors." Then follow "The Argument," "The Prologue" in verse, and eight triplets of moral sentences or maxims on which the work is compiled. Prefixed to the play is also a Latin hexastick, by B. C., underneath which is a small emblematic woodcut of a man with an axe cutting bark, with the motto over it:

A Barker if ye will,
In name, but not in skill.

The subject of the drama, which may be considered rather as a sort of lecture or discourse upon education, is the history of four young men—Phylautus, Phylomusus, Phylosarchus, and Phylotimus—the sons of two parents named Phylopœs and Phylocalus, who are placed for instruction under the schoolmaster, Gnomaticus, who briefly instructs them in their duty towards God, their Prince, their parents, their country, and all magistrates in the same. They are then sent by their parents to the University of Doway, where the two eldest, being young men of quick capacity, are allured by evil company into vice, while the two younger, although more dull of understanding, persevere in a course of virtue, and are preferred—one to be secretary to the Palsgrave, the other becoming a famous preacher in Geneva; while of the two eldest—one is apprehended and executed for a robbery in sight of his brother in the Palsgrave's Court, and the other whipped and banished from Geneva for fornication, notwithstanding the earnest suit of his brother for his pardon.

The whole is rather dull and uninteresting; and the speeches of the schoolmaster are indeed long sermons on the duties of fear, love, and trust to God; and honour, obedience, and love to the King. There are other characters introduced—and among them Eccho, a parasite; Dick Drom, a royster; Lamia, a harlot; and Ambidexter, a roguish servant: and the Chorus consists of four grave burghers. It was probably one of Gascoigne's later works, who died about two years afterwards. A short quotation from the Epilogue will be sufficient as a specimen of its style:

What-soeuer is written, is written for our learning.

We liue to learne, for so Sainct Paule doth teach,
And all that is, is doone for our auaile:
Both good and bad, may be the wise mans leach,
The good may serue, to make him beare like sayle,
The bad to shun, the faults wherein they fayle.
Good wyndes and bad, may serue in sundry sorte,
To bring our barkes, into some pleasant porte.

Who liste to learne, what dilligence may do,
What humble minds, by studies may attayne,
Let him behold, these younger brethren two,
Whose wits at first, did seeme to bee but playne,
Yet as you see, at last they got with payne
The golden fleese, of grace and cunning Skyll,
Before the rest which folowed wanton will.

And such as brag of quicke capacitie,
Or thinke the field, is wonne withouten blowes,
Let them behold, the youthfull vanitie
Of th' elder twayne, whose fancies lightlie chose
To seeke delight, in garnish grounde that growes.
Yet had by harte, their masters wordes in hast:
But thinges soone got, are lost againe as fast.

For proofe whereof, behold how soone they fell,
From vertues path, to treade in vices tracks,
And ther withall, (I pray you marke it well)
Their falles were foule, they fell vpon their backs.
Which gaue their bones, so many brusing craks;
That afterwardes, they neuer rose againe,
Till shameful death, did ende their grieuous payne.

This piece is not included in the general collection of Gascoigne's works published in 1575 or 1587, and is very rare. The present is the only edition of it. At the end is the Colophon, "Imprinted at London by H M for Christopher Barker at the signe of the Grassehopper in Paules Churchyarde. Anno Domini, 1575." And a list of "Faultes escaped in the printe." See Langbaine's *Dram. Poets*, p. 228; Jones's *Biog. Dram.*, vol. ii, p. 266; and Collier's *Hist. Dram. Poet.*, vol. iii, p. 7. It sold in Sir Mark M. Sykes's sale, pt. i, No. 1312, for 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*; Heber's ditto, pt. iv. No. 768, 2*l.*; Dr. Bliss's ditto, pt. i., No. 1748, 2*l.* 1*s.*

Collation: Title A 2, Sig. A 4 leaves, then A again to N, in fours., pp. 106.

Fine copy from the Heber collection.

Bound in Green Morocco, gilt leaves.

GASCOIGNE, (GEORGE.)—The Steele Glas. A Satyre cōpiled by George Gascoigne Esquire. Togither with the Complainte of Phylomene, An Elegie deuised by the same Author.

Tam Marti quam Mercurio.

[Device of Time bringing Truth to light.]

Printed for Richard Smith (1576.) 4to, blk. lett. pp. 132.

Gascoigne possesses full claims to originality, not only as being one of our earliest satirists, but also as being one of the earliest writers of blank verse in our language. On both these accounts the work before us is

deserving of our careful attention. The title is ornamented with the device already noticed of Time bringing forth Truth into light, with the motto, "*Tempore patet occulta veritas.*" On the reverse of the title is a woodcut portrait of the author in armour, with a ruff and large beard. On his right hand hang a musquet and bandaleers; on his left are books and an ink horn; and under him is written the ever-recurring motto, "*Tam Marti quam Mercurio.*" This cut was well copied by Marshall Stace, and is given in the *Brit. Bibliogr.*, vol. i, p. 73. The work is dedicated "To the right honourable his singular good Lord, the Lord Grey of Wilton, Knight of the most honourable order of the Garter." In this dedication Gascoigne confesses that he had misgoverned his youth, and bewails the follies of his past life. "I am derided," says he, "suspected, accused and condemned, yea, more then that, I am rigorouslie reiected, when I proffer amends for my harme. Should I therfore dispaire? Shall I yelde vnto iellosie, or drowne my daies in idlenes, because their beginning was bathed in wantonnes? Surelie, my Lord, the magnanimitie of a noble mind will not suffer me; and the delightfulnes of diligence doeth vtterlie forbid me. * * * And, my good L. though the scornful doe mock me for a time, yet in the end I hope to geue them all a rib of roste for their paines. In mean while, I remaine amongst my bookes at my house here at Walkamstow, where I praie dailie for the speedie aduancement, and continual prosperitie of your good Lordship. Written the 15. of April, 1576." Then follow commendatory verses by N. R.; Walter Rawelie, of the Middle Temple (Sir Walter Raleigh); and Nicholas Bowyer; verses by the Author to the Reader; and a Table of Errata.

The *Steele Glass* is a clever satire written in blank verse, and presents us with a sensible and sarcastic picture of the manners, habits, and vices of the age. It is much praised by Chalmers, who says, "There is a vein of sly sarcasm in this piece, which appears to me to be original: and his intimate knowledge of mankind, acquired indeed at the expence probably of health, and certainly of comfort and independence, enabled him to give a more curious picture of the dress, manners, amusements, and follies of the time, than we meet with in almost any other author." From this curious work we select as a specimen of Gascoigne's powers as a satirist a short passage from near the commencement, containing the substance of his complaints against the pride and self-conceit of the world:

> I see and sigh because it makes me sadde
> That peeuish pride dooth all the world possesse,

And euerie wight will haue a looking glasse
To see him selfe, yet so he seeth him not:
Yea what shall I say? A glass of common glasse
Which glistreth bright, and shews a seemely shew
Is not enough, the daies are past and gone
That berral glasse with foiles of louely browne,
Might serue to shew a seemelie fauord face.
That age is dead and vanisht long ago
Which thought that steele both trustie was and true,
And needed not a foile of contraries,
But shew'd all things euen as they were indeede.
In stead whereof our curious yeares can finde
The christall glasse which glimseth braue and bright,
And shews the thing much better than it is,
Beguilde with foiles of sundrie subtile sights
So that they seeme and couet not to be.

This is the cause (beleeue me now my lord)
That realmes doo rue from high prosperitie,
That kings decline from princelie gouernemnnt,
That lords do lacke their ancestors' good will,
That knights consume their patrimonie still,
That gentlemen doo make the merchant rise,
That plowmen beg, and craftsmen cannot thriue,
That clergie quailes, and hath small reuerence
That lay men liue by mooning mischief still,
That courtiers thriue at latter Lammas day,
That officers can scarse inrich their heirs;
That souldiors sterue, or preach at *Tyborne* crosse,
That lawyers buy and purchase deadlie hate,
That merchants climbe and fall againe as fast,
That roisters brag aboue their betters rome
That sycophants are counted iollie quests,
That *Lais* leads a ladies life alofte
And *Lucrece* lurks with sober bashfull grace.

This is the cause or else my muse mistakes,
That things are thoght which neuer yet were wroght
And castels built aboue in loftie skies,
Which neuen yet had good foundation.
And that the same may seeme no fained dreame,
But words of worth, and worthie to be weied,
I haue presumde, my lorde, for to present
With this poore glasse which is of trustie steele,
And came to me by will and testament
Of one that was a glasse-maker indeede.

Lucilius this worthie man was namde,
Who at his death bequethde the christall glasse,
To such as love to seeme but not to be,
And vnto those that loue to see them selues,
How foule or faire soeuer that they are,
He gan bequeath a glasse of trustie steele
Wherein they may be bold alwaies to looke,
Because it shews al things in their degree.
But since my selfe (now pride of youth is past)
Do loue to be, and let all seeming passe,
Since I desire to see my selfe indeede,
Not what I would but what I am or should,
Therefore I like this trustie glasse of steele.

We conclude our extracts from this satire with one more passage especially relating to our Universities:

Pray for the nources of our noble Realme;
I meane the woorthy Vniuersities,
(And Cantabridge shall haue the dignitie,
Whereof I was vnworthy member once)
That they bring vp their babes in decent wise:
That Philosophy, smel no secret smoke,
Which Magike makes, in wicked mysteries:
That Logike leape not ouer euery stile,
Before he come a furlong neare the hedge
With curious Quids, to maintain argument.
That Sophistrie do not deceive it selfe.
That Cosmography, keape his compasse wel,
And such as be Historiographers
Trust not to much, in euery tatlyng tong,
Nor blynded be by partialitie.
That Phisicke thriue not ouer fast by murder:
That Numbring men, in al their euens and odds
Do not forget that only Vnitie,
Vnmeasurable, infinite, and one.
That Geometrie, measure not so long,
Til al their measures out of measure be:
That Musike with his heauenlie harmonie
Do not allure a heauenly minde from heauen,
Nor set mens thoughts in worldly melodie,
Til heauenly Hierarchies be quite forgot:
That Rhetorike, learne not to ouer reache:
That Poetrie, presume not for to preache,
And bite mens faultes, with Satyres corosiues,

Yet pamper vp his owne with poltesses:
Or that she dote not vppon Erato,
Which should inuoke the good Caliope:
That Astrologie, looke not ouer high,
And light (meane while) in euery pudled pit,
That Grammer grudge not at our english tong,
Bycause it standes by Monosyllaba,
And cannot be declinde as others are.
Pray thus (my priests) for vniuersities.
And if I haue forgotten any Arte,
Which hath bene taught, or exercised there,
Pray you to God, the good be not abusde
With glorious shewe, of ouer loding skill.

At the end of the poem is an Epilogue and Gascoigne's usual motto. Then occurs a fresh title, "The Complainte of Phylomene. An Elegie compiled by George Gascoigne Esquire. 1576."

Tam Marti quam Mercurio.

This also has a dedication to his patron, Lord Grey of Wilton, in which he thus refers to the delay which had occurred in completing the present poem, a portion of which had been written twelve years before. "When I had determined with my selfe to write the Satire before recited called the *Steele Glasse*, and had in mine *Exordium* (by allegorie) compared my case to that of faire Phylomene, abused by the blodie king hir brother by law: I called to mind that twelve or thirteen years past, I had begon an Elegie, or sorrowfull song called, The Complaint of Phylomene, the which I began to deuise riding by the high way betweene Chelmsforde and London, and being ouertaken with a sodaine dash of raine, I changed my copie, and stroke ouer into the *De profundis*, which is placed amongst my other posies leauing the complaint of Phylomene vnfinished; and it hath continued euer since vntill this present moneth of April 1575 when I begun my *Steele Glasse*. And because I haue in mine *Exordium* to the *Steele Glasse* begun with the Nightingals notes: therefore I haue not thought amisse now to finish and peece vp the said complaint of Phylomene, obseruing neuertheles the same determinat inuention which I had propounded and begon (as is said) twelue yeres now past."

The poem is composed in short four-line verses, and relates the old classical story from Ovid of the rape of Philomela by Tereus King of Thrace. A short extract from the poem, descriptive of one of the Nightingale's notes, will satisfy the reader's curiosity, and will shew the nature of the verse:

But there to turne my tale
The which I came to tell,
The yongest dame to forrests fled,
And there is damnde to dwel,

And Nightingale now named
Which *Phylomela* hight
Delights for feare of force againe
To sing alwayes by night.

But when the Sunne to west
Doth bend his weary course,
Then *Phylomene* records the rueth,
Which craueth iust remorse.

And for her formost note
Tereu Tereu doth sing,
Complayning still vpon the name
Of that false Thrasian king.

Much like the childe at schole
With byrchen rods sore beaten,
If when he go to bed at night
His master chance to threaten,

In euery dreame he starts,
And (O good maister) cries,
Euen so this bird vpon that name,
Hir foremost note replies.

Or as the red breast birds
Whom pretty Merlines hold
Full fast in foote, by winters night
To fende themselues from colde:

Though afterwards the hauke
For pitie let them scape,
Yet all that day they fed in feare,
And dout a second rape.

And in the nexter night
Full many times do cry,
Remembring yet the ruthfull plight
Wherein they late did lie.

Euen so this seelie bird,
Though now transformde in kinde,
Yet euermore hir pangs forepast,
She beareth still in minde.

And in hir formost note,
She notes that cruell name,
By whom she lost hir pleasant speech.
And foiled was in fame.

This first edition of the *Steele Glasse* is exceedingly rare: an imperfect copy of it, with several leaves of manuscript, was priced in the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, No. 286, at 12*l.* 12*s.* It was reprinted in the general collection of Gascoigne's Works published by Abel Jeffes in 1587; and these are the only two editions printed. See Hallam's *Introd. Liter. Hist.*, vol. ii, p. 306; Chalmers's edition of the *Engl. Poets*, vol. ii; Herbert's *Typog. Antiq.*, vol. ii, p. 978; and *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, No 286.

We do not find any separate copies of this first edition in any of our public or private libraries apart from his Works, nor can we refer to the sale of a single copy, excepting the imperfect one in the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.* No. 286.

Bound in Green Morocco, gilt leaves.

GASCOIGNE, (GEORGE.)—The Droomme of Doomesday. Wherin the frailties and miseries of mans lyfe are lyuely portrayed, and learnedly set forth. Deuided, as appeareth in the Page next following. Translated and collected by George Gascoigne Esquyer.

Tam Marti, quam Mercurio.

Imprinted at London, for Gabriell Cawood; dwelling in Paules Churchyard, at the Signe of the holy Ghost. 1576. 4to, blk. lett., pp. 272.

This is one of the tracts which were not included either in the *Posies* of Gascoigne published in 1575, nor in the later and more complete edition of his Works in 1587. Herbert was unacquainted with this, the first, edition of the work, and mentions only one by Windet in 1586, and another without date. Dr. Drake also states that this tract appeared after Gascoigne's death, in 1586, being ignorant of the earlier impression of 1576, which was also unnoticed by Lowndes in the first edition. Why it was not included among his other works in 1587 may probably in part be attributed to it being in prose, and of too grave and solemn a character to mingle with the lighter effusions of his muse, the volume being already large enough without it, and intended to be devoted only for the most part to his poetical compositions.

The work is divided into three parts, which are thus enumerated on the reverse of the title: "The first is entituled *The view of worldly Vanities.* Exhorting vs to contempne all pompes, pleasures, delightes and vanities of this lyfe. And the second parte is named, *The shame of sinne.* Displaying and laying open the huge greatnesse and enormities of the same, by sundrye good examples and comparisons. And the third part is called *The Needels Eye.* Wherein wee are taught the right rules of a true Christian life, and the straight passage vnto euerlasting felicitie. Heerevnto is added a priuate Letter, the which doth teach remedies against the bitterness of Death."

It is dedicated to the Earl of Bedford in a long epistle, which contains much personal matter relating to the author, and in which he bewails his former time mispent "in penning and endighting sundrie toyes and trifles." "And therevpon (not manye monethes since) tossyng and retossyng in my

small Librarie, amongest some bookes which had not often felte my fyngers endes in xv. yeares before, I chaunced to light vpon a small volume skarce comely couered, and wel worse handled. For to tell a truth vnto your honor, it was written in an old kynd of Caracters, and so torne as it neyther had the beginning perspycuous, nor the end perfect. So that I can not certaynly say who shuld be the Author of the same. But as things of meane shewe (outwardely) are not alwayes to bee reiected, euen so in thys olde torne Paumphlette I founde sundrye thinges (as mee thoughte) wrytten with suche zeale and affection, and tendinge so dyrectly vnto the reformacion of manners, that I dyd not onely (my selfe) take great pleasure in perticuler reading thereof, but thought them profitable to be published for a generall commoditie: And therevpon haue translated and collected into some ordre these sundry parcells of the same. The which (as well bicause the Aucthor is to me vnknowen, as also bicause the oryginal copies had no peculyar tytle, but cheefly bicause they do all tende zealously to an admonicion whereby we may euery man walke warely and decently in his vocacion) I haue thought meete to entytle *The Droomme of Doomes daye*. Thinking my selfe assured that any Souldier which meaneth to march vnder the flagge of Gods fauour, may by sounde of this droomme be awaked, and called to his watch and warde with right sufficient summons."

Gascoigne states at the close of this epistle that he had submitted the work to the correction of some learned divines to make it the more worthy of his honourable patron, and dates it "From my lodging where I finished this trauayle in weake plight for health as your good L: well knoweth, this second daye of Maye, 1576." Gascoigne was taken ill while the work was in the press, and was unable himself to superintend its progress through it, as is stated in "an aduertisement of the Prynter to the Reader" on the following leaf, giving a table of the faults and corrections. He died in the autumn of the next year.

The general pursuits of Gascoigne's life, whether as engaged in the study of the law or as a soldier leading a dissipated life, forbid us to suppose that this was an original work, although he had returned at this period to a more sober and religious mind. It was probably originally composed by some theological professor, whose name is not revealed, and translated by Gascoigne when near the close of his life in proof of his own repentance and reformation. Being in prose, we shall content ourselves with a short extract, showing that while the end of life to the heathen must be dreadful,

to a Christian death is the beginning of life, the gate of bliss, the end of sorrow and mortal grief:

Then if it be so that Death endeth all sorrow, payne, misery, and trauayle, and setteth vs in place of solace, comfort, blysse, and quiet, and that such, as neither hath enterlacing of the contrary, nor ende of it selfe, who is sorye to make this change, but he that beleueth not how good it is, and how well made, or how shall we thinke he beleueth it to be good, and also true, who flyeth from it, when it is comminge towarde him, or would not haue it true in him selfe that he beleueth? Let him feare death who hath not heard of Christe, to whome Christe hathe promised naught, desyrous neither to heare of him, to see him, nor to be with him, whome fantasie leadeth, vanitie pleaseth, lust ruleth, and the world blyndeth, seekinge for rest in trouble, for ioye in sorow, for ease in payne, for assurance, where nothinge is but flyttinge, for contentacion, where nothinge pleasethe longe.

But he that is a Citizen of Jerusalem, a souldier vnder Christes banner, armed with Fayth, shylded with Hope, strengthned with Charitie, who knoweth in whome he hath put his truste, and where he looketh for his meede, such a one is content to vse this lyfe as his pilgrimage, contented if it be short, not offended if it be long; desyringe neyther the one nor the other, but still lookinge to his home, bearing with the rest, bicause he appoynteth his quiet ther. Vnto him (bicause Christ is lyfe) death can not be but gayne, bicause he findeth that he seeketh, and atteyneth that he loueth, content to leaue the world which loued not him, or which he loued not, whose commodities if he sought, he founde nothing but either occasion to enuie them he should loue, or to stryue with them that would enioy them as well as him selfe; to be angry with them that kept him from the atteyning them, whome being men he should embrace. Yea, though he hatid nor misvsed no man (which is harde in that cause to auoyd) yet louing the world and the commodities thereof, he found meanes whereby he was moued to forget his iourny and the ende thereof, to make his Inne his home, to syt downe before his wayes ende, to turne his loue from the better to the worse, from heauen to earthe, from God to him selfe, or rather from and agaynste him selfe, to thinges vayne, which first would make him worse then they founde him, and afterward leaue him whan he began to loue them; and leaue him in that euill estate they founde him not. So if the world doe vndoubtedly hurt them that loue it, and be but payne and trauayle to them that loue it not, bicause they haue no delite nor pleasure where they loue not, then followeth it, that loue is only to be bestowed on God, and that man must desyre to be wher his loue is, for so nature moueth if the loue be true. And surely if there be in vs the true charitie and loue of God, we can not be afrayde of that which bringeth vs to him, nor loathe to heare of that, without which, we can not come to him. And if there were no more benefit in Death but that he maketh an ende of sinne, sithe sinne displeaseth God, and charitie willeth vs to loue that he loueth, and flee that he hateth, we can neither be afrayde nor ill content with deathe, which bringeth vs out of the occasion of sinne, and daunger thereby to displease God.

This first edition of the *Droomme of Doomesday* is of much greater

rarity than the second, and contains on Sig. D 8 a curious woodcut of the torments of the reprobate which is not in the other. A copy of this edition sold in Perry's sale, pt. i, No. 2353, for 3*l.*; Heber's ditto, pt. iv, No. 769, 3*l.* 5*s.*; Midgley's ditto, No. 327, 4*l.* 12*s.*; and Steevens's ditto, 5*l.* 15*s.* 6*d.*

See an article on this work by Mr. Park in *Restituta*, vol. iv, p. 299. See also the *Brit. Bibliogr.*, vol. i, p. 73. There are copies of this impression in the Grenville and Malone collections.

Collation: Sig. **, four leaves; A, four ditto; B to H, in eights; I, four leaves; K, eight ditto; L, four ditto; M, eight ditto; N, four ditto; O to T 4, in eights.

The Midgley copy. In Brown Calf, blank tooled.

GASCOIGNE, (GEORGE.)—The Droomme of Doomesday. Wherein the frailties and miseries of mans life are liuely portrayed and learnedly set forth. Deuided as appeareth in the Page next following. Translated and collected by George Gascoigne Escuyer.

Tam Marti, quam Mercurio.

At London Imprinted by John Windet, for Gabriell Cawood: dwelling in Paules Churchyard, at the signe of the Holy Ghost. 1586. 4to, blk. lett., pp. 272.

The second edition. The title is within a broad woodcut border. It has not the leaf containing the "Aduertisement of the Prynter to the Reader," with the list of Errata; nor has it the curious woodcut of the Souls in Purgatory noticed in the former edition. With these exceptions it differs in no respects, save in type and orthography, from the first impression in 1576. The paging, especially from 80 to 99, is very incorrect.

Copies of this edition have sold at Heber's sale, pt. iv, No. 770, for 2*l.*; ditto, pt. viii, No. 976, 2*l.* 2*s.*; Perry's ditto, pt. i, No. 2353, 3*l.*; Sir Mark M. Sykes's ditto, pt. i, No. 1313, 3*l.*; and Roxburghe ditto, No. 3317, 4*l.* 7*s.*

See Herbert's *Typog. Antiq.*, vol. ii, p. 1224, where however the paging, taken from the volume itself, is incorrectly stated as 264, the real number being as we have stated above, 272.

Collation: The title is on Sig. ** ii. Sig ** has four leaves, the first being blank; then A to R 4, in eights.

Bound in Blue Morocco, richly tooled, with leather joints inside and satin lining, gilt leaves.

GASCOIGNE, (GEORGE.)—The whole workes of George Gaecoigne Esquyre: Newlye compyled into one Volume, That is to say: His Flowers, Hearbes, Weedes, the Fruites of warre, the Comedie called Supposes, the Tragedie of Iocasta, the Steele glasse, the Complaint of Phylomene, the Storie of Ferdinando Ieronimi, and the pleasure at Kenelworth Castle.

London Imprinted by Abell Ieffes, dwelling in the Fore Streete, without Creeplegate, neere vnto Grub-streete. 1587. 4to, blk. lett., pp. 664.

Although the volume before us professes to contain the whole works of Gascoigne, it is certain that the printer has made several important omissions, both of his previously printed pieces and also of some manuscript works which are known to exist in the British Museum. For this edition does not contain *The Glasse of Gouernment*, 4to, 1575; *A Delicate Diet for daintie mouthde Droonkards*, 1576, 8vo; or *The Droomme of Doomes-day*, 1576, 4to, all separately published before the present volume; nor does it contain among the known manuscripts of Gascoigne "The Hermetes Tale at Woodstock, 1575," or "The Griefe of Joye, certayne Elegies, &c. Written to the Queenes most excellent Maiestie 1576," which was probably his last work. Although, therefore, the present is the most perfect of the three editions of Gascoigne's works hitherto published, yet it is not by any means complete, and still rendered necessary a further and more elaborate edition of this writer's productions, with critical and biographical notices. The *omissions* in the present impression, as compared with that of 1575, are the lines entitled "The opinion of the aucthor himself after all these commendations," "His ultimum vale to amorous verse," and a list of "Faultes escaped in the Weedes," one page; and also the prose dedication to the "Lorde Greye of Wilton" prefixed to "The fruites of Warre" or "Dulce bellum inexpertis." The *additions* to the present impression, beyond the

contents of the former one, are one leaf at the end of "Dulce bellum inexpertis," "Lenvoy" in verse, and on the reverse some prose directions: "The Steele Glasse," "The Complaint of Phylomene," "The princelie pleasures of Kenelworth Castle," and "Certaine notes of instruction concerning the making of verse or rime in English," four leaves. It is somewhat singular that in most of the existing copies, as in the present, these additions of "The Steele Glasse" and "The Complaint of Phylomene" are inserted, not at the end, but in the middle of the volume, between pp. 192 and 193, thus interrupting the regular course of the contents of the division, and also of the paging, which however is very irregular throughout.

Of the contents of the volume, the Comedy called "Supposes," "The Fable of Ferdinando Ieronimi," parts of "The Princelie pleasures of Kenelworthe Castle," and the "Certaine notes of instruction," are in prose, the rest of the volume being in verse. Besides the general title, there are separate ones, with tables of contents to the "Flowers, Hearbes, and Weedes," to "The Fruites of Warre, or Dulce bellum inexpertis," and to "The Steele Glasse," and to "The Complaint of Phylomene." The Steele Glasse has the device of the printer Abel Jeffes on the title, a Bell, with the motto round it, "Praise the Lorde with harp and songe," the City arms in one upper corner, the Stationers ditto in the other, and at the bottom his initials A. I. This second edition has not the portrait of Gascoigne in armour on the reverse of the title, which reads in full as follows: "The Steele Glas. A Satyre compiled by George Gascoigne Esquiere. Together with the Complainte of Phylomene. An Elegie deuised by the same Author. Imprinted Ano. 1587." "The princlie pleasures at Kenelworth Castle," with the "Certaine notes of instruction," appear to have been added to the volume afterwards by the printer, as they commence with fresh signatures, and are unpaged. The former is entitled "A briefe rehearsall, or rather a true Copie of as much as was presented before her Maiestie at Kenelworth, during her last aboade there, as followeth." The first edition of this work was printed by Rychard Ihones in 1576, 4to. of which the only known copy, and that imperfect, was in Dr. Farmer's collection, and afterwards in the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.* No. 287, and there priced 25*l.* Gascoigne was not the only composer of these poetical inventions, but was assisted by William Hunnis, Maister of her Maiesties Chappell, Badger of Oxford, M.A. and Beadle in that Universitie, Richard Muncaster, Henry Goldingham, and George Ferrers, sometime Lord of Misrule in the Court, who each penned some of the verses, and appear to have been occasionally employed as

writers of these metrical dialogues and pageants spoken in character, which were so popular at that period. The following song by Gascoigne, sung by Deepe Desire, with which the entertainment concluded, was not in the first edition.

Come Muses come, and helpe me to lament,
come woods, come waues, come hils, come doleful dales,
Since life and death are both against me bent,
come gods, come men, beare witness of my bales
O heauenly Nymphs, come helpe my heauy heart;
with sighes to see dame pleasure thus depart.

If death or dole, could daunt a deepe desire,
if priuie pangs could counterpoise my plaint:
If tract of time a true intent could tire,
or cramps of care, a constant minde could taint
Oh! then might I, at will here liue and sterue,
although my deedes did more delight deserue.

But out alas! no gripes of greefe suffice
to breake in twaine this harmeless heart of mine,
For though delight be banisht from mine eies,
yet liues *Desire*, whom paines can neuer pine.
Oh! straunge affects, I liue which seeme to die,
yet die to see my deere delight go by.

Then farewell sweet, for whom I taste such sower,
farewell delight, for whom I dwell in dole:
Free will, farewell, farewell my fancies flower,
farewell content, whom cruell cares controle.
Oh! farewell life, delightfull death farewell,
I dye in heauen, yet liue in darksome hell.

The whole of the Princelie Pleasures has been reprinted by Mr. Nichols in the *Progresses of Queen Elizabeth*, vol. i, and again also in a small reprint of 100 copies, with a portrait and introductory memoir in 1821. Lond. 8vo. The last piece in the volume is the short tract of four leaves which very rarely occurs, containing one of the earliest treatises in our language, attempting to establish fixed laws for the modulation of verse. This little tract, called "Certaine notes of instruction concerning the making of verse or rime in English," was written at the request of Master Edouardo Donati, and was first inserted at the end of his poems published in 1575, 4to. It was the earliest treatise of the kind in our language, and was reprinted in this edition of 1587, and again by Mr. Haselwood in his *Ancient*

Critical Essays upon English Poets and Poesy, in 1815, 4to. vol. ii, p. 1, of which only 220 copies were printed. It is very concise, but contains some sensible and just remarks on the subject, and may still be read with advantage to metrical composition. This closes the volume. See Drake's *Shakespeare and his Times*, vol. i, p. 461; Hallam's introduction to *Liter. Hist.* vol. ii, p. 429; and *Bibl. Ang. Poet.* No. 288.

The present volume contains in addition to "The whole woorkes" &c. already described, a copy of Gascoigne's "Glasse of Gouernment. Imprinted at London for C. Barker. 1575." 4to, inserted in it, inlaid to the same size as the former, and is further embellished with a copy of the print of Gascoigne on his knee presenting his book to Queen Elizabeth seated on a throne, on the canopy over which is the motto "Decet Regem regere Legem," and in the roof above is seen a hand and arm issuing and holding a tablet inscribed with Gascoigne's usual motto. This is taken from a drawing before the manuscript of "The Hermetes Tale" in the British Museum.

Copies of this edition have been sold in different sales as under, several of them being the same copy: Perry's sale, pt. i, No. 2352, 5*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.*; Rice's ditto, No. 789, 4*l.* 19*s.*; Bindley's ditto, pt. ii, No. 1433, 6*l.* 6*s.*; Mason's ditto, 6*l.*; Nassau's ditto, pt. i, No. 1694, 7*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.*; Gardner's ditto, No. 836, 9*l.* 15*s.*; Utterson's ditto, No. 722, 10*l.*; Jadis's ditto, No. 141, 12*l.* 5*s.*; Bright's ditto, No. 2399, 12*l.* 12*s.*; Inglis's ditto, No. 578, 13*l.* 13*s.*; Freeling's ditto, No. 1243, 14*l.*; Reed's ditto, No. 6755, 15*l.* 15*s.*; Dent's ditto, pt. i, No. 1455, 17*l.*; Townley's ditto, pt. i, No. 520 (with the *Steele Glasse*), 18*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.*; Roxburghe ditto, No. 3316 (with the *Glasse of Gouernement*), 21*l.*; Heber's ditto, pt. iv, No. 771 (with a *Delicate Diet for daintie mouthde Droonkards*, 1576), 27*l* 16*s.* 6*d.*; and *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, No. 288, 35*l.*

Collation: Sig. ¶, four leaves; ¶¶, four ditto; ¶¶¶, four ditto; ¶¶¶¶, four ditto; ¶¶¶¶¶, one ditto; Sig a to k 8, in eights; B, four leaves; C to Q 4, in eights; S (R omitted), four leaves; V (T omitted) to Y 8, in eights. Then A and B in eights; S to Z 8, in eights; •, four leaves; A to C, in eights; (D), two leaves; D, again two leaves. There are seventeen leaves at first unpaged. *Flowers*, p. 1 to 160; *Hearbes*, two leaves unpaged, then p. 1 to 36; 37 to 44 missed, 45 to 78; from this to p. 107 the paging is so irregular as not to be computed, and recourse must be had to the signatures. From p. 107 to 192—the end of *Weedes*. *The Steele Glasse*, five leaves unpaged—pp. 291 to 310 marked on one side only;

three leaves not paged; then pp. 317 to 352; *Ferdinando Ieronimi*, pp. 193 to 296; twenty-eight unpaged leaves close the volume.

The Steevens, Roxburghe, and Freeling copy.

Bound by Roger Payne, in Russia, gilt leaves, with the Roxburghe arms on the sides.

See Chalmers's Catalogue, pt. ii, No. 171, and the long and interesting note appended thereto.

"Gascoigne's works should always form part of a Shakespeare library."

GASCOIGNE, (GEORGE.)—Jocasta. A tragedie written in Greeke by Euripedes, translated and digested into Acte by George Gascoigne and Fraunces Kynwelmarshe of Grays Ynne. 1566.

Folio. Manuscript. 1568.

This is a fine contemporary manuscript of the tragedy of Jocasta, superscribed over the title in the same hand writing "Durum pati 68," and is an interesting dramatic relic, showing the portions done by each translator—the first and fourth Acts being composed by Kinwelmarsh; the second, third, and fifth by Gascoigne; and the Epilogue by Christopher Yelverton. Below the title is "The Argument of the Tragedye" in verse, followed on the next pages by "The names of the Interloquutors" and "The ordre of the doome Shawes and Musickes before euery Acte." Jocasta is written in blank verse, and is the second performance of that kind in our language—Gorboduc being the first. It is also the first attempt at introducing a Greek play in an English dress on the stage. It is a translation, or rather alteration and adaptation, of the Phœnissœ of Euripides, for it often deviates much from the original, and instead of the choruses of Euripides, new and original ones are substituted in their places by the translators. These have some merit, and have been noticed by Warton, who has quoted with commendation the Odes to Mars and to Concord in his critical observations on this tragedy. They are also included among the pathetic pieces selected for their beauties by Headley. We are induced to present to our readers one of these Odes, which was written by Kinwelmarsh, a poet of whom, with the exception of a few short pieces in the *Paradise of Dainty Devises*, no other remains are known. This Ode to Concord, which concludes the

fourth Act, and is not in Euripides, is praised by Warton as being of great elegance of expression and versification:

O blisfull Concorde, bredd in sacred brest
Of him that guydes the restles rolling skye,
That to the erth for mans assured rest
From height of heavens vouchsafedst downe to fly:
For thee alone the mightie power doth lie,
With swete accorde to kepe the frowning starres
And eu'ry planet else from hurtfull warres.

In thee, in thee suche noble vertue bydes,
As may commande the mightiest gods to bend.
From thee alone suche sugred friendship slides,
As mortall wights can scarcelie comprehend.
To greatest strife thou settst delightfull ende:
O holie peace, by thee are onlye founde
The passing ioyes that eurye where abounde.

Thou onlie, thou, through thie celestial might,
Didst first of all the heauenlie pole diuide
From th' old confused heape that Chaos hight:
Thou mad'st the Sonne, the moone, and stars to glide,
With ordred course about this worlde so wide.
Thou hast ordaind Dan Tytanes shyning light
By dawne of day to chase the derkesome night.

When tract of tyme returnes the lustie Vere,
By thee alone the buddes and blossomes spring,
The feldes with flowers, be garnisht euery where,
The bloomyng trees aboundant fruit do bringe,
The cherefull birdes melodiously do singe.
Thou dost appoint the crop of Sommer sede
For mans releefe to serue the Winters nede.

Thou dost inspire the harts of princely peeres
By providence proceeding from aboue,
In flow'ring youth to choose their worthie pheres
With whome they liue in league of lasting loue
Till fearfull death doth flitting life remoue.
And loke howe fast to death man payes his due,
So fast againe, dost thou his stock renue.

By thee, the basest thinge advaunced is,
Thou eury where dost graffe suche golden peace,
As filleth man with more then erthly blisse.
The erth by thee doth yeld her swete increase

At beck of thee, all bloody discordes cease,
And mightiest Realmes in quiet do remayn,
Whereas thie hand doth hold the royall raigne.

But if thou faile, then all things gone to wrack
The mother then doth dread her naturall childe:
Then eurie towne is subiect to the sacke
Then spotles maydes, then virgins be defilde,
Then riger rules, then reason is exilde.
And this, thou wofull Thebes to our great pain
With present spoile art likely to sustain.

Me thinke I heare the wailfull weeping cries
Of wretched Dames in eurie coste resound:
Me thinke I see, how vp to heauenlie skies,
From battred walles, the thundring claps rebound.
Me thinke I heare, how all things go to ground
Me thinke I see how souldiers wounded lye
With gasping breath: and yet they cannot dye.

By meanes whereof, oh swete Meneceus he,
That genes for countreys cause his giltles life,
Of others all most happie shall he be.
His ghost shall flitt from broyles of bloody strife
To heauenlie blisse, where pleasing Ioyes be rife.
And wold to God, that this his fatall end
From further plagues our citye might defend.

O sacred God, geue eare unto thie thrall
That humbly here upon thie name doth call:
O let not nowe our faultlesse blood be spilt,
For hote reuenge of any others gilte.

The scene of the tragedy is laid in Thebes, and Warton has remarked that so fond were the audiences of spectacle that the authors were compelled to introduce a Dumb Shew at the beginning of every act after the example of Gorboduc, and also from the same example to end every act with a long ode or chorus. The *Jocasta* is slightly noticed by Hallam, who claims for Gascoigne, especially for his minor poems, "a respectable place among the Elizabethan versifiers." The epilogue, which is in alternate rhymes, was written by Christopher Yelverton, who was a fellow student with Gascoigne at Gray's Inn. He became distinguished in the law, was member of parliament for Brackley in Northamptonshire in 1562–3, was made speaker of the House of Commons, and afterwards

knighted and made one of the judges of the King's Bench. He purchased the manor of Heyford and Easton Mauduit in Northamptonshire, and died there October 31st, 1612, leaving behind him several sons, of whom Henry Yelverton, his eldest son and heir, was afterwards knighted and became one of the judges of the Common Pleas. Christopher Yelverton is supposed to have written some other things alluded to in the metrical preface to Jasper Heywood's translation of the *Thyestes of Seneca*, published in 1560, but which are now supposed to be lost. We are not aware that the *Jocasta* was ever published in a separate form from the other poems of Gascoigne. See further on this subject a long account of *Jocasta* with some quotations in Warton's *Hist. Eng. Poet.*, vol. iv, p. 196; Langbaine's *Dram. Poets*, p. 228; Collier's *Hist. Dram. Poet*, vol. iii, p. 6; Jones's *Biog. Dram.*, vol. ii, p. 346; Hallam's *Introd.*, vol. ii, p. 371; and Drake's *Shakespeare and his Times*, vol. i, p. 623.

Fine original manuscript, with the date 1568.
From the library of the Earl of Guildford.
In the original Vellum binding.

GASCOIGNE, (GEORGE.)—¶ The wyll of the Deuill. With his x. detestable Commaundementes: directed to his obedient and accursed Children, and the Rewarde promised to all suche as obediently wyl endeuor themselues to fulfill them. Verye necessarie to be read and well considered of all Christians.

¶ Imprinted at London by Richarde Johnes and are to be solde ot the South-west Dore of Paules Churche. n. d. 8vo, blk. lett.

This little satirical tract is usually ascribed to Gascoigne, but upon such very slight grounds of authority (a copy in Beauclerk's catalogue, pt. i, No. 4137, having been assigned to Gascoigne) that we are much disposed to question the correctness of the attribution. It is not in the style of his other works, to which, as it has been elsewhere truly remarked, he was invariably in the habit of affixing his name and motto. It is not alluded to as the production of Gascoigne by any of his contemporaries: but above all, unless written and printed in his early days, the serious and religious feelings which he entertained towards the close of his life, and his sincere con-

trition and penitence for the errors and follies of his early course, would probably have led him rather to suppress it, if really written by him, than to have given it forth to the world. It is singular indeed that the printer Jones should have been bold enough to affix his name to such a free spoken publication, which might have brought him into serious trouble. But Queen Elizabeth was then upon the throne, and the feeling against the Romish corruptions was very strong and decided. Whether written by Gascoigne or not, it is a curious and bitter satire upon some of the prevailing habits and customs of the day, and remarkable as a picture of the vices and follies of the time.

On the reverse of the title-page is a short "Exhortation to the Deuyls Adherents." The following are the concluding sentences of "The Wyll of the Deuyll":

Item, I geue to the Goldesmithes, brasse and copper inough to myngle with their rynges and plate, to make them to weye for aduauntage. Item I geue to the Peuterers and all other that occupy weights and measures, to haue false and contrary weights, to bye with one and sel by another. Item to the Apothycaries I geue leaue, that when a man asketh them a thyng, and haue it not, to bring them another thyng and say it is that.

Item, I geue to my Dearlynges the priuy papistes, Images, Crucifixes, and other lyke puppet maumettry, to worship secretly in their Oratoryes and bed chambers, because they may not worship them openly abrode in Temples and Churches.

¶ Ouer this my Testament and Last Wyll, which I haue here made, in my ragious mind and spightful deuilish memory, in the presence of my gret councellours Minos, Radamanteus, I doo make the furyes of hell Executors, that is to say: Megera, Alecto, and Tisiphone: all Massemongers and Papistes, with the Author of Heresyes Will and Testament, being faithfull Ocerseers of the same.

Written by our faithful Secretaryes, Hobgoblin,
Rawhed, and Bloody bone: in the spitefull
Audience of all the Court of Hell.
Teste Meipso.

At the end of the Wyll on the last leaf are "The Courte Auernall, after the rehersall of the Deuils last Wyll and Testament" and "the ten detestable Commaundements of Beelsebub to his obedient and accursed Children," which latter are in metre, and thus conclude:

Doo thus hardly, and care not therfore,
And you shall dwel with me in hel euermore
Thou shalt lye in Frost and fire
with sickenesse and hunger:

And in a thousand peeces
thou shalt be torne asunder.
Yet thou shalt die euer, and neuer be dead.
Thy meat shal be Toades,
and thy drinke boylyng Lead.
Take no thought for the Bloode,
that Christ for thee shed:
And straight to my kingdome,
thou shalt be led.
Finis.

Of the great rarity of this little tract we have already spoken, no other copies of it being known to exist excepting the one in the sale of the Hon. Topham Beauclerk's library, pt. i, No. 4137, and one in the Advocate's library in Edinburgh. From the latter a reprint of forty copies was made in 1825, of which the present is one. See Herbert's *Typog. Antiq.*, vol. ii, p. 1051; and Dr. Bliss's *Catal.*, pt. i, No. 1662.

Half bound in Russia.

GAYTON, (EDMUND.)—Chartœ Scriptœ: or a New Game at Cards, call'd Play by the Booke.
pp. 32. 4to. Printed in the Year, 1645.

A Collection of Poems on the Ten Commandments; Nine Heroes and the Nine Muses; Eight Persons Saved from the Flood; Seven Planets; Six Days' Creation; Five Senses; Four Elements and the Four Seasons; Three Theological Virtues—Faith, Hope, and Charity; Two Testaments and the Two Sacraments; Unity, &c., written (according to Ant. Wood) by Edmund Gayton, who is said by the same writer to have been born in London, educated at Merchant Taylors' School, and elected from thence to St. John's College, Oxford, in 1625, of which he became Fellow, and appointed Superior Beadle in Arts and Physic, but turned out of his office in 1648 by the Parliamentarians, and "lived afterward in London in a sharking condition, and wrote trite things meerly to get bread to sustain him and his wife." He appears to have been in great poverty at this time, and in 1655 was imprisoned in Wood Street Counter for debt, and was afterwards removed to the King's Bench Prison, in which he wrote another of his works.

After the Restoration in 1660, he was restored to his office of Beadle in Oxford, which he retained till his death on the 12th of December, 1666, aged 57, and was buried in St. Mary's Church there.

These Poems are dedicated in verse "To the most Vertuous, and therefore most Accomplished Lady, the Lady V. M.," after which are lines "To the Ingenuous Reader, a Directory to Play," and seven sets of complimentary verses, without any signatures. The "Chartœ Scriptœ" are short poems, first, on the Court Cards of the Pack, Aces, Kings, Queens and Knaves, and afterwards on the others in connection with the subjects mentioned above. The following lines on the Knave of Clubs may be taken as a specimen of the style of the work:

The Knave of Clubs.

This is a foolish, proud, tumultuous *Chuffe*,
Whose mouth runs o're with filthy Kitchen stuffe,
The scumme of private raylings; which he vents
Now against *Kings*, and will 'gainst *Parliaments*
For this same Knave likes nothing that hath power,
Nor learning, but what's infused in the *Houre*.
Every thing's his grievance, but believes
Above all other things the poore *lawne sleeves*.
He has a plaguy and malignant spight
(For his soules *soote*) 'gainst any thing that's white.
Pound him to dust, and his Ingredients see,
He is compos'd of pride, and villany.

We strongly suspect that most persons will be inclined to agree in the truth of these lines on the Seven Planets.

Septem Planetœ.

If we may trust divining Mr. *Booker*,
Our *New States Wyzzard*, and *old starre looker*,
From the untoward conjunction of these Starres
Ensue results of Peace, or bloudy Warres.
I have not studied *Astronomie* so farre
As to confute this sage *Albumazar*:
Yet I remember, when our *Archiflamen*
Vpon Prognosticks did the wight examine,
And ask't him, *Bonâ fide*, whether he
By art could guesse certaine futuritie.
He answer'd plainly, no, he could not tell,
But put things in, to make th' Almanack sell.

Gayton was rather a voluminous writer, or according to old Anthony,

"having got an itch in scribbling, followed that sometimes, but more the vices of poets, of which number he pretended to be one," and published several things. The present work is scarce, and sold in Bindley's sale, pt. iv, No. 728, for 2*l.*; North's ditto, pt. iii, No. 782, for 4*l.* 7*s.*; Skegg's ditto, No. 737, 1*l.* 7*s.*; and Bliss's ditto, No. 1753, 1*l.* 16*s.*

Bound by Herring. In Brown Calf extra.

GAYTON, (EDMUND.)—The Art of Longevity, or, a Diæteticall Institution. Written by Edmund Gayton, Bachelor in Physick, of St. John Bapt. Coll: Oxford.

4to. London, Printed for the Author. 1659.

Gayton, as we find from another of his works, and as we have already noticed above, had been for some time confined in the King's Bench for debt, but had now regained the sweets of liberty, and appears to have been staying near to Henham Hall in Suffolk, the seat of John Rous, Esq., to whose wife, the Lady Elizabeth Rous, the present work is dedicated. In his address to this Lady, of whose kindness he had been a frequent partaker, he thus speaks of the family seat: "At *Henham Hall* (the Seat of your Noble Husband's Ancestors) what is wanting to Satiety? Yet your Deer outlive the ages of their neighbour commoners, and their Parks too; tis possible to find a Stag as ancient as that of *Cæsars*; nor is this done by the diet of your Keeper, or you keeping your Deer from being your Diet, but by a successive spending of your Park, not destroying it, by letting us eat *Venison*, but not to such excess, as if your Guests were to feed themselves into *Elkes*. Your Deer fall (as our Colledge-copices should do) at so many years growth, that so the succeeding scholars may have wood of their own, and not expect coals from *New-castle*. Your Table is *Mezentian* in this respect: for *alive* Deer look in at your windows, and see their *dead* Brother in a Coffin. So rare is your Cookery, it makes slaughter amiable, and the Herd desire to be wounded, that they may be so dress'd. I have seen your Table furnished with more Dishes then my book hath Chapters in it, and yet the Temperance did exceed the Dishes, so that if ever Abstinence was *paramount*, and in its Zenith, it was at *Henham*, where self Deniall (so much spoke of) was truly visible, even in the fulness of the Creature, and your Guests din'd *Philosophically* at a City Feast. This is true Temperance (Madam) to refraine where there is variety of temptation to excess, to stint the stomack in full

view of the game of Luxury, otherwise it is Penance not Abstinence, and the Mind and Appetite not commanded, but a string tied about the throat, which is *Cormorant sobriety*, for which the Fowl wishes him hang'd that throttled him." Gayton also says, that he had intended to present her with "some divine Poems," but it had ended in this treatise on Diet.

The work is in verse, and is preceded by an address from the author "To the Candid Lady-Readers," and by commendatory verses by Sir Thomas Allen (according to Wood); Sir Robert Stapylton, Knight; Philogeiton H. J.D., LL.D., *i.e.* Henry Johnson, LL. D.; J. Heath; E. Aldrich; and Captain Francis Aston. The Poem is divided into thirty three Chapters, which discuss the merits and wholesomeness of various kinds of food. The matter is chiefiy taken from Gerard's Herbal, Galen, Hippocrates, Johnson, Dr. Butler, Culpepper, and other works on such subjects. Gayton introduces in these Chapters as in others of his works, many allussions to the manners and habits of the time, especially with reference to the dramatic entertainments of that period, which occasionally give a value to his writings they would not otherwise possess. Thus in chapter xvii. of Hares, he notices the downfall of plays when the stage was under a prohibition, and Sir William Davenant's abortive attempt at an Opera.

Hare is good sport, as all our Gentry know
The onely Recreation left us now.
For Playes are down, unlesse the Puppet-play,
Sir William's* lost, both *Oyle* and Opera;
The noble Cock-fight done, the harmless Beares
Are more than ring'd by th' nose, or by the eares,
We are serious people grown, and full of cares,
As melancholy as cats, as glumme as hares.

In chapter xx, p. 41, of Bake-meats, he thus alludes to the celebrated Oxford Pie woman.

Of Bake-meats.

Bake-meats are generally naught, and Pie
Is disappear'd, though *alhollond day* be nigh,
We write not unto children, whose spoyl'd gummes,
(What'ere the Corall gain'd) confesse that Plummes
And o're warm'd Custard have edentifi'd
(That is, made toothlesse) many a simp'ring Bride:

* Sir Will. Davenant.

Who for this very reason, all their life,
Are feign to laugh behind a handkerchief:
So have I seen a toothlesse Bridegroom sit
Hungry at's wedding, nor could chew a bit,
Untill the spoon-meat came, then his throat strain
So wide, you might have seen his heart again;
Wherefore forbear them, *Rabbi Rasis* saith,
But against Pie-meat there is little faith.

* * * * * *

Oh! for a Pie-meat! be't at any rate
Rais'd by thy hand and art *(dear Oxford Kate)*
The wisdome of thy Cookery doth raise
Unto thy self, and Dishes, lofty praise:
Thy meats are a brave Winter food, and when
I do indulge my genius like those men,
Thy gallant guests, a stately Pie of *thine*
Shall fit us for the pretty *friend of Wine*,
And *Mother of Proserpina*:—all this
(Kate) at the length will bring us unto *Dis*.

Gayton in 1636 acted with others of his own College of St. John's in a Comedy called *Loves Hospital, or the Hospital of Lovers*, represented before Charles I. and his Queen, when he was entertained by Archbishop Laud at St. John's College, Oxford. He was one of those who, along with Randolph, Cartwright and others, were honoured by being called by Ben Jonson by the title of sons. See further, Wood's *Ath. Oxon.*, vol. iii, p. 756; Collier's *Bridgw. Catal.*, p. 128, and *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, No. 918. It was sold in Bliss's sale, No. 1755, for 18*s.*; Nassau's ditto, pt. ii, No. 1557, 1*l.* 13*s.*; *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, No. 918, 3*l.* 3*s.*

Bound in Blue Morocco, gilt leaves.

GAYTON, (EDMUND.)—The Religion of a Physician. Or, Divine Meditations upon the Grand and Lesser Festivals, Commanded to be observed in the Church of England by Act of Parliament. By Edmund Gayton, Batchelor of Physick, and Captain Lieutenant of Foot to His Illustrious Highness James Duke of York. Whom God preserve.

4to. London, Printed by J. G. for the Author, 1663.

Another poetical work by this writer, dedicated to James Duke of York, afterwards James II., in which it is curious to observe the sentiments of the author at that time, as compared with those which were afterwards evinced towards this mistaken Monarch. "It is long," says Gayton, "since I waited upon your Highnesse after the Surrender of Oxford, unto the Town of Uxbridge, where I took my leave of as much Happiness as could be left. Your Royall Father of ever blessed Memory, was then alive, a Confessor Royall, and soon after Martyr, for the Protestant Religion, the Priviledge of Parliaments, the Liberty of the Subject, and the Lawes of the Land. All which no man ever defended so unto Blood as himself, nor indeed could any man: For he was butteressed up by especial Grace, high Understanding, the Pen of a ready Writer and invincible Patience. Not long after his bloody Exit off the Stage of this World, with the general Plaudit of good Men and Angels, your Highnesse made an happy escape from *St. James's*, where you now are at more Liberty (God be thanked) then before. I have lov'd the Play of *Hide and Seek* ever since and with just regard, honour those Gentlemen, who from the *Royall Bo-peep* were grand Instruments to metamorphize the *Pyrocles* of their Land in a *Philoclea*. Who would not take this History for a Romance, were 'it not that the truth thereof is undeniable? How did the *Red Rose* blush, adorn'd in a Silk Gown and Sattin Petticoat? With what art and cover of Handkerchiefs or Gloves did you imitate Virgin smiles, even to the beguiling those who knew of your disguise? the Pilot and Master of the Ship never carried such a noble Fraight, which was his Bargues protection and tutelary power: Not a Tarpaulin but would have throwne his cap at you, while the enamour'd winds followed your Ship with all speed, more to salute the *Royal Passenger*, then to forward the sailes. *Credentne posteri?* Posterity will stagger in belief of future Annals, and Credulity itself will stand awhile dubious, when it shall be wrote, That two such *High descended Brothers* should be preserved, the one in *standing*, the other in *swimming Oak*. Properly from hence shall our Ships be called *The walls of this Nation*, which kept safe such a Royal *Depositum* and Charge. *Sacra Jovi Quercus.*"

Gayton speaks of these Divine Meditations having been composed while on millitary duty in the country, "In which solitudes these ensuing Meditations were wrote, and did visit some friends abroad, when the author durst not." And he calls himself a Captain, a Physician, and a small Poet: truly *small* indeed! In the Epistle "To the Favourable Reader" which follows, he institutes a grave but ludicrous comparison of himself and his work with

Sir Thomas Brown, whose *Religio Medici* had appeared a few years before, and styles himself "a true Son of the Church of England, and a Religious Physician." "That word," says he, "makes me reflect upon my selfe, and commands me to shew some reason why I intitle this Book *The Religion of a Physician*, since that hath been used by Doctor *Brown*, an able Artist in that Faculty: To whom, for that and his *Vulgar Errors*, the world stands still engaged and obliged. I do not do it for this end and purpose, that either in *Physick*, wherein he was admirable, or in *Theologie* wherein he was curious, I should match my selfe with him, or labour to out vie him. A poore Dwarf upon that Giant's shoulders dares not undervalue his supporters, or stalk proudly and forget the Stilts and Props are under him. This *Frontispiece* humbly shewes, that the author did not totally in these late yeares either neglect his Body or his Soul; *Ut sit mens sana in corpore sano*, ought to be the care of every man, much more of a Christian. 'Tis true, that Sir *Jeffrey Chaucer* had but an ill opinion of my Faculty, when he said of a Doctor of Physick,

> His meat was good and digestible,
> But not a word he had o' th' Bible.

To wipe off that stain and aspersion from our Botanick Tribe, I wrote these Meditations, to shew the World, that it is possible for a Physician of the Lower Form to be *Theologue*, at leastwise to seem to be one: *S. Luke* was a Physician, an Apostle and Evangelist; and we own one of the best stories in the world, *The Acts of the Apostles*, and the compleatest Gospel, so *S. Paul* esteems it, to that Physician."

The work consists of short Poems in various metres on the different Festivals of the Church, of which the following extract from "A Commemoration of Saint John the Baptist," may suffice as a specimen. For Gayton, whatever may have been his merits as a Physician and a Soldier, had certainly little as a Poet, and his verses cannot be said to rise much above doggrel.

> Welcome thou *Martyr-Saint*, I'le sing thy Fate,
> Thy Birth, thy Life; to thee I dedicate
> These studies, for to thee my Colledge owes
> Its name, and on this day thy Legend shewes.
> All of thee is miraculous, thy Death,
> Thy Life, thy Birth, and motions before Breath:
> Child of a barren womb, must needs fore-run
> A Wonder, and fore-tell the Virgins Son:
> A leaping Prophet in thy parents womb,

Thy self an Infant did'st thy Sire undumb.
So powerfull was the name of *John*, but wrote,
It made a Prophet of a Mute: thus got,
And thus produc'd, what wonders will succeed?
The first of Hermits, this in hairy weed,
Lives in a Wildernesse to unbeast man
Out-does a *Lessian-Diet*: the rule then
Was not in weight, but temperance; which shewes
That abstinence all Physick-rules out-goes.
Locusts and Honey of the unhiv'd Bee
Preserves, and meat drest in a hollow-tree.
The Current runs him sober drink, I fain
Would know, whether the German, or the Dane,
Or the out-toping Britain, drinks such Healths,
Even now, in their reformed Common-wealths.
Mark how *Jerusalem* runs forth to see
This prodigee of new sobriety!
Which *Noah* (though i' th' Flood preserv'd) did lose,
And *Moses* bred o' th' waters, did not choose:
But as at first Creation, on the waves
The *Plastick Spirit* mov'd, so here it saves.
What cannot water do? weaknesse is lost,
When that the Inmate is the Holy Ghost.

At the end of the Poems are Meditations in prose "Upon the Churches pious Observation of Lent"; "On the Passion of our Saviour"; and "Upon the 29th of May, being His Majesty's Birth-Day, and Day of Restauration, and upon the Fifth of November, being the day of General Deliverance of the King and Parliament from the Gunpowder-Treason." These are more of a political than of a religious kind, and partake largely of the ardent sentiments and feelings prevalent at the period of the Restoration. This is one of the scarcest of Gayton's works, and was unknown to Wood or to Dr. Bliss, when he published his edition of the *Ath. Oxon.*, vol. iii, p. 756. It sold at Bindley's sale, pt. ii, No. 1625, for 1*l.* 5*s.*; Nassau's ditto, pt. i, No. 1698, 1*l.* 6*s.*; Skegg's ditto, No. 739, 1*l.* 11*s.*; Bliss's ditto, No. 1756, 4*l.* 6*s.*, now in the British Museum. pp. 120.

In the original Calf binding.

GLAPTHORNE, (HENRY.)—Poems, by Henry Glapthorn.

Sustineamque Comam metuentem frigora Myrtum
Atque ita sollicito multus Amante legar.

London, Printed by Richard Bishop, for Daniel Pakeman; and are to be sold at his Shop, at the Rain-bow, near the Inner Temple Gate, 1639. 4to. pp. 66.

Henry Glapthorne, the author of these Poems, is better known as a dramatic writer, and was the composer of nine plays, four of which, however, were never printed. Beyond the circumstance of his living in the time of Charles I. little or nothing appears to be known of his personal character or mode of life, and although he is styled by Winstanley "one of the chiefest dramatic poets of the age," and his plays obtained at the time of their appearance considerable success, yet he is certainly not entitled to rank in the highest range of dramatic art, and his plays as well as his biography are now nearly forgotten. Yet he is not devoid of merit, and although deficient in force and passion, the chief requisites in dramatic composition, Glapthorne is considered an able writer, "more eloquent than impassioned, more poetical than pathetic, better qualified to describe than to feel." "Almost every thing," says a late critic on his plays, "is good, well said, eloquent, poetical: but in such a profusion of rhetorical flourishes, poetical images, and dazzling metaphors, it is not possible that every thing should be in its proper place." The tragedy of *Albertus Wallenstein*, his first play, was printed in 1634, the same year in which his poems were published. *Argalus and Parthenia* is taken from Sidney's prose romance of *Arcadia*. The last and best of Glapthorne's plays is *The Lady's Privilege*, printed in 1640. It abounds in poetry and eloquence, and has less extravagance than some of his other plays.

The present volume, published when his muse was yet young, "this being" as he states in the dedication, "the earliest flight of her ambition—the maiden studies of his Muse," is dedicated "To the Right Honourable, Jerome Earle of Portland." The poems consist of a number of short pieces on miscellaneous subjects, most of the earlier ones being addressed to the lady of his affection, under the name of Lucinda, by whom he appears to have been afterwards forsaken. There are others addressed "To Mr. Charles Cotton"; "a Prologue for Ezekiel Fen at his first acting a Man's Part," and elegies "Vpon the Right Honourable Richard Earle of Portland, late Lord High

Treasurer of England," "On Sir Robert Ayton, late Secretarie to her Maiestie," "Vpon the Noble Colonell-Generall Burroughs, slaine at the Isle of Ree," "Vpon the right Honourable the Lady Elizabeth Rich," "Vpon the death of his sister, Mrs. Priscilla Glapthorne," "Vpon the death of Mrs. Susanna Oxbalston," and the volume concludes with a poem called "Sylvia, a Fragment," which is left unfinished. Glapthorne's Poems, like his plays, are written in a pleasing and polished style, without much feeling or pathos, but expressed in eloquent and harmonious language, of which the extract below, taken from the last mentioned poem of "Sylvia," may supply a fair example.

Not *Cytherea*, when shee naked rose
From the Seas wat'ry bosome, did disclose
Halfe of her Beauties; nor the nimble Maid,
To whose swift Feet so many Suitors paid
Their heads as tribute; nor the Wood-nymphs Queen
When she was bathing by *Acteon* seen,
Show'd like to her; by whom *Pigmalion* might
Have ta'ne a Patterne, and have fram'd a right
Modell of Beautie: her attractive Haire
Bright as the Sun-beams, drew th' inamour'd Ayr
Gently to waft it; and her Pearls of sight,
Though drown'd in Tears, cast forth a glittering light,
That through dark Sorrow shin'd; the winged Boy
Leaving his Mothers Fountains, came t' injoy
Those Christal Wels, whose pure drops could redresse,
Sooner than Nectar, hot Loves thirstinesse.
The Naides, and tripping Fairie Elves
Repin'd to see in their owne Woods, themselves
So farre surpass'd in Beautie; and the Grove
Thinking 't had been *Sylvanus* fairest love,
Brought thither all his Off-spring, with pretence
To doe his Gods belov'd Nymph reverence.
First did the Thorne most amorously begin
To twine about her, yet ne'er prick'd her skin;
Then aged Palmes, and Victor-crowning Bayes
Halfe withered (at her Eyes all-quick'ning Rayes)
Came and renew'd their freshnesse; and the Yew
Unkind to wearie Passengers, at view
Of her, lost all his poyson; and the Tree
Whence *Venus* Minion in his infancie
Was by the Wood-nymph taken, did presume
To Borrow sweetnesse from her breath's perfume;

Here did the Cedar meet the stately Pine,
And it the Cypresse, seeking to intwine
Their bushie tops, which Arbour-wise did run
To shade her Face, and rob the am'rous Sun
Of his desired Kisses.

The following also are deserving specimens of Glapthorne's pure and finished style.

Lucinda describ'd.

There's not an eye that views *Lucinda's* face
But wond'ring at the perfect grace
That does within that modell rest,
Esteems her most transcendently above
The power of Fancie, Art, or Love,
Truly to be exprest.

To say each golden tresse that does adorne
Her glorious Forehead might be worne
By *Iuno* or by beauties Queene,
Were to prophane her sacred threds; for they
Could not such precious Locks display
On the *Idalian* Greene.

They are then gorgeous ornaments, and bee
The upper branches of that tree
Which easily does men entice,
Beleeving it the tree of life, to say
That they have found a ready way
To th' long lost Paradise.

Her Iv'rie Forehead curious Nature hath
Created for the milkie path;
By which the covetous gazers seek
To find a passage by her tempting eyes
Without their soules intire surprize
To th' Apples in her cheek.

Those suns of brightnesse which so farre out-shine
Humanitie, that their divine
Lustre perswades us 'tis no sin
To think each as a seraphin does staud
To guard that blest forbidden Land
And the faire fruit within.

Of which her lips like swelling Grapes appeare,
The sweetest children of the yeare,
In Natures crimson liv'rie drest.

And by her balmie breath to ripenesse brought:
They smile, then blush, as if they sought
Strait softly to be prest.

But these (though true descriptions) are so farr
Beneath her worth, I have a warr
Within my pensive soule, too see
So many wondrous rare Perfections dwell
In one, yet find no Parallell
In spacious Poetrie.

* * * * *

Vnclose those Eye-lids, and out-shine
The brightnesse of the breaking day;
The light they cover is divine,
Why should it fade so soone away?
Stars vanish so, and day appeares,
The Sun's so drown'd i' th' morning's teares.

Oh! let not sadnesse cloud this Beautie,
Which if you lose, you'll ne're recover;
It is not Love's but Sorrowes dutie
To die so soon for a dead Lover.
Banish, Oh! banish griefe, and then
Our Joyes will bring our Hopes agen.

See a long article on the dramatic productions of this writer, with copious extracts in the *Retrosp. Review*, vol. x, p. 122. See also Winstanley's *Lives*, p. 115; Langbaine's *Dram. Poets*, p. 231, and Jones's *Biog. Dram.*, vol. i, p. 278.

A copy of these poems, which are by no means common, sold in Bindley's sale, pt. ii, No. 1617, for 5*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.*; Bright's ditto, 2*l.* 3*s.*; Perry's ditto, pt. iv, No. 2345, 3*l.* 5*s.*; Skegg's ditto, No. 758, 3*l.* 4*s.*; Heber's ditto, pt. iv, No. 781, 3*l.* 4*s.*

Collation: Sig A two leaves; B to I 3 in fours.
Fine Copy. In Brown Mottled Calf, gilt leaves.

GLAPTHORNE, (HENRY.)—Whitehall. A Poem. Written 1642. With Elegies on the Right Honourable Francis Earl of Bedford. And Henry Earle of Manchester, Lord Privy Seale, both deceased during this present Session of Parliament.

With an Anniversarie on the timelesse death of Mrs. Ann Kirk, wife to the truly Noble Geo. Kirk, Gentleman of the Robes, and of his Majesties Bed Chamber, drowned unfortunately passing London Bridge, Iuly 6. 1641. The Authour Hen. Glapthorne.

London, printed for Francis Constable, 1643, 4to. pp. 24.

A short prose dedication "To my noble Friend and Gossip, Captaine Richard Lovelace" is the only prefix to this scarce poem by Glapthorne, which is intended as a little historical account in metre of the Royal Palace of Whitehall since its foundation by Wolsey as a constant residence of our Kings and Queens from the time

> when in my infant pride
> Great *Henry* (who my buildings dignified
> First with that supreme honour) did resort
> Hither, entituling me his Soveraigne Court.
> When he his conquering Ensignes did advance
> Over the bowels of insulting France:
> When *Turwin* trembled at his fierce Alarmes,
> Where *Maximilian* his Emperiall Armes
> The Roman Eagles bravely did display
> Without dishonour, taking Englands pay.
> When conquered *Tournay* sent his spoils to adorne
> My walks for such Illustrious trophies borne.
> Then who like me was happy when that King
> To me did all his mighty triumphs bring.

The poet goes on to describe the glories of Whitehall under Edward VI., Queen Mary, and she,

> Who was the very soule of Majesty.
> That virgin Queene, whose unexampled glory
> Gives truth to fame, and miracle to story;
> In whose pure frame as in their sphears were set
> The starres of *Tudor* and *Plantagenet*:
> Fetcht from the richest Cities of proud *Spaine*.

and relates how it was adorned with the spoils of Drake from New Spain,—with the trophies from the Armada under Nottingham — and a thousand ornaments

> When that same joy of manhood whom his fate
> Did afterwards render unfortunate

Illustrious *Essex* with auspicious sailes
Set forth to th' conquest of Herculean *Gales*.

* * * * *

Then did my walls drest in rich colours vie
With Roman Pallaces for Imag'ry:
Mosaick paintings (though I'm now forlorne)
Did then my costly gilded roofs adorne.
Statues and Parian Marble such as might
The amorous Pigmalion invite
To laugh at his dull workmanship, did grace
My walks and gardens: then in every place
The wheat crownd *Ceres* (with her head unshorne)
Freely advanc'd her plenty-bearing horne:
The most delicious viands in full state
Serv'd to my tables in huge antick Plate:
While plumpe *Lyæus* with green Ivie crown'd
Danc'd up to th' eyes in precious wine, a round
Through my large lobbies: then those sons of chine
And pith, the Guard carows'd black Iacks of wine
In stead of single beere: then did they eat
Without controale that emperor of meat,
The lusty chine of Beefe; while I did seeme
With magazines of plenty still to teeme
Without least feare of barrennesse: the spring
To me her beauties did as off'rings bring,
The glorious Summer and rich Autumne paid,
Their blessings as my tribute: while this maid
Was my imperiall mistrisse Winter's breath
Had not the force to freeze my youth to death:
Which then like the Arabian yeere was seen,
With gorgeous faces still flourishing and green.

Glapthorne, in dwelling on the glories of the reign of James I., is led to the notice of some honoured names among our leading poets.

The Muses then did florish, and upon
My pleasant mounts planted their Helicon.
Then that great wonder of the knowing age,
Whose very name merits the amplest page
In Fames faire book, admired *Iohnson* stood
Up to the chin in the Pierian flood
Quaffing crownd bowles of Nectar, with his bayes
Growing about his temples; chanting layes,
Such as were fit for such a sacred eare

As his majestick Master's was ; to heare
Whom he so oft pleasd with (those mighty tasks
Of wit and judgement) his well laboured Masks.
Then those two thunderbolts of lively wit,
Beaumont and *Fletcher* gloriously did sit
Ruling the Theater, and with their cleane
Conceptions beautifying the Comick Scene.
And noble *Donne* (borne to more sacred use)
Exprest his heavenly raptures : As the juice
Of the Hyblean roses did distill
Through the Alembeck of his nectar'd quill.
Chapman like *Homer* in me often reads
His Odisses, and lofty Iliads.

At the end of the poem of Whitehall is an Elegy on the death of Francis Earl of Bedford, in which allusions are made to his building Covent Gardens, — draining the Ely Fens, — and erecting a Church at Thorny Abbey in the Isle of Ely. Then another Elegy on Henry Earl of Manchester, Lord Privy Seal ; shewing his gradual exaltation from the place of Recorder, to be the King's Serjeant, afterwards Lord Chief Justice, then Lord Treasurer, and President of the Council, and lastly Lord Privy Seal : and ending with an eulogy of his celebrated work *Manchester Al-Mondo*, that

. . . . . though dead
His mortal frame be, yet his noble name
Shall live eterniz'd by the tongue of fame
And while the world lasts, his *Al-Mondo* shall
Stand candidate for honour, even with all
The works of learned Writers, and his prayes
Be by time's hand adorn'd with wreathes of bayes.

The two Elegies on Mrs. Kirk conclude the work, each written on the succeeding Anniversary days of her death, but not remarkable for any poetical merit.

With the exception of a copy in the Malone Collection in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, and the present one from Jolley's sale, pt. iii, No. 179, we know of no other copy of these Poems.

Collation : Sig A to C 4 in fours.
Half bound in Russia.

Please substitute this Report for the one issued with Vol. 99.

The Thirty-third Report

OF THE

COUNCIL OF THE CHETHAM SOCIETY,

Read at the Annual Meeting, held, by permission of the Feoffees, in the Audit Room of Chetham's Hospital, on Wednesday, the 15th day of March, 1876, by adjournment from the 1st of March.

THE first of the publications for the year 1875–6, and the 96th in the Chetham Series, is *Chetham Miscellanies*, volume 5, containing, 1. A description of the State, Civil and Ecclesiastical, of the County of Lancaster, about the year 1590, by some of the Clergy of the Diocese of Chester. 2. A Visitation of the Diocese of Chester, by John, Archbishop of York, held in the Chapter House of the Collegiate and Parish Church of Manchester, 1590, with the Archbishop's correspondence with the Clergy. 3. Letters on the Claims of the College of Arms in Lancashire in the time of James the First, by Leonard Smethley and Randle Holme, Deputy Heralds. 4. The Easter Rolls of Whalley, in the years 1552 and 1553. Edited by Canon RAINES. Amongst the volumes of the CHETHAM SOCIETY none have met with more general approbation than those in the Miscellaneous Series, and the present, in interest, must certainly be admitted to yield to none of its predecessors. The first and second articles which have every illustration, Historical and Biographical, which the Rev. Editor's thorough knowledge of the subject and never failing research can supply, are most valuable contributions to the Ecclesiastical and Social Annals of Lancashire towards the latter end of the sixteenth century. The first enters minutely into a great variety of particulars affecting the doctrine and discipline of the church, and the superstitious and irregular practices in burials, baptisms, and marriages, adopted in different districts throughout the county, and presents a most graphic picture, coloured, no doubt in some degree by the peculiar tendencies of the ministers whose names are attached to the representation, of what was then the state of this part of the kingdom. Canon Raines is of opinion that this paper is in the handwriting of Mr. Oliver Carter, Fellow of the Collegiate Church, Manchester, the answerer of *Bristow's Motives*, and the opponent in the chapter, of Dr. Dee. The second article gives, along with the account of the Visitation in 1590, the correspondence of Archbishop Piers with the Lancashire Clergy. The Archbishop was a rigorous logician, and his answers to the preachers, whom he did not spare, now printed for the first time, are worthy of Bancroft himself. The third article in the volume contains the very amusing Letters of Leonard Smedley or Smethley, Deputy Herald of the College of Arms,

residing in Manchester in the time of James the First, and which report his transactions with different families in reference, principally, to the due arrangements at their funerals, and the difficulties the unhappy Deputy encountered in obtaining his fees, the slow payment or nonpayment of which appears to have embittered his existence. To these are added two Letters of the Randall Holme of the period, by whom he had been recommended. The Editor's copious introduction and notes have added very considerably to the interest of these heraldic papers. The last article, the Easter Rolls of Whalley in 1552–3, from which we learn the exact number and names of the householders in the village of Whalley, and in each of its hamlets at the time of the dissolution of the abbey, fitly concludes this valuable and attractive volume, which does full justice to its Editors' deservedly high reputation.

The second of the publications for the year 1875–6, being No. 97 in the Chetham Series, consists of contributions to the *History of the Ancient Parish of Prestbury* in Cheshire, by Frank Renaud, M.D. The great extent of the Parish of Prestbury, which includes thirty-three townships, and the seats of old families and architectural antiquities which it contains, renders it a very fit and fertile subject for historical investigation, and every one must be glad that so accomplished an antiquary as Dr. Renaud has given us the result of his labours and inquiries connected with it in the pleasing and satisfactory form in which they are presented in this volume. The information it affords is of a very varied description, and while every attention is given to genealogical research and ancient edifices and remains, the modern history of the parish is not neglected. As may be anticipated, the seats of Adlington and Lyme, and the families so long associated with those places, whose annals might almost fill a volume, receive a full measure of notice. These contributions to the *History of Prestbury* are rendered still more attractive by the fourteen excellent pictorial illustrations which accompany the volume, and which the members owe to Dr. Renaud's skill as a draughtsman, and to his great liberality in having them engraved at his own expense for this work.

The third volume for 1875–6, and which is volume 98 in the Chetham Series, is *The Heraldic Visitation of Lancashire in* 1533, edited by William Langton, Esq. This publication of the first of the Lancashire Heraldic Visitations, the complete series of which will thus have been issued by the Chetham Society, may be considered by the members as a matter for sincere congratulation. It is well known that in the knowledge of Lancashire Genealogy Mr. Langton ranks second to none, while his scrupulous and conscientious regard to rigid accuracy gives an authority to his statements and decisions in matters of pedigree which few others can be said to possess. The present is a very handsome volume, as all the arms of the different families are not merely described, as is the case in the other visitations issued by the Society, but engraved, and the historical elucidations and illustrations supplied by the editor contribute to render the book a very interesting one even to those who are not professed students of

genealogy. The readers will be amused with the complaints of the worthy herald, whose painstaking in Lancashire does not seem to have been over liberally requited. Of Sir John Townley of Townley he observes, "I soght him all day ryding in the wyld countrey and his reward was ij^{s} w^{h} the guyde hadd the most p'te, and I had as evill a journey as ev^{r} I hadd;" and of Sir Richard Houghton, after adverting to a little private family matter of scandal, he subjoins, "He gave me nothing nor made me no good cheere but gave me proude words." The first of the three volumes has been issued, and the others, which are in progress of printing, will follow in due course.

During the last year this Society has lost by death one of the most valuable members of its council—Thomas Jones, Esq., F.S.A., librarian of Chetham library. A worthier representative of the honoured class of learned librarians never lived. The general recognition of his merits and character which has been elicited by his lamented departure is a sufficient testimony to the extent of the loss. To the CHETHAM SOCIETY and its various publications it was his delight to be of service, and he would most willingly have undertaken any degree of labour which could be productive of advantage to them. The two volumes of *Catalogue of Popery Tracts* edited by him for the Society may still be designated as the best bibliographical work upon that subject, and it is greatly to be regretted that death has intercepted his *Biography of Dr. Dee*, for which he had collected extensive materials.

All the works in the list of future publications which follows are either in progress of printing or arrangements have been made which will secure their appearance at no distant period.

1. *Christopher Towneley's Lancashire Inquisitions.* Edited by WILLIAM LANGTON, Esq. Part 2.

2. *Collectanea Anglo-Poetica*, Part 6. By the Rev. THOMAS CORSER, M.A., F.S.A.

3. *Worthington's Diary*, Vol. 2, part 2. Edited by JAMES CROSSLEY, Esq., F.S.A., President of the Chetham Society.

4. *Biographical Collections regarding Humphrey Chetham and his Family.* By Canon RAINES, F.S.A.

5. *History of the Parish of Garstang.* By Lieut.-Col. FISHWICK, F.S.A.

6. *The proceedings of the first classes in the County Palatine of Lancaster*, containing the Parishes of Manchester, Prestwich, Oldham, Flixton, and Ashton, from the original book of minutes. Edited by J. E. BAILEY, F.S.A., in two vols.

7. *Correspondence of Nathan Walworth and Peter Seddon of Outwood, and other Documents and Papers in relation to the building of Ringley Chapel.* Edited by JOHN S. FLETCHER, Esq.

8. *Chetham Miscellanies*, vol. 6.

General Index to 31 and following volumes.

THE TREASURER IN ACCOUNT WITH THE CHETHAM SOCIETY,

Dr. *For the Year ending February 29th, 1876.* **Cr.**

		£	s.	d.
1	Subscription for 1868-69 (26th year), reported in arrear at last meeting.			
3	Subscriptions for 1869-70 (27th year), reported in arrear at last meeting.			
3	Subscriptions for 1870-71 (28th year), reported in arrear at last meeting.			
5	Subscriptions for 1871-72 (29th year), reported in arrear at last meeting.			
1	Collected	1	0	0
4	Outstanding.			
14	Subscriptions for 1872-73 (30th year), reported in arrear at last meeting.			
4	Collected	4	0	0
10	Outstanding.			
28	Subscriptions for 1873-74 (31st year), reported in arrear at last meeting.			
9	Collected	9	0	0
19	Outstanding.			
57	Subscriptions for 1874-5 (32nd year), reported in arrear at last meeting.			
29	Collected	29	0	0
28	Outstanding.			
30	Subscriptions for 1875-76 (33rd year), reported at the last meeting.			
145	Collected	145	0	0
41	Compounders			
134	Arrears.			
350				
5	1 Subscription for 1876-77 (34th year), reported at last meeting.			
	4 Do. do. paid in advance	4	0	0
	1 Subscription for 1877-78 (35th year), reported at last meeting.			
	1 Subscription for 1878-79 (36th year), reported at last meeting.			
	1 Subscription for 1879-80 (37th year), reported at last meeting.			
	1 Subscription for 1880-81 (38th year), reported at last meeting.			
	1 Subscription for 1881-82 (39th year), reported at last meeting.			
	1 Subscription for 1882-83 (40th year), reported at last meeting.			
	1 Subscription for 1883-84 (41st year), paid in advance.	1	0	0
	1 Subscription for 1884-85 (42nd year), paid in advance.	1	0	0
	Books sold to Members	21	19	8
	Consol Dividends	7	8	10
	Bank Interest	5	4	0
		£228	12	6
	Balance brought forward March 1st 1875.	213	9	2
		£442	1	8

1875.		£	s.	d.
July 7	County Office, Fire Insurance	3	15	0
Aug. 5	J. P. Earwaker, Esq.	1	10	0
Sep. 6	C. Simms & Co.: Vol. 95. £86 11 6; General Printing and Postages &c. 5 18 4	92	9	10
Dec. 15	C. Simms & Co.: Vol. 96.	115	18	8
„ 16/19	Power of attorney and expenses, transferring Consol Certificates to "Bearer"	0	16	10
1876. *Feb.* 8	Mr. R. Simms' charge for Examination of the text of Visitation of 1583	5	0	0
		£219	10	4
Feby. 29	Balance in the Bank	222	11	4
		£442	1	8

April 24th, 1876. Examined, audited and found correct.

GEORGE THORLEY.
GEORGE PEEL.
HENRY M. ORMEROD

ARTHUR H. HEYWOOD, *Treasurer.*

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